IOLA FRE
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Collier's

JULY 19, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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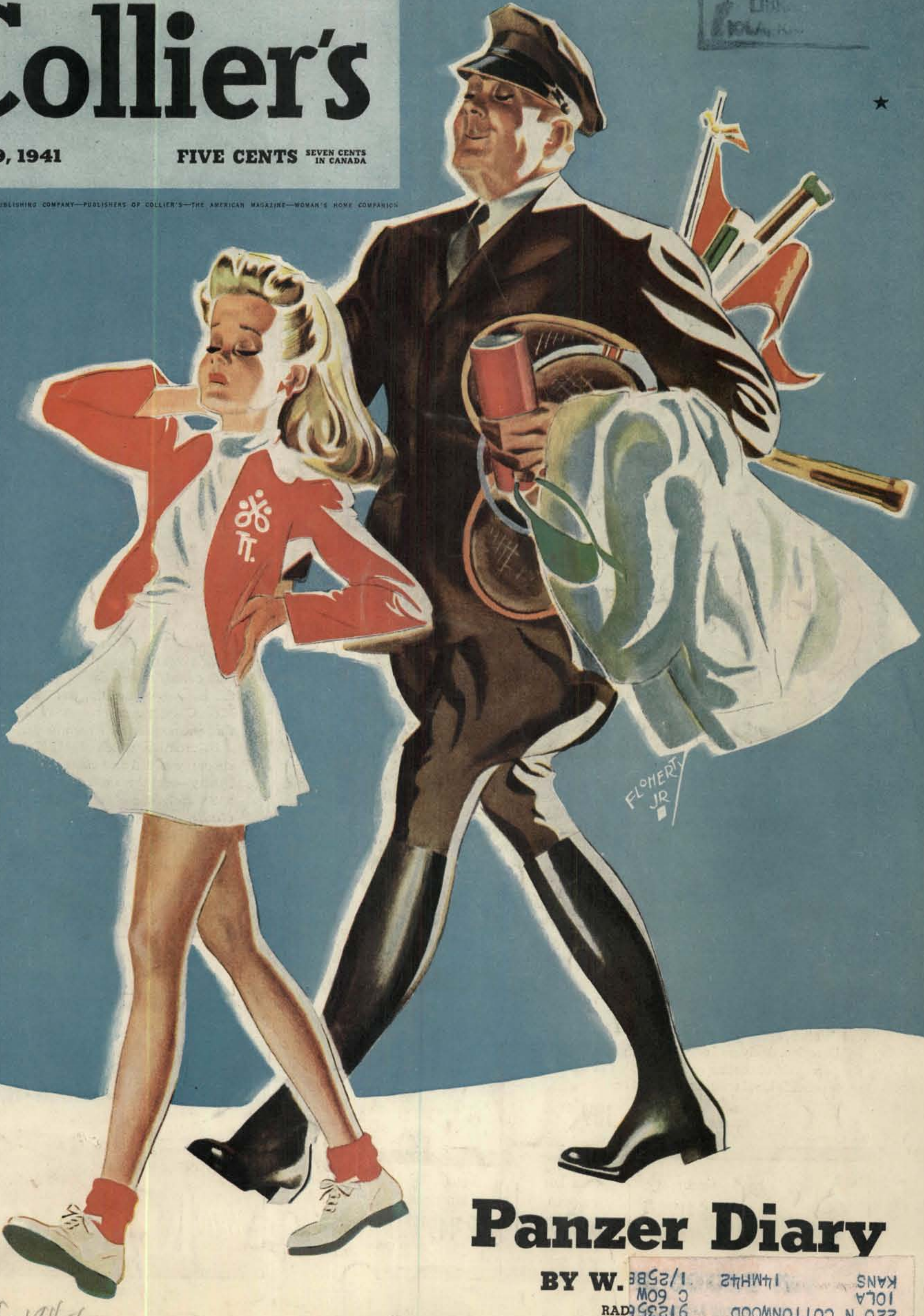

Panzer Diary

BY W.

RAD

MRS F W TAYLOR %
220 N COTTONWOOD 912356
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July 19-1941
uly 19, 1941

Freshener
Cold mist

COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

NEW! Kelvinator Moist-Master Guards Vitamins...Keeps Summer Foods Fresher

Kelvinator Sales Highest In History as America Chooses This More Efficient Refrigeration

A Kelvinator "Extra"
Moonstone Meat Chest

YES, American housewives have fallen in love with this brand new kind of refrigeration.

In the still, super-moist cold behind the glass doors of the Cold-mist Freshener, uncovered food, crisp summer salads and vegetables stay fresh for days on end—and precious, healthful vitamins are protected.

It's all because of a brand new system of refrigeration. Shelves of crystal-clear glass and a separate set of cooling coils concealed in the walls provide ideal temperature and humidity throughout the entire food compartment. But this is just one of Kelvinator's big, new, 1941 "extras."

A Kelvinator "Extra"
5-Way Magic Shelf

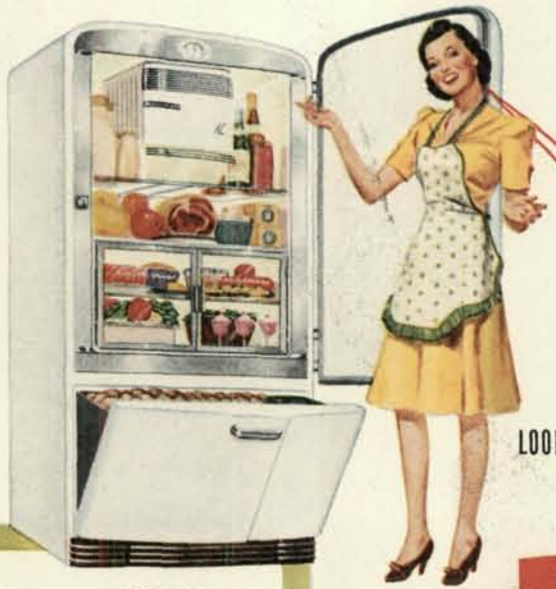
There are eight 6¾ and 8¾ cu. ft. models to choose from. Look them all over from start to finish. The exclusive, new, 5-Way Magic Shelf gives you extra room for bottles and bulky foods right at your fingertips. Look at the big Vegetable Bin, the Moonstone glass Meat Chest, the new recessed Polar Light—all that extra space for frozen foods.

No matter which 1941 Kelvinator you choose, you will find extra convenience, extra beauty—and extra room.

See Kelvinator's complete line today, including three big 6¾ cu. ft. models for less than $150.

Here is dramatic proof that Kelvinator's new, less-expensive way of doing business can save you money—today and tomorrow.

A Kelvinator "Extra"
Big, Oversize Crispers



MODEL M-6 (illustrated) ONLY $\$189^{95}$*

New—beautiful—exclusive Steel Cold-Ban makes cleaning easier

*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5-Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher West of the Rockies. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

LOOK AT THE BEAUTY • LOOK AT THE EXTRAS • LOOK AT THE PRICE

3 Big Models less than $150

MODEL SS-6A	MODEL DA-6 EQUIPPED	MODEL S-6 PACKED WITH EXTRAS
only $\$129^{75}$*	*only* $\$139^{95}$*	*only* $\$149^{95}$*

Get More—Get KELVINATOR

Do you See a Boy?
No. I See the Governor of a Great State.

Is he a Governor who Inspires Confidence?
Yes. He has Ability, Integrity, a Fine Personality.

And a Bright, Friendly Smile that may well have come from his Lifelong Devotion to Ipana and Massage.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.6 OZ.
IF AS USED ALWAYS REPLA

Guard the beauty of your smile. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage

Q. *Is there anything more to home dental care than brushing teeth regularly?*

A. Indeed there is! Brushing teeth is only half the job. Gums, too, must have everyday care. In fact, dentists are almost unanimous in urging daily gum massage.

Q. *Why is gum massage so important?*

A. Because today's soft, creamy foods require so little chewing, they do not give gums the exercise needed for healthy firmness. And neglected gums often become soft and sensitive . . . and signal their weakened condition with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *What should be done when "pink tooth brush" occurs?*

A. See your dentist right away. "Pink tooth brush" may not indicate serious trouble, but only your dentist can decide that. He may merely tell you that your gums need work and stimulation. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *Can Ipana and massage effectively ward off "pink tooth brush"?*

A. It can be remarkably helpful . . . if you *faithfully* massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums *every time* you brush your teeth. For Ipana is specially designed to do more than clean teeth. Used with massage, it helps make gums stronger, healthier. That is why Ipana and massage is such an important aid in warding off "pink tooth brush". . . in helping to give you stronger gums and brighter, more sparkling smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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JULY 19, 1941

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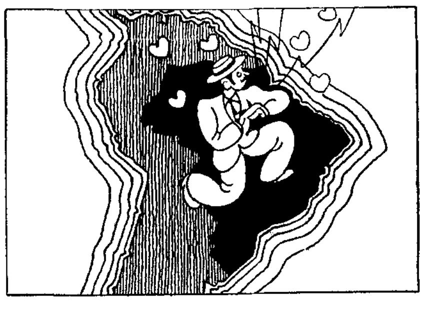
COVER JOHN J. FLOHERTY, Jr.

ANY WEEK

JUST as we were about to plunge into a philosophic crack about international conditions we heard from Brazil. The welcome alternative comes from São Paulo. At the gentleman's purpose-defeating request we shall not publish his name. "I am a good fan of the Doctrin of Monroe," writes he. "Like him I think we of Americas ought to be friends for to assegure the paz of this hemisfer. So the friendship among us must be large. So I'm going to ask you a favour. Can you send my name and address to a good girl. I will be very obliged to you. My English knowledges are till now very larges and very good, but I think she can understand my futures letters like you are understanding this one. I am 19 years old and every-thing interests me. . . . I received your magazine from a nice and good North American girl. . . . You can say to this girl that if she wish I can write letters in Portuguese or Spanish, too. The friendship among us must be the large. You know, of course, that the Int. Correspondence Sistem is a good factor for the increase of public relations. And this from your unknown but very much obliged friend in Brazil."



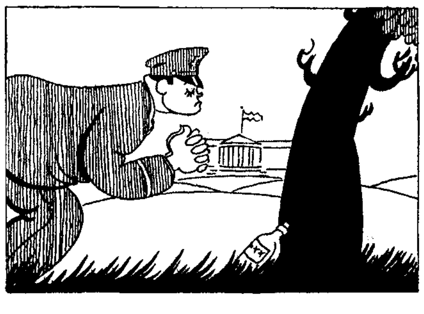
IN OUR stealthy way we are doing our best to undermine this country's morale. We have this from Miss Bennye Kautchemann of Los Angeles, California. Miss Kautchemann points out, pretty clearly, too, that this is no time to undermine the country's morale. Actually, we're not the culprit. Miss Kautchemann admits this, specifying our associate, Kyle Crichton, as the underminer. "Once the faith of the United States is destroyed in our beloved movie stars we will be lost," says she. "Particularly Larraine Day—my pet. National Defense is not helped by Mr. Crichton calling Miss Day a dead loss. I dislike the crude, unkind pen of Mr. Kyle Crichton. He is a shrew—a male shrew. He is hard-boiled, crude, exciting, dramatic, tough, shallow, Godless, false, tense, frothy and profane—the big sissy. Love and admiration of our favorite movie stars is necessary to the safety of America in these dark days. Hollywood is the true capital of our country. I shall never read Kyle Crichton again. The rest of your magazine is okay."

PROBABLY nobody, not even a *daily* columnist, knows less about what's about to happen in the world than we do. But your demands upon us forces us out into the shameless open. We're asked about the possibility of victory, defeat, American participation in the war, the aftermath of the war. Most questions are simple and we understand them. But simple or complex we're about ninety-nine per cent confounded when called upon to reply. For example, here's Mrs. Winnie Border of Frederick, Maryland, wanting to know what we're going to do with our huge Army mobilization if peace returns to Europe. "Are we," demands she, "going to leave those boys sitting around in camp? And for what?" We don't know. We have several letters in the same vein. We showed them to a friend of ours. "That's nothing," scoffed he. "If the war stops, what are we going to do with Mayor La Guardia's spare time?"

PLEASE don't think that we're making light of the world's woes. Actually we're merely whistling our way past the graveyard. Our sorry inclination is to think too much about the miserable tragedy of Frenchmen fighting Frenchmen—not in France for France but in the desert, one side fighting for Hitler and the other for what's left of a badly battered honor, willing to die for something really French that was betrayed and sold by politicians. We think that this is the war's most demoralizing horror. So you can see why we hate to take our cover off and understand, perhaps, our whistling. We had in mind to say something about Britain's mistakes, too, but can't find the grace to do it. America has made several on her own hook—good, solid colts by Indecision out of Half-Way Measures. For example, the Selective Service Administration recently bade draft boards to defer farm labor. The farmers need labor and England needs food. But the best intentions of the Selective Service people aren't maturing. The draft boards are obeying. Young men who would, for some mysterious reason, prefer not to be in the Army, are winning exemption by saying that they are farmers. What they're not saying is that they abandoned the farms for the higher wages of industry. The deferred lad leaves the draft board, hurries back to his job in the shops. The industrialist needs him, too. And the farmer is still calling for help. Something could be done about this but it won't—and we're rather glad. After all, we're fighting dictatorship—orally anyway—not courting it. But there, dear friends, you are.

WE ALMOST forgot to tell you that on the gates of the motorcar entrance to the War Department there's a sign: "Speed Limit Eight Miles an Hour." We mightn't have noticed it had we not seen a group of gentlemen standing on the sidewalk nodding toward it. We hurried but not fast enough to hear what they were saying. But we did catch what turned out to be the last word. "Okay," said the fat one, "I'll write to him. Maybe you're right—it is our new National motto."

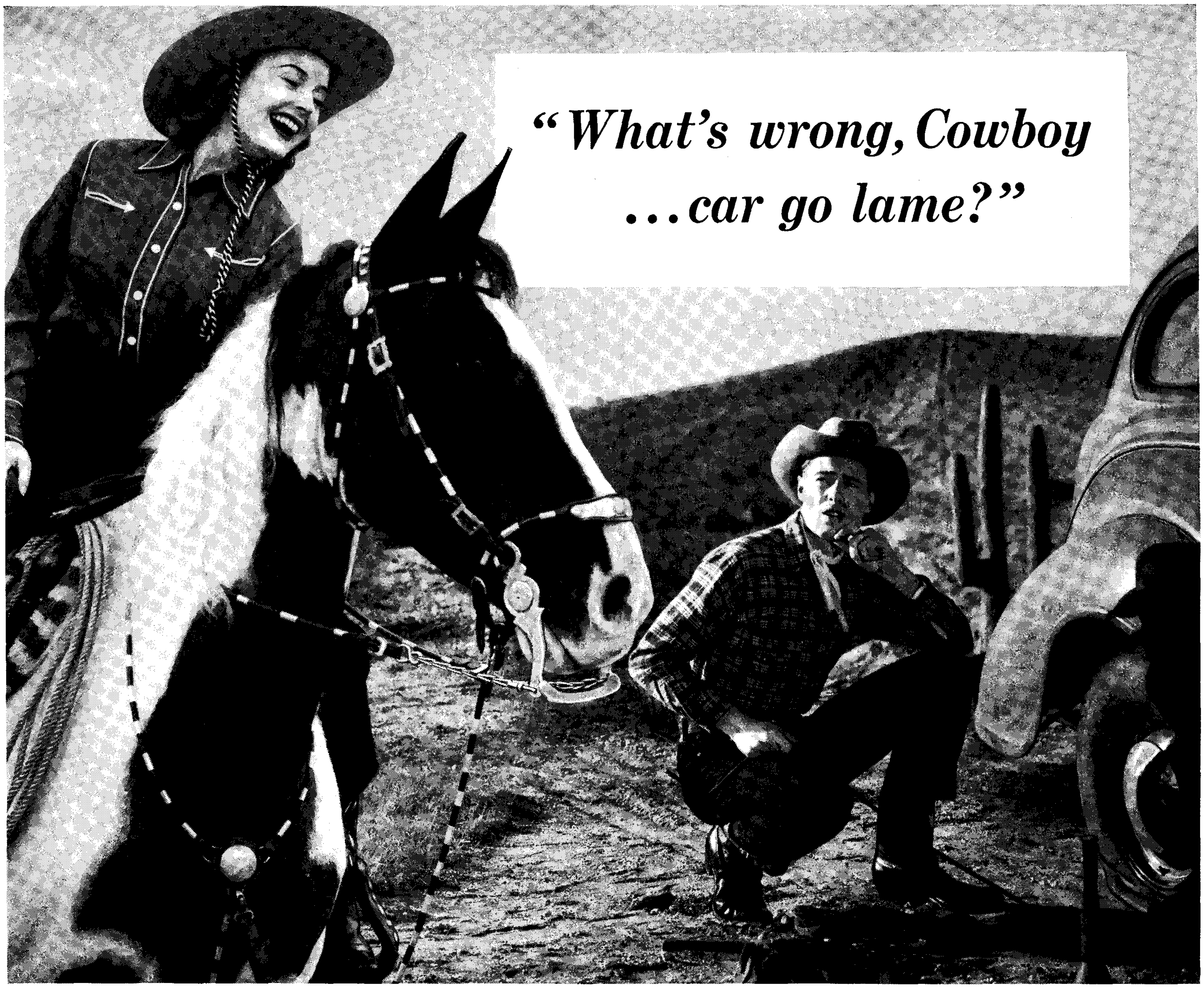
IT WAS while pondering this that we walked along the lovely lawn back of the White House. The White House grass has a quality folks like, as though each blade had been clipped individually and administered to with devotion. We can't remember all the random thoughts that it inspired in our mind but we do remember that we were slapped down suddenly and that our reverie was shattered. There, amid all that tranquil green, stood a half-pint bottle in which a couple of nice, hearty slugs of a very popular brand of whisky still remained. It was leaning against an elm tree. A cop joined us. "That ain't right," he said. "Gives tourists the wrong idea. Of course, they know it don't belong to anybody in there" (nodding toward the White House), "but it don't look right. There's enough talk going on as it is." We passed the spot again about an hour later. The bottle was gone. So was the cop. Not that we imply anything, either.



WHILE eager to be as optimistic as conditions warrant we're unable to extend much encouragement to people like Mr. Joseph P. Ardwyn of Palo Alto, California. Mr. Ardwyn is understandably exercised about the prospects of gasolineless Sundays. It was our impression, however, that Californians would not be included in this boon, that only pipe-lineless residents of the Atlantic seaboard would be thus excluded from the delights of traffic jams and carnage. But Mr. Ardwyn sees in the gaslessness of the Eastern Sabbath a somewhat broader possibility. "Do you think," asks he, "that in addition to gasless Sundays, we might have Ickesless Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays? Or might we vary it, having Ickesless Mondays, Perkinsless Tuesdays, Lindberghless Wednesdays, Knoxless Thursdays, Stimsonless Fridays and save Saturdays for the exercise of the almost lost art of personal freedom? Let's try."

USELESS. . . . W. D.

Vol. 108. No. 3. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1941, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



"What's wrong, Cowboy ...car go lame?"

COWBOY: *This thing's worse'n a half-broke bronc. I was raised to use brandin' irons, not tire irons.*

GIRL: *Too bad you don't know rubber like you know saddle leather!*

COWBOY: *Meanin' what?*

GIRL: *When you're horse trading, you put your brand on the best in the corral. Right? Use the same savvy when you buy tires—switch to B. F. Goodrich.*

THE BEST WAY to keep your car sure-footed is to put Silvertowns all around. They'll keep your jack in the tool-box. They'll stand between you and the danger of skids and blowouts. And they'll give you thousands of extra miles ... extra *safe* miles.

That extra mileage is built right into every Silvertown tire. It's put there by Duramin, the amazing B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young; keeps tires tough and durable. Because of Duramin, Silvertowns stay safer longer.

When you're driving, the only thing touching the rest of the world is your tires! A lot depends upon them. They ought to be good. They ought to be Silvertowns. Trade-in allowances are high today, and prices are the lowest in years. If you prefer the Budget Plan, many B. F. Goodrich Dealers and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer it.

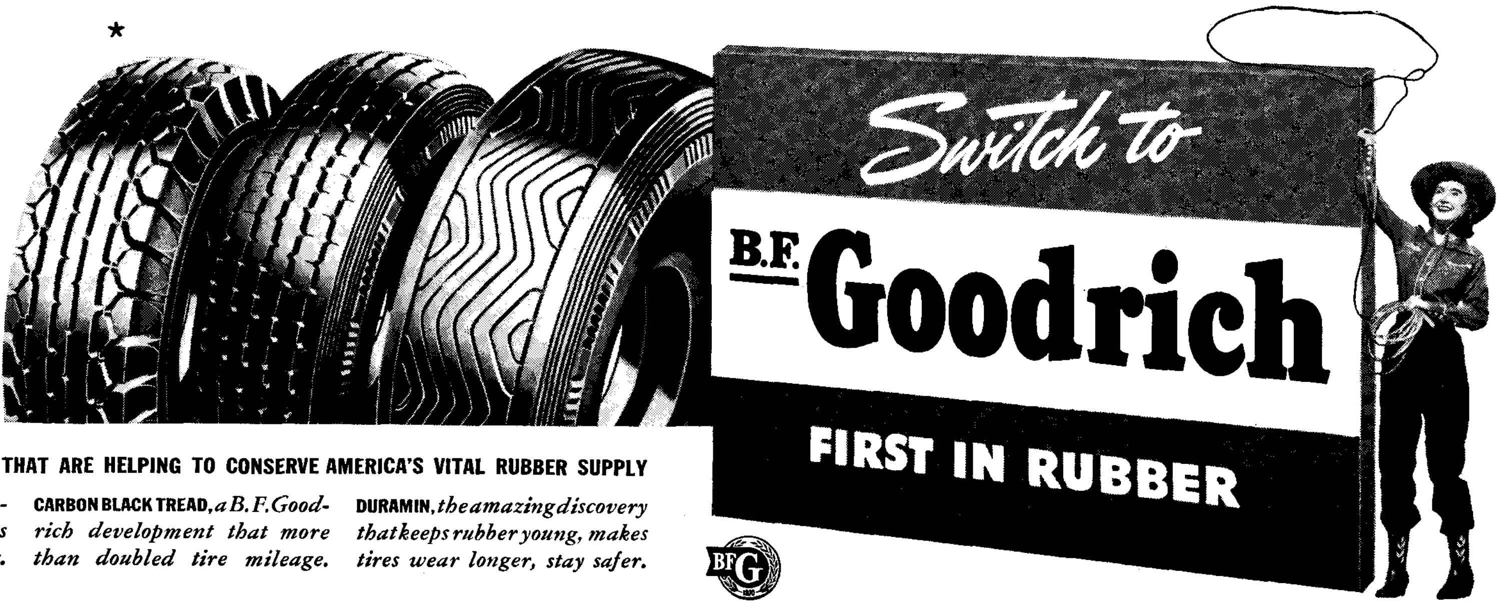
* * *

See the new
SILVERTOWNS

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. Gives 20% more miles than the original Life-Saver tread tire.

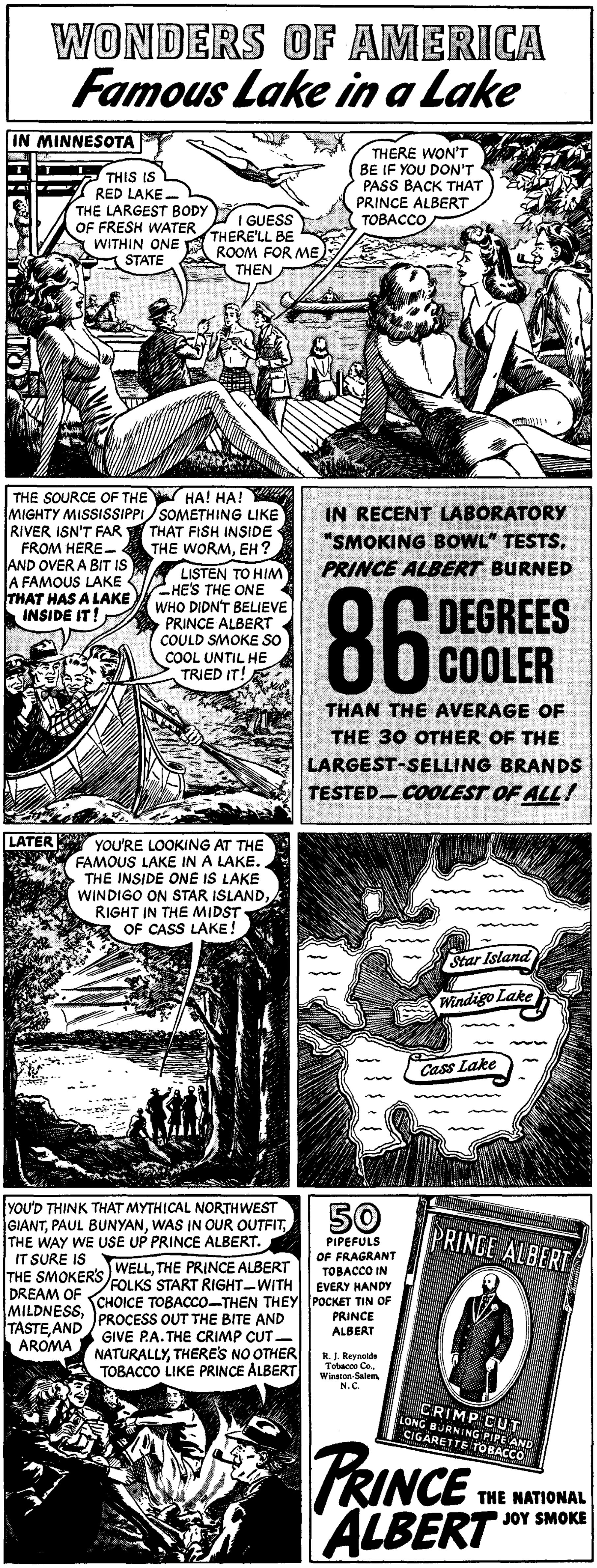


SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*


WONDERS OF AMERICA
Famous Lake in a Lake

IN MINNESOTA
THIS IS RED LAKE—THE LARGEST BODY OF FRESH WATER WITHIN ONE STATE
I GUESS THERE'LL BE ROOM FOR ME THEN
THERE WON'T BE IF YOU DON'T PASS BACK THAT PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO
THE SOURCE OF THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI RIVER ISN'T FAR FROM HERE—AND OVER A BIT IS A FAMOUS LAKE THAT HAS A LAKE INSIDE IT!
HA! HA! SOMETHING LIKE THAT FISH INSIDE THE WORM, EH?
LISTEN TO HIM—HE'S THE ONE WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE PRINCE ALBERT COULD SMOKE SO COOL UNTIL HE TRIED IT!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

LATER
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE FAMOUS LAKE IN A LAKE. THE INSIDE ONE IS LAKE WINDIGO ON STAR ISLAND, RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF CASS LAKE!
Star Island
Windigo Lake
Cass Lake
YOU'D THINK THAT MYTHICAL NORTHWEST GIANT, PAUL BUNYAN, WAS IN OUR OUTFIT, THE WAY WE USE UP PRINCE ALBERT.
IT SURE IS THE SMOKER'S DREAM OF MILDNESS, TASTE, AND AROMA
WELL, THE PRINCE ALBERT FOLKS START RIGHT—WITH CHOICE TOBACCO—THEN THEY PROCESS OUT THE BITE AND GIVE P.A. THE CRIMP CUT—NATURALLY, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Latest inventions include an electrical instrument that, used like a physician's stethoscope, reveals the health of trees; and a device that, when attached to a piano or organ, writes the notes on music paper as the composer strikes the keys, thus freeing him from the work of penciling in his composition.

The "Daily Bulletin," published by the Division of Press Intelligence in Washington for government officials, contains a day-by-day digest of all important newspaper stories and editorials and magazine articles. During 1940, it printed summaries of 665,891 of them, or an average of 12,806 a week.

In one large American airplane factory, the vault that contains the valuable blueprints is equipped, just inside the door, with an invisible beam of infrared rays. Every person who enters, with or without authority, breaks the beam, which switches on a movie camera, producing irrefutable evidence of his presence in the room.

Names of American race horses may be used again after the animals have been dead for fifteen years. About a thousand thoroughbreds, however, have achieved such fame in their time that their names will never be given to another horse, among them being Man o' War, Seabiscuit, Gallant Fox, Whichone, Sun Beau, Hanover, Blue Larkspur, Whirlaway, Boston, Teddy and Lexington.—*By Ben R. Tidyman, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

The Maharaja of Bhagvatsinhji of Gondal, India, not only abolished about fifty taxes when he ascended the throne in 1869, but he has kept his country free of all forms of taxation during these past seventy-two years—a feat believed to be unparalleled in modern times.

Excluding quicksilver, tin is our most expensive common metal. It costs three times as much as aluminum, four times as much as copper, seven times as much as zinc, nine times as much as lead and thirty-one times as much as steel.

The only child in medical history produced by a female Siamese twin was a son, born in 1910, to Rosa of Rosa-Josepha Blazek, a pygopagus type of congenitally united sisters, who were born in Skerychov, Bohemia, in 1878 and lived until 1922.—*By Lowell W. Bradford, Arbuckle, California.*

America has social clubs, such as the Somerset in Boston, whose members are not obliged to sign checks or receipts for cigars, cigarettes, drinks or meals; and also restaurants, such as the Au Canari d'Or in New York City, whose menus and wine lists do not include prices.

Most original features of the first practical typewriter of 1874 remain standard today, such as the paper cylinder, with its line-spacing and carriage-return mechanism, the arrangement of the type bars so that they strike at a common center, their actuation by means of key levers and the printing through an inked ribbon. And the positions of the characters on the keyboard have not been changed.

Between April and October each year, about three million Americans suffer from hay fever, caused by the air-borne pollen of some 150 varieties of plants. Incidentally, the pollen of goldenrod does not produce the symptoms, unless directly inhaled, because it is too heavy to be carried about by the wind.

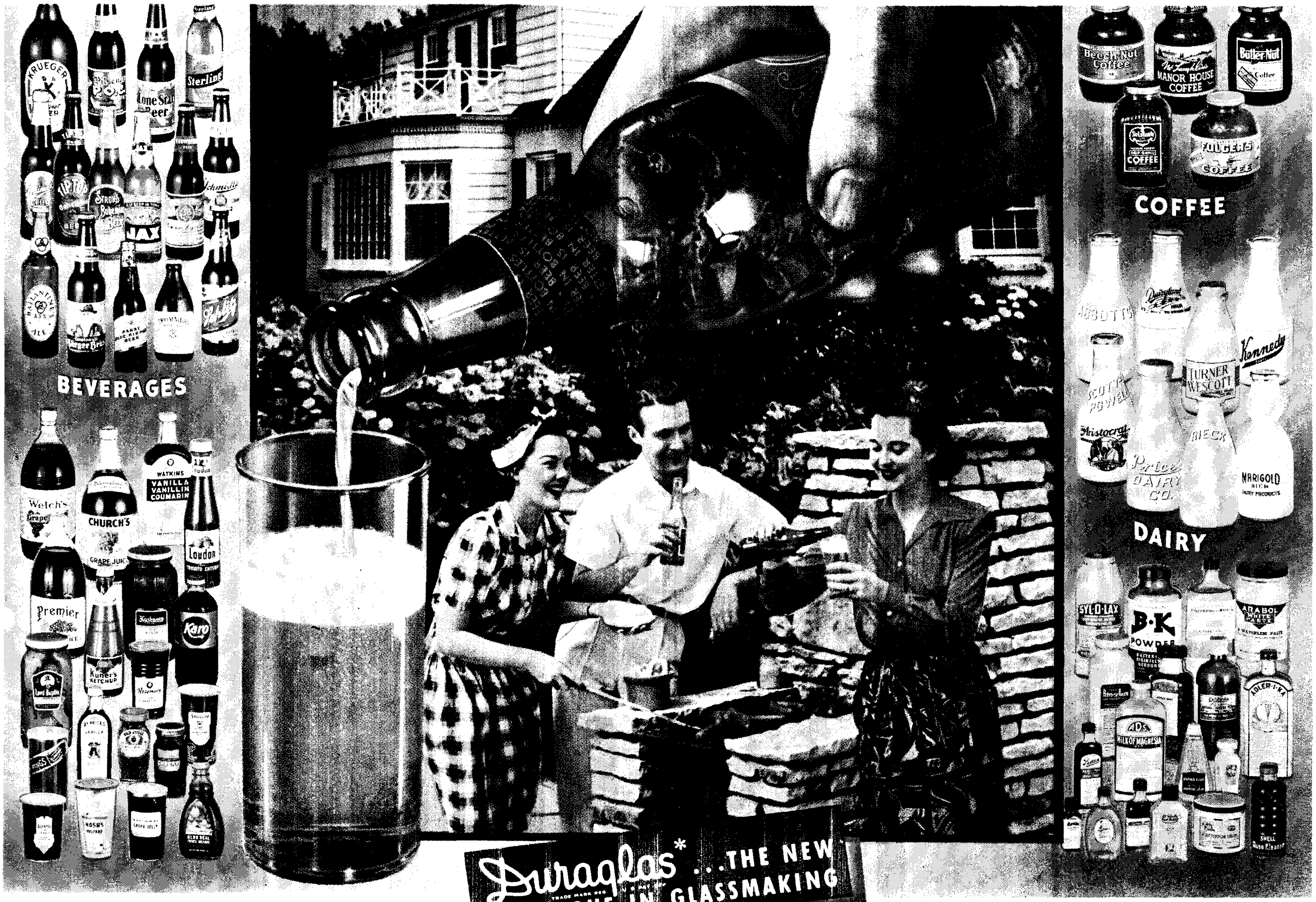
Among nature's mysteries are the Barisal guns, strange booming sounds, as of distant cannon, which are heard frequently in various parts of the world, usually on or near large bodies of water. Their cause has never been satisfactorily explained, but they are believed to be of subterranean origin. In the United States, they are heard over Lake Seneca, New York.

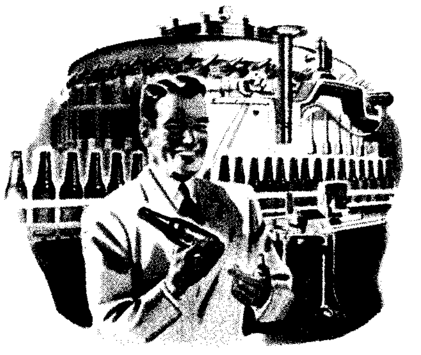
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

HABANELLO
OLD JUDGE
COFFEE

Among the Best Things in Life...
America's Fine Beers in Duraglas*

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


BEVERAGES
Krueger
Pilsener
Lone Star Beer
Sterling
Stroh's
Schmidt's
Ballantine's
Welch's Grape
Church's Grape Juice
Watkins Vanilla Vanillin Coumarin
Loudon
Premier
Karo
Kuner's Ketchup
COFFEE
Beech-Nut Coffee
Manor House Coffee
Butter-Nut
Folger's Coffee
DAIRY
Abbott's
Turner Wescott
Kennedy
Scott Powell
Aristocrat
Price's Dairy Co.
Marigold
Syl-O-Lax
B·K Powder
A.D.S. Milk of Magnesia
Adler-i-ka
Duraglas* ...THE NEW TECHNIQUE IN GLASSMAKING
TRADE MARK REG.



The fact that Duraglas prolongs bottle-life is good news to you as a consumer. For the returnable glass bottle is the key to the economical price at which beer brings you enjoyment—in your home, anywhere.

America enjoys life—out in its own back yard. Adding to the pleasure of any family party is delicious bottled beer. And helping bring you beer at its best is the tough, long-lived Duraglas bottle.

The brewer knows that the golden goodness of his beer is safeguarded by Duraglas bottles. Knows, too, that bottles made by this new glassmaking technique keep his costs low because they stand up under repeated round trips, sterilization and filling.

The Duraglas technique makes it economical for many other products to be packaged in convenient, reliable glass containers. Today you see more and more household and personal necessities in the package that serves *your* needs best—Duraglas. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo.

Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

PHILCO *for* 1942

brings you New Triumphs in Radio and Phonograph Invention!

PHILCO
MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT
NEW PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER
STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL
EXCLUSIVE PHILCO FM SYSTEM

NEW developments, new triumphs have just been announced from the Philco laboratories, bringing you new and greater enjoyment of radio and records . . . new delights which *only Philco owners may enjoy!*

"Music on a Beam of Light" . . . that revolutionary invention which startled the phonograph world . . . is greater than ever for 1942. The scraping steel needle is gone forever. Instead, a permanent jewel that *needs no changing* floats over the record and reflects the music on a Beam of Light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. Surface noise and record wear are *reduced by 10 to 1.* You enjoy glorious new beauty from your records. And, with the Tilt-Front Cabinet, there's no lid to lift, no need to move decorations; just tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again.

And now, for 1942, comes a new sensation . . . the Philco Automatic Record Changer with the amazing Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Thanks to the famous Stroboscopic principle, applied for the first time to the phonograph by Philco engineers, you can hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, exactly as the music was played in the recording studio! And you enjoy simpler, more gentle, more reliable, more *automatic* record changing than ever before!

Frequency Modulation is yours in a new, different and better way. The *exclusive* Philco FM System adds a Frequency Modulation band to the regular radio circuit, using ALL the tubes for Standard and Short-Wave Reception as well as FM, giving you finer tone and performance on *all* bands . . . and Frequency Modulation *at new low cost!* Only Philco has it!

PHILCO 1013, ILLUSTRATED . . . WALNUT OR MAHOGANY

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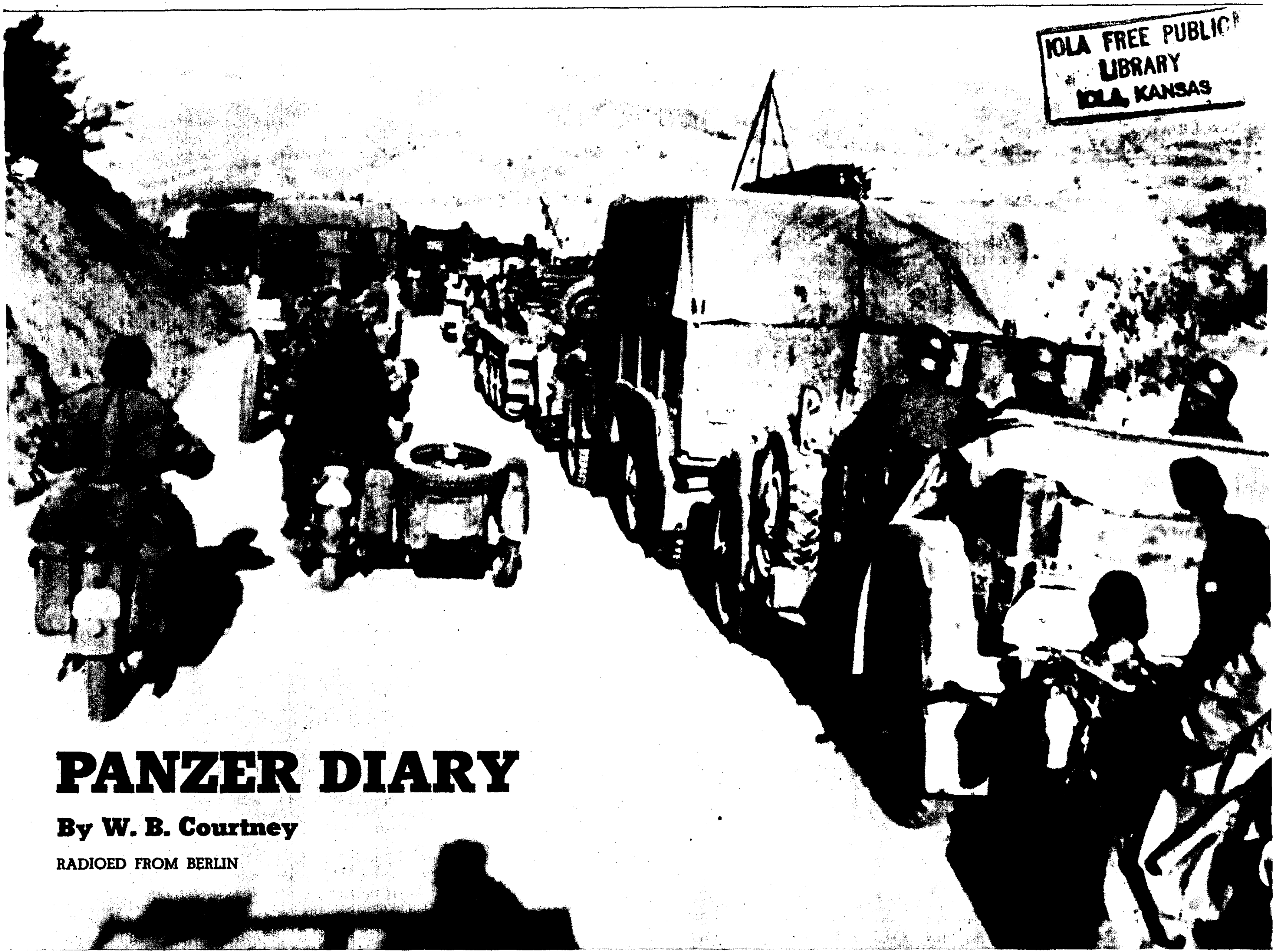


PANZER DIARY

By W. B. Courtney

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

WIDE WORLD

The German Panzer column, with fighting and supply equipment, pushes on into Serbian Yugoslavia. Traffic guides on motorcycles rove up and down the column as trouble shooters

W. B. Courtney, Collier's war correspondent, rode with a Panzer division from Berlin to Greece. He saw the invasion of a brave nation. He reports what he saw of mechanized conquest from a German military motorcar. Not pleasant to see or report but useful for our own defense.—The Editor

YOU have read a lot about the other side of blitzkriegs—that is, how to run away from them. Here is your first chance to ride as part of one and see it tick from the inside; and to get, moreover, a Panzer-eye view of the peoples and countries blitzed.

It's like a hitchhike on a comet, this lunge down more than 1,200 miles through the Balkan heart of Europe with the Panzer divisions of a modern "lightning" campaign. A smudged comet swishing on its wake, not incandescent, starry fragments but the drear litter of war. Its head burrows against the combat front and glows from gun flashes and the fires set by Stukas. Swirling in its long tail are the dead bodies of men and beasts, the muck from millions of rolling wheels and shuffling feet, the smoke of broken towns, the shattered beauty of bridges, the carts of refugees, the wrecks of trucks and planes, the shell pocks in the earth. It bores across the map with a vast and ceaseless roar in a welter of choking exhaust fumes and the sickish odors of decay under dust so thick the sunlight over Greece is paled. Everywhere in your race from the sodden, late Baltic winter to the early Aegean summer the landscapes remind you of home scenes, if the people and the activities don't, God be praised.

Hungary could be a green prairie state of the Midwest such as Iowa, but she's only as big as Indiana. Yugoslavia resembles our Middle Atlantic group and is about the size of New York and Pennsylvania together. Bulgaria is West Virginia in appearance and Maine in size; while Greece has the coast ranges and valleys of California.

The first morning you waken in the train speeding to the blitzkrieg jump-off point, Vienna. German soldiers guarding the right of way indicate you are still in the protectorate, as the former Czech republic is now called. Otherwise the countryside of rumpled meadows and combed fields and far-off blue hills, freshly laundered by the night winds and rain, might be Maryland.

Spring is waiting for you in Vienna but so is your big gray army car, and the one doesn't give you time for the other. You're off to the front, down the valley of the beautiful yellow Danube. You're just one in a rushing flood of scores of thousands of vehicles of various types and sizes. Panzer war is Sunday traffic every day. Look at your map and you will see why Vienna now, as in the days of old, is the natural starting line for military sweeps by land from Europe to the Near East. The hordes from Asia, the legions of the Knights, all passed along this classic road of war. People run out to cheer you as their ancestors through all the centuries ran out to hail. War has always been part of the routine of an average lifetime here. It's a discouraging place for a pacifist.

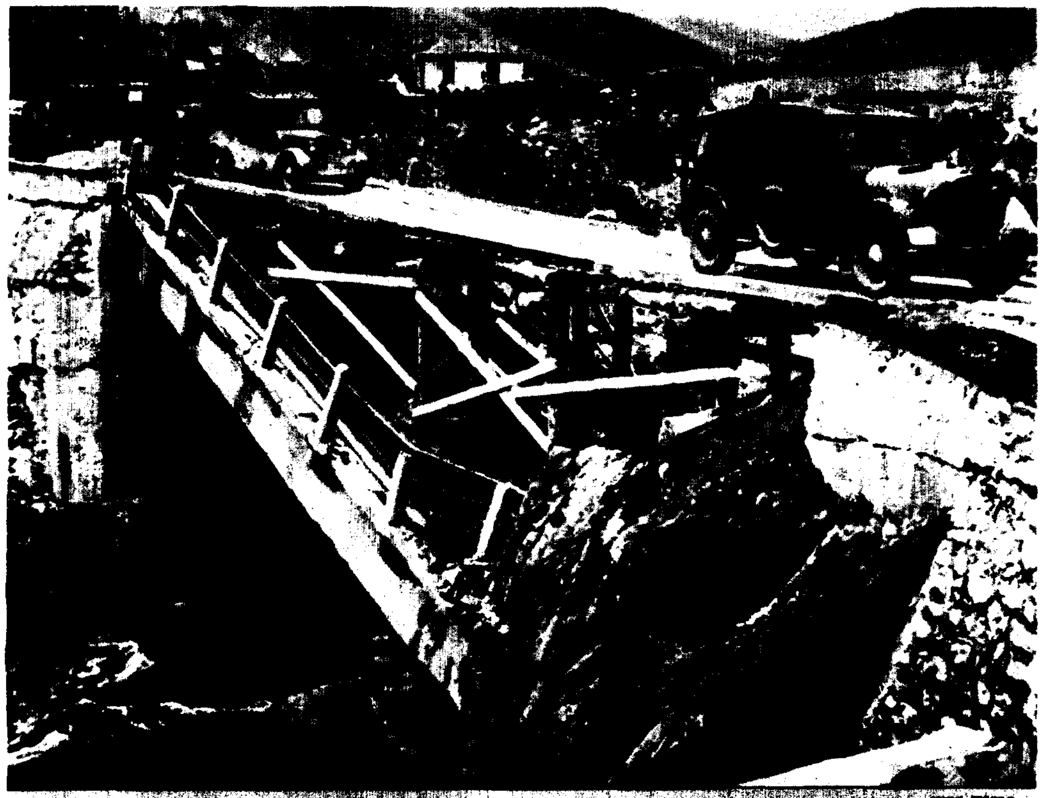
The Panzers have stepped up the pace of war from three miles an hour to fifty. But your car, a casual, often runs up the column at seventy or even eighty miles an hour, and you're so glad you fixed those insurance papers before you left home. If one of the Panzer vehicles breaks down in this nonfighting zone, its crew works ten minutes endeavoring to repair it while the rest of the column passes on. Ten minutes would give them time to catch up again to their place in line. If it's not started in ten minutes, it's nosed off the road and abandoned for later salvage. Its crew doubles up somewhere in the column. If a vehicle breaks down within the forward or combat zone it's ruthlessly discarded at once—the column must not halt. And if there's a precipice at the roadside, as so often happens, that may be the end of motorcycles worth hundreds or tanks worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—all, perhaps, on account of no more than a dirty fifty-cent spark plug.

The commanders and the lead and tail drivers in each section of a column have a pair of little round metal disks on long handles. One is green, one red for signaling traffic intentions to their own and to overtaken or following units. Traffic guides with wide metal placards across their breasts held by chains around their necks hover at key places while others on motorcycles rove up and down the column as trouble shooters. When two columns pass in opposite directions—with dispatch riders, motorcycle police and casual staff cars threading between them on a primitive twelve- to fourteen-foot back-country European road designed long ago for the oxcarts of peasants and the coaches of Magyar nobles—the roar is unbelievable, but so is the efficiency and the absence of disaster. Still you wonder if you will ever again be terrified on Wilshire Boulevard, the Outer Drive or Merritt Parkway.

One Man Stops a Blitz

If home reading or von Stroheim movies have given you notions about German highhandedness, you're due for a surprise when you hear the way Austrian village cops yell at Panzer drivers and make them obey local traffic rules. And for a big laugh when at the Hungarian frontier you see the formidable columns halt meekly before the hand of a feather-plumed gendarme, then slowly pass over and resume speed on the left side of the road.

All the countries of middle Europe have American right-hand driving except Hungary, which clings to the English left-hand system and isn't going to change, mechanized war or no. The English influence has always been strong in Hungary. When Hungary joined the Axis, Britain held a legation here long after the customary diplomatic practice dictated. In Budapest you are told it was because this was England's best "listening post" in southeast Europe. With the information radioed daily from here, England was able to maintain an accurate weather chart of south Germany for the guidance of the RAF.



WIDE WORLD

Bridges were destroyed to halt the Nazi advance. But engineers quickly threw up an emergency bridge across this river and the blitz rushed on

WIDE WORLD

A land-mine explosion in Thessaly creates mounds of rubbish through which motorcyclists struggle. But the Panzer column moves steadily onward

Buda is filled with needle-waisted young Hungarian officers in operetta uniforms, and when you cross the Danube to Pest on the east bank you have a melting view of Saint Margaret's Island, lush under the noon sun with its newly leafed horse chestnuts and plane trees standing in a foam of lilacs and forsythia. Going to war through Hungary is a parade. Village kids chase the Panzers, screaming *Heil Hitler!* Giggling peasant girls with red boots and gaily colored dresses sit in clutches on the roadside banks, like the bright piles on remnant counters in a dry-goods sale. The men salute gravely. Hungary, getting a lot for little out of this war, is very happy over the whole thing. Already the first battle-stained Germans pass us homeward bound from the near-by Slavonian front which they took and then gave to the Hungarians. Soldier-fashion the world over, they have chalked slogans on their trucks and tanks and decorated them with captured trophies—a Serb helmet on each headlight, a gas mask on the radiator is the usual grotesquerie. People toss lilacs and the good blood oranges of Hungary to them. But most of the worn-out boys who are not actually driving are catching shut-eye.

On to Yugoslavia

You know the birth rate is due for another boost in Germany. It has been that way since this war began. The vital-statistics graph has taken scared-cat falls and leaps coincident with the beginnings of each campaign and the leave periods thereafter.

Tonight you halt in Szeged (pronounced Sheh Geh Deen) for your last chance of a clean bed. Tomorrow you really say goodby to Europe when you leave Hungary. In Hungary, moreover, you bid farwell to the most decent, the cleanest, friendliest people you can find anywhere—and the prettiest women.

Your car is a Horch—smooth, fast, big, powerful with its Mercedes-Benz motor. It has to be rugged to take the beating of a Panzer drive over sometimes fantastic mountain roads. The top is down, German army style, and come rain, dust, wind and sun you'll sit out there for eight days—and like it. Your driver is Lance Corporal Otto Boehnke, who talks vaguely of being a chauffeur in private life for a prince. That doesn't convince you. Too often you've been hurled around *Kedächtniskirche* into *Kurfürstendamm* by Otto's taxiing. Every day you watch Otto's ears and the back of his neck turn redder and his hair change from black in the morning to the yellow of the roadside sand at night. The worst comes on the day following the night in Salonika when Otto in some way got hold of a bottle of hair oil. Before noon there is a deep, horrible, greasy sand dune atop his head. Otto's intensely single-track mind keeps us flirting with eternity. To conform with regulations Otto always puts his cap on before entering a town. He uses two hands and looks in the rear-vision mirror while the car with unslackened speed fends for itself.

Otto never misses returning a wayside *Heil.* He can *Heil,* drive, eat, talk all at once with only two hands. It's when to these activities he adds drinking from a bottle while overtaking a Panzer column at seventy-two miles an hour that you find yourself upside down in a ditch.

[illegible]

You cross at dawn into the Voivodina section of Yugoslavia with a Hungarian supply train. It lolls along in strange contrast to the huge Panzer fighting and supply equipment. Here are small hooded wagons that would have looked at home behind Napoleon. Each is drawn by four horses—with the inevitable lilacs stuck behind their ears—where a single husky coolie would suffice. The Hungarian soldiers, too, differ strikingly from the lively young Germans. They are mainly veterans of the last war—genially villainous old peasants with ruddy cheeks, pale, wrinkled eyes, long blond mustaches and a sheepish air about the whole business. The mere crossing of a political line as between Ohio and Kentucky puts you in a land where faces are not smiling. The smoke and dust has scarcely blown off from the fighting here. There is no heiling. The Yugoslav boys, with their funny three-quarter-length pants, half-length vests and pancake hats, stare moodily. Little girls run indoors. Older people don't look.

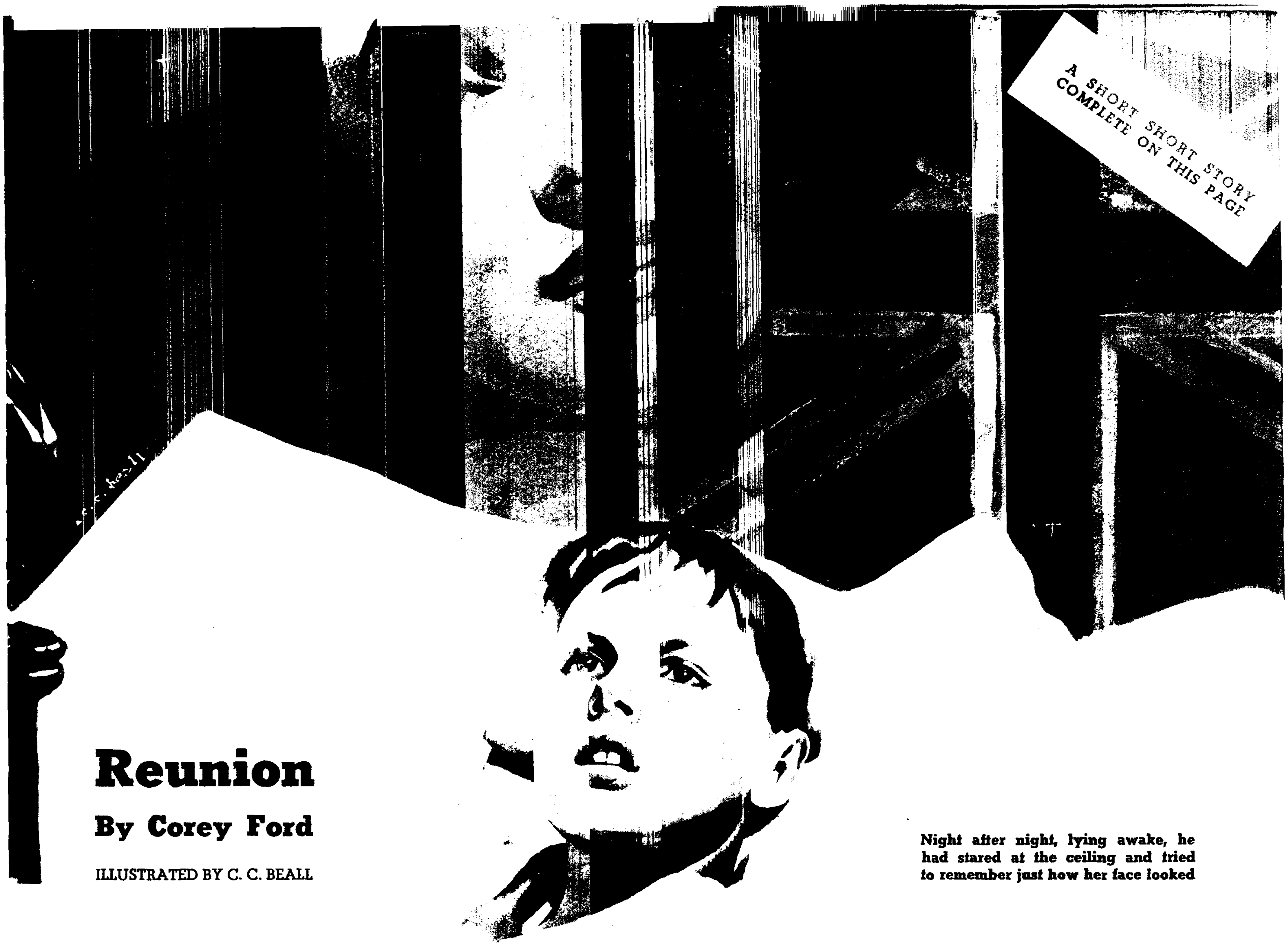
You reach the Danube again at Novi Sad. The wrecks of two giant bridges rest like prehistoric fish skeletons in the river over which you take the Hungarian army pontoon ferry. Now you enter the Serbian core. Your civilian attire puzzles wayside folks between Vienna and Greece, but you're in a German car and therefore must be one of the conquerors. Yet, of all the races and people you meet, only the Serbs glare at you with unrelenting hatred, ignore your friendly approaches.

Germany Paid for the Danube

A few miles south of Novi Sad on the Belgrade road is where the passage of the river, fierce and wide here, was forced. The Danube is the old ally, particularly of those nations for whom it forms a frontier. Its bridges have always been the first things cut when diplomatic relations were broken. There are old bridge foundations along the Balkan Danube but no old bridges. In military opinion the three greatest technical feats of German arms in this war—achievements that are still hidden in mystery but will be boned over by professional war students for generations after their precise history is revealed—were three crossings: The Kattegat to Norway, the Mediterranean to Libya and the Danube at several points. The latter was no ordinary pontoon exercise for engineer troops.

Here on a gentle ridge for all to compute is the price Germany paid for the crossings at this point—the graves of young Germans. By a coincidence so poignant it is scarcely credible, there are four young pear trees set in a row within shadowing distance. Obviously they were planted only a few days before the war began by the peasant whose

(*Continued on page* 45)


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Reunion

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Night after night, lying awake, he had stared at the ceiling and tried to remember just how her face looked

THAT was the hard part of it—getting the words out. It was hard because his throat stuck together, and made him swallow, and he was not sure how he was going to sound. But he thought of his father, how his father always said he didn't like boys who acted like girls, and who couldn't keep their chins up like in the army. "Hello, Mummy," he said. He was glad he sounded all right.

"How do you feel, darling?"

"Fine."

He was going on ten, of course; and when you are going on ten you do not let on how you feel. You do not say how much you have wanted and wanted to be home again. You do not admit that what you really want now is to run to her and fly up into her arms, wriggling and crying, "Mummy, Mummy!" and hug her tight. You keep your chin up, and you stand very straight and smiling and inquire in a polite, grown-up voice, "Have you both been well?"

"Very well, thank you, darling, and you?"

"Oh, fine."

His mother's face was beautiful. Night after night, lying awake in the strange bed, in the strange house, he had stared at the ceiling and tried to remember just how her face looked, and to make it appear in front of him in the darkness; but there were so many expressions of her face that he remembered, and they crowded so fast on top of one another—like a lot of pictures taken on the same negative in a camera—that he had never been able to think of her face very clearly. But he had been able to think of her voice, night after night, just exactly as it sounded now: "I've missed you, darling."

"I've missed you, too."

You are almost a man now, and you do not tell her about the nights when you would lie awake in the strange bed and think of the bombs, think of her in London with all the bombs. You do not tell her how you would roll over and bury your head in the pillow so as not to worry Mrs. Pierce, who was being so kind to you. You tell her instead about all the nice things she'd like to hear: "At Christmas I had my own stocking, and we went to the theater twice."

"I'm sure you're quite spoiled, darling. Have you been a good boy?"

"Pardon?"

"Have you drunk your milk?"

"Oh, rather, I've put on eight pounds."

"Oh, my goodness me, how wonderful. Pretty soon you'll be as big as your father. . . ."

HE DID not see how he could ever be as big as his father. His father looked like a giant in his khaki uniform, very tall and handsome. His mother had sent him a snapshot of his father when he first put his new uniform on, at Christmas time, and he had shown it to Mrs. Pierce, and to his teacher and all the boys at school, and he had been very proud; but now for some reason it was hard to talk to his father. He had always been silent like this in front of his father. His father seemed to find it hard to talk, too, and he kept clearing his throat, and starting his sentences explosively with "I say." "I say, I suppose you can play the piano now."

That was a joke. The first letter he had written home, he had complained because Mrs. Pierce had wanted him to take piano lessons. His father had been amused, but his mother had said that it was very kind of Mrs. Pierce and he should, of course, take advantage of all these wonderful opportunities he could not get at home.

"I suppose you're better than Paderewski, eh?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly," he said, staring straight ahead.

There was a little pause. There were always these little pauses when he talked to his father, and his mother would glance swiftly from one face to the other with an anxious, understanding smile.

"I say, your bicycle's still in the cellar, you know," his father said after a moment of silence. "Nobody has touched it."

He was glad about his bicycle. He had wondered whether anybody had been riding his bicycle while he was away, Woodie or any of the gang. He always kept his bicycle on a rack in the cellar, very clean and shiny. Mrs. Pierce had not wanted him to have a bicycle, for fear that he would be run over.

"And Tag's waiting for you upstairs," his father said. "He's been sleeping on your bed every night while you've been gone."

The bed at Mrs. Pierce's was much bigger than his own bed at home, and he had a reading lamp and a radio beside the bed, but there was no dog to sleep on the bed. Mrs. Pierce did not like dogs. Mrs. Pierce's house was a beautiful house, not tiny like his own house; but all he could think of, all he had been able to think of for a year, was being back in his own house again. He could not wait to dash upstairs and see Tag again, and see his bicycle in the cellar, and the paneled kitchen that smelled of spice, and the bathroom with the high tin tub, and the creaky back stairs, and the yard. All he could think of now was being home, and never leaving home again.

"I say, this is quite a thing, isn't it, the three of us getting together like this?"

IT WAS a dream. He knew it was only a dream. He had been looking forward to it for so long; but it was not real. It would all be over in a minute, like waking from a dream, and he would say goodby to them, and he would go back to Mrs. Pierce's house again. Already the man beside him was saying, "I'm sorry, Geoffrey, but I'm afraid our time's up."

"Are you sure you're all right, Geoffrey?" his mother asked.

"Oh, fine," he said.

"Goodby, darling."

That was the hardest part of all. "Goodby," he said cheerfully.

"Thank you, Geoffrey, thank you, Mr. and Mrs. North, and now this concludes our special two-way broadcast between New York and London," the man beside him was saying, "in which the magic of radio has served to reunite . . ."

Afterward you go downstairs and have some ice cream and then you go back to the house with kind Mrs. Pierce. You do not let on how you feel, because, of course, you are going on ten.

The Real Thing

By Homer McCoy

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

If and when Mr. Arnold's romance goes bust his wife won't tell the judge she found it monotonous

BOB ARNOLD came back to Hollywood from his week end at Coronado with the light in his eyes. Coronado is this refined resort down the coast.

"Joe," he explained to me, "I am in love."

"That is pure routine," I said, "and I am not impressed."

"Please don't scoff," said Bob solemnly. "This is the real thing at last. The name is Sally Van Cortland."

"You are sure you didn't fall in love with a Pullman car?" I asked.

"I fell in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. She is beautiful, a brunette with blue eyes and a breathtaking personality. But there is one small catch."

Bob got up and looked at himself thoughtfully in the mirror.

"Joe," he asked, "do I look too much like a movie actor?"

"Not if you keep your hair cut short," I said.

"Could I pass for a young society guy who is spending a few months in southern California?"

"Well, you have played a few character roles tougher than that."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Joe," Bob said, "because that is just what I am so far as Sally Van Cortland is concerned."

"A neat bit of casting," I said, "and I wish you would explain."

"Well, it is like this," Bob said. "I meet this gorgeous creature on the beach. We go into the water together. We get along swimmingly."

He stopped with a look of surprise on his face. "Did you like that one, Joe?"

"It was fair."

"Thank you," said Bob. "I must remember to use it again sometime. Well, after getting along swimmingly, we go up to the hotel and she introduces me to her folks. They are very social. They are from New York and will stay in Coronado until next spring.

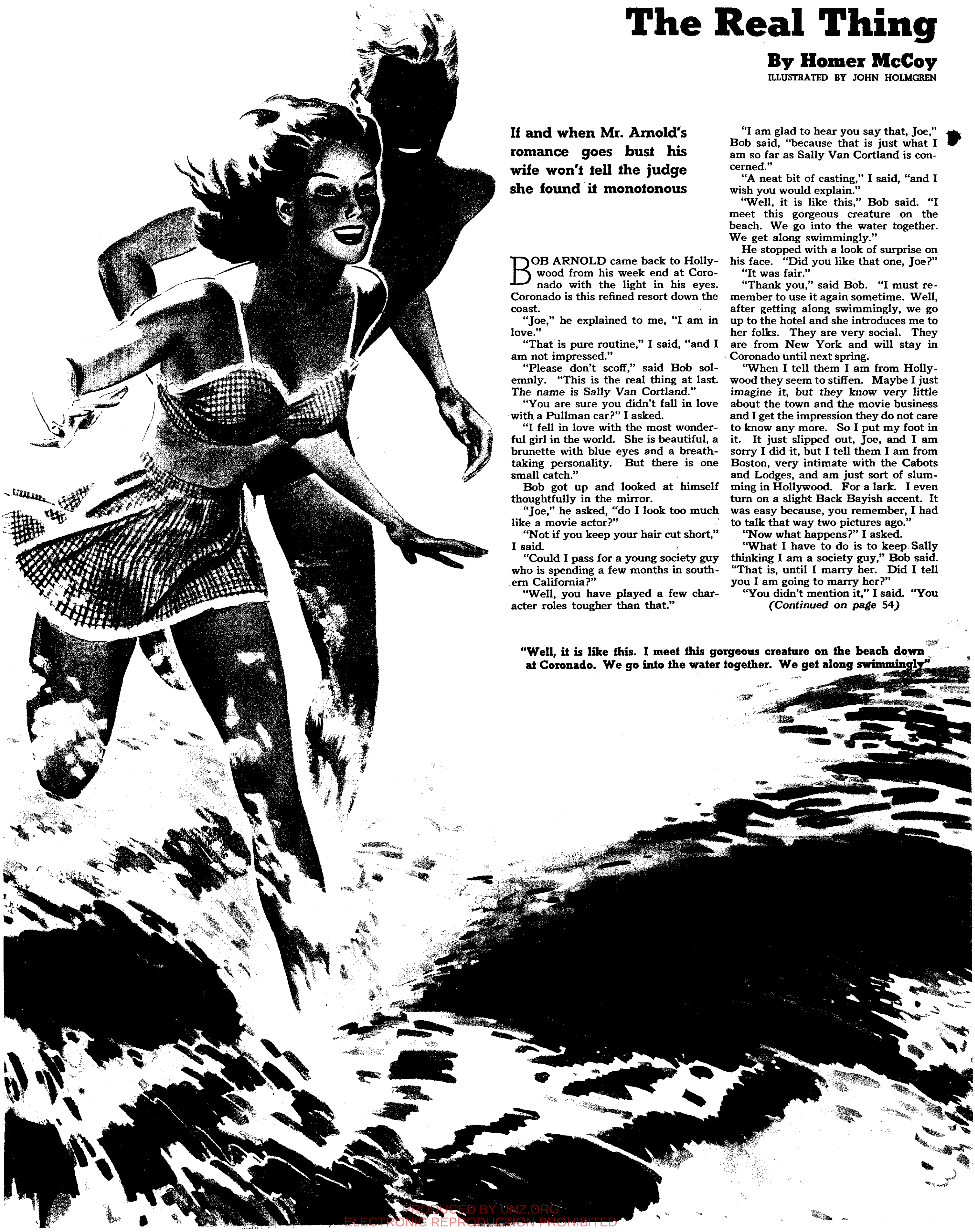
"When I tell them I am from Hollywood they seem to stiffen. Maybe I just imagine it, but they know very little about the town and the movie business and I get the impression they do not care to know any more. So I put my foot in it. It just slipped out, Joe, and I am sorry I did it, but I tell them I am from Boston, very intimate with the Cabots and Lodges, and am just sort of slumming in Hollywood. For a lark. I even turn on a slight Back Bayish accent. It was easy because, you remember, I had to talk that way two pictures ago."

"Now what happens?" I asked.

"What I have to do is to keep Sally thinking I am a society guy," Bob said. "That is, until I marry her. Did I tell you I am going to marry her?"

"You didn't mention it," I said. "You

(Continued on page 54)



"Well, it is like this. I meet this gorgeous creature on the beach down at Coronado. We go into the water together. We get along swimmingly"

They Call Her Mac

By Barbara Berch

DOROTHY McGUIRE is a pug-nosed, slightly blond version of Greta Garbo. She's twenty-three, from Omaha, owns up to big feet and is starring in Claudia, newest success on Broadway. News, because the kid is packing them in, face to face with Gertrude Lawrence, Katharine Cornell, Ethel Barrymore and the rest of the Class-A roll call.

Everybody is delighted with Mac's success. The Walgreen gang (cliff dwellers at the fabulous drugstore on Times Square where want-to-be actors sip chocolate sodas, talk theater and get the latest casting tips), the hangers-on, the stars, the press agents, the stagehands, the producers. She's such a real American gal that folks sort of sit back and revel in the miracle of this one in a thousand who hurdled the broad jump without any distinguishing marks like pink hair, a gravel-throat or six discarded husbands.

When the show was being cast, Author Rose Franken insisted upon a girl for the name part who looked eighteen and had twenty-five years' experience in the theater. She probably wanted a genie; she got Dorothy McGuire. Mac's a dud at rehearsals when the seats are empty, but give her a houseful of people and she—well—she turns out to be a Claudia. Translated: a baby-faced sex-box, running around in dirndls and ginghams and twining herself around the furniture like a triple-jointed gazelle. She'd be called skinny in Omaha, but in New York she's ethereal.

Dorothy McGuire lives on the fifth floor of a house on 54th Street. Visitors clump up five flights of stairs to meet a grief-stricken McGuire and a colored maid named Bertha, muttering volubly about an elevator, and isn't it a shame no one ever finds it?

Her apartment is in the process of being furnished and at this point it's rugless and drapeless. A sofa, a desk, a table, two chairs, a good chair and a pile of books are all she has. First thing she did was to arrange the furniture and plop the sofa in the middle of the room. (Bertha doesn't like it there, so when Mac's out, she shoves it over to the side.) Three quarters of the stuff is mid-Victorian, the table and chairs are 1941 beach.

When I saw Dorothy McGuire she was wearing a yellow cotton house coat with a pearl-and-diamond clip. Her face was shiny and her hair uncurled. She tried to be—as she put it—"sweet, without gushing and losing character." Once in a while she'd forget and be actressy but it didn't happen often. Most of the time she talked about Rose Franken and Time of Your Life, and My Sister Eileen, and Claudia, and a kid named Gene Kelly who's starring in Pal Joey.

McGuire vs. Fonda

She tells you she was an ornery youngster with an understanding ma and a passion for play-acting. First thing she did was the lead in A Kiss for Cinderella, at the Omaha Little Theater. Henry Fonda, another Omahan turned actor through the years, revisited the scene of his childhood and starred in the piece. Mac, with no respect at all for Fonda's stature, stole the show, but Hank withstood the defeat well enough to go on getting good and famous in spite of it.

Next, a session at a convent for Mac, where they did a religious play and she was offered the leading male role. Not for her. She'd play the feminine lead, yes, but no male characterizations, thank you. She got the role of the Virgin Mother Mary.

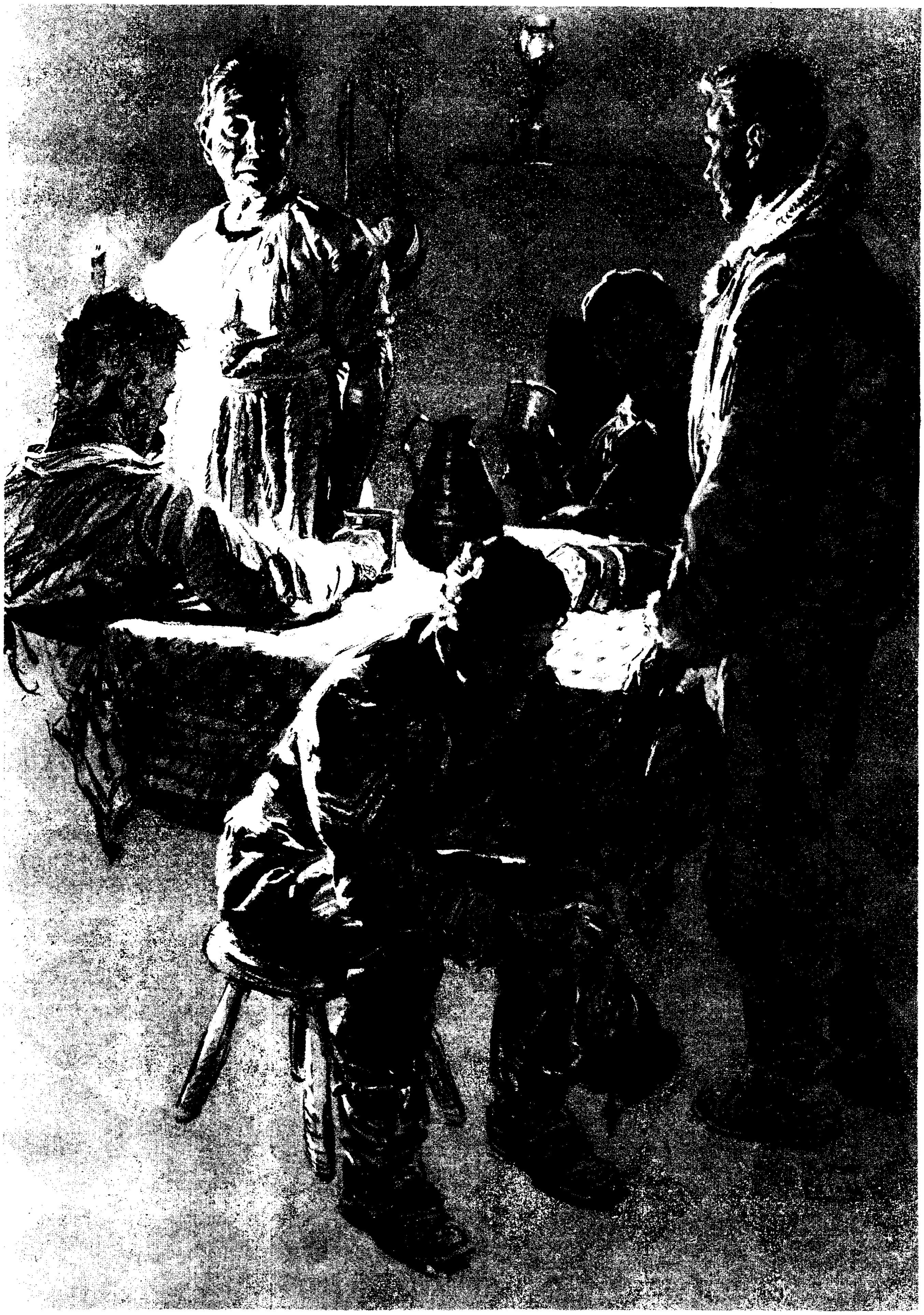
Then she went to a female seminary in New England that she didn't like much. Contrary to the usual procedure she forgot to invite her mother for graduation and wore an old white dress from the convent.

Finally, The Try. New York. She had raved about being an actress for years, and it was time she did something about it. She wired her mother to come to town, and Mrs. Mac promptly moved her in with a sister Nebraskan who had leased an expensive apartment on the East Side and no wherewithal to pay for it. Mac came in mighty handy that winter.

They dined on tuna fish four nights a week, ran about madly, and were so Bohemian that Mac got sick. "You can't eat everything out of cans, forget to sleep and expect to be as healthy as Tarzan's Jane, now can you?" In-between times, though, she learned how to look for jobs, where to go for casting tips, who was regular, who was not.

"I also learned how not (*Continued on page* 51)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHA



"I saw your back when I came down the stairs. You were hunched up, with your face turned aside"

Under the terror in conquered France, unbeaten Frenchmen still fight on in the only way they can

THE Boches have a small outpost about six hundred meters down the road, with two heavy machine guns." The guide cleared his throat, then went on in his leisurely Normandy drawl: "And they have guys on motorcycles going around, but they travel very fast, can't see much and never stop at the farms."

"How frequent are those patrols?" the British flying officer asked. His French was correct, but accented.

"That depends, monsieur. Sometimes more than others. For instance, when there have been some of your planes flying about, they're all over the place, with searchlights." He seemed to see through the darkness, led them through the woods at a good pace. He spoke in a normal voice; that he would be executed if the Germans discovered that he aided British agents did not seem to weigh on his mind. "But Monsieur need not fret, I shall hide him with good people."

"You are very amiable," the officer said feelingly.

"Oh, monsieur, one does what one can."

Their chatter irritated Sergeant Pilot John Collins. Day was not so far away, when they might be discovered. The officer was in uniform and had little to fear beyond being taken as a prisoner of war. But he, Collins, also in British uniform, might be identified by someone as Jean-Pierre Ruhault, local boy, a born Frenchman, hence not a regular but a partisan, for the Free French forces were not accepted as belligerents by the Nazis. That would mean an armed squad in short order.

And he would be shot at Bresimont, the nearest village, so that his mother would hear all about it, and probably die. Her heart was bad, had been bad for years. Ruhault was beginning to regret having volunteered so readily for this mission, without knowing what it involved. The order had been so simple, when the captain had read it off in camp: "Men familiar with the following regions of France, their geographical details and dialects, are invited to report themselves for special duty."

Ruhault had given his qualifications, and been instructed, very shortly, to present himself before a British major, at a certain address in London. The Frenchman had been overjoyed—out of the interview might come a good job; translating documents, for instance.

"You speak English remarkably well," the major said. He was very young for a man of his rank—a smooth, intelligent-looking chap of twenty-four or twenty-five. "What schools did you attend?"

"Country schools in France, sir," Ruhault had replied. "But I was restless, did not like farm labor very much, and ran away very early. The sea was but sixty kilometers from us. I worked on sailing boats taking vegetables from Brittany to England. Also, I learn languages easily."

"You speak the Normandy dialect?"

"Naturally, sir. I also speak Breton and Flemish. We had sailors in our crews from all over northern France. I was sergeant-observer in our aviation, sir, in Syria, and I also speak Arabic, but not very well."

"You remained in England voluntarily, Ruhault?"

"Yes, sir. I am convinced the war is not over for France."

"Let us hope you are right," the major approved with a smile. "How would you like to take a trip to France?"

Ruhault had felt as if he had sunk to his thighs in ice-cold water. So that was the idea—they wanted him to go back as a spy. He did not like the prospect, but what was there to say? One could not tell that cool fellow that one was afraid. He had nodded vaguely.

"You're the only man who quite fills the specifications," the officer went on. "You know the region we are interested in, can note the changes. You understand maps? Naturally, if you are an observer. You have done parachute work? Splendid. If you are lucky, the whole thing will not keep you out of England a week.

"You will land about here." The tip of a pencil indicated the spot. "The nearest German posts are here—and here—and here—little danger of being

(Continued on page 46)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE supporting her poverty-stricken family by working in a grocery store, not far from San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman takes a brief outing in the Sierras. Her companion is the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young Yale law-school student, who, having met her by chance, *seemingly* adores her.

The outing, a happy one for both the girl and the boy, ends. Dina returns to her home, at dingy Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. Then, a few weeks later, Dina makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

Desperate, in need of wise counsel, she confides in her best friend: Tom O'Connor, who, loving her and longing to marry her, realizes that Dina merely likes him—that she can never care for him as he cares for her. He advises her to go to New Haven, find Vere Holland and marry him. He offers to give her money for her expenses.

But Dina thinks she has a better solution of her problem. Summoning all the courage she possesses, she calls on wealthy Rogers Holland, Vere's uncle, at his stately Burlingame mansion. She tells him the whole story. Holland, listening, is courteous. He feels sure, he says, that Vere's mother (a spoiled divorcée) will not permit her son to marry a girl from Railway Flats. Then he makes her a curious proposition:

Recently jilted by a beautiful woman—who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—he is giving a dinner party. The Havenses are to be among his guests. Will Dina (who is extraordinarily beautiful) attend the party? Will she come and, pretending to be very close to him, do what she can to arouse "Aline's" (Mrs. Havens') jealousy? Of course, Mr. Holland tells Dina, he will remunerate her very handsomely.

Dina decides to co-operate with him. In clothes provided by Mrs. Bucket, Holland's housekeeper, she goes to the party. And when it is over, Aline is seething with curiosity as to the relationship between Holland and his "ward"—Geraldine Cashman! . . . Vere, in New Haven, writes one or two noncommittal letters. He says his mother has assured him that "everything will come out all right." He says that he is contemplating a trip to South America!

Trusting Mrs. Bucket (a splendid woman), Dina tells her of her problem. Mrs. Bucket suggests that Dina become her assistant, at the Holland place. Dina declines the offer—she would be too near home! Mrs. Bucket then says that Mr. Holland is planning to help the girl out, financially. "After all," she remarks, "his family has done you a wrong."

Dina listens. Then: "No, no, no!" she exclaims. *"I did it myself!"*

V

"VERE'S twenty-four," Mrs. Bucket went on; "what he ought to be is horsewhipped and stood up before a priest and married to you. What he ought to be is taught his responsibility to his child."

"I don't think either one of us thought much of the responsibility," Dina put in faintly as Mrs. Bucket, knitting furiously, stopped short.

"It doesn't matter what you did, you were both in it, and to have you driven out of your home, away from your mother and father when they need you, and when you need them, and to have her—his mother, writing that she refuses to have anything to do with the matter, I tell you it's all unfair!" the older woman said vigorously.

"Did she write that?"

"That's what she wrote. And that the boy had some—I don't know whether she said 'chivalrous' or 'noble' or what she said—some notion that he was responsible. Some notion, indeed!" the housekeeper repeated.

Dina sat silent, her very soul racked.

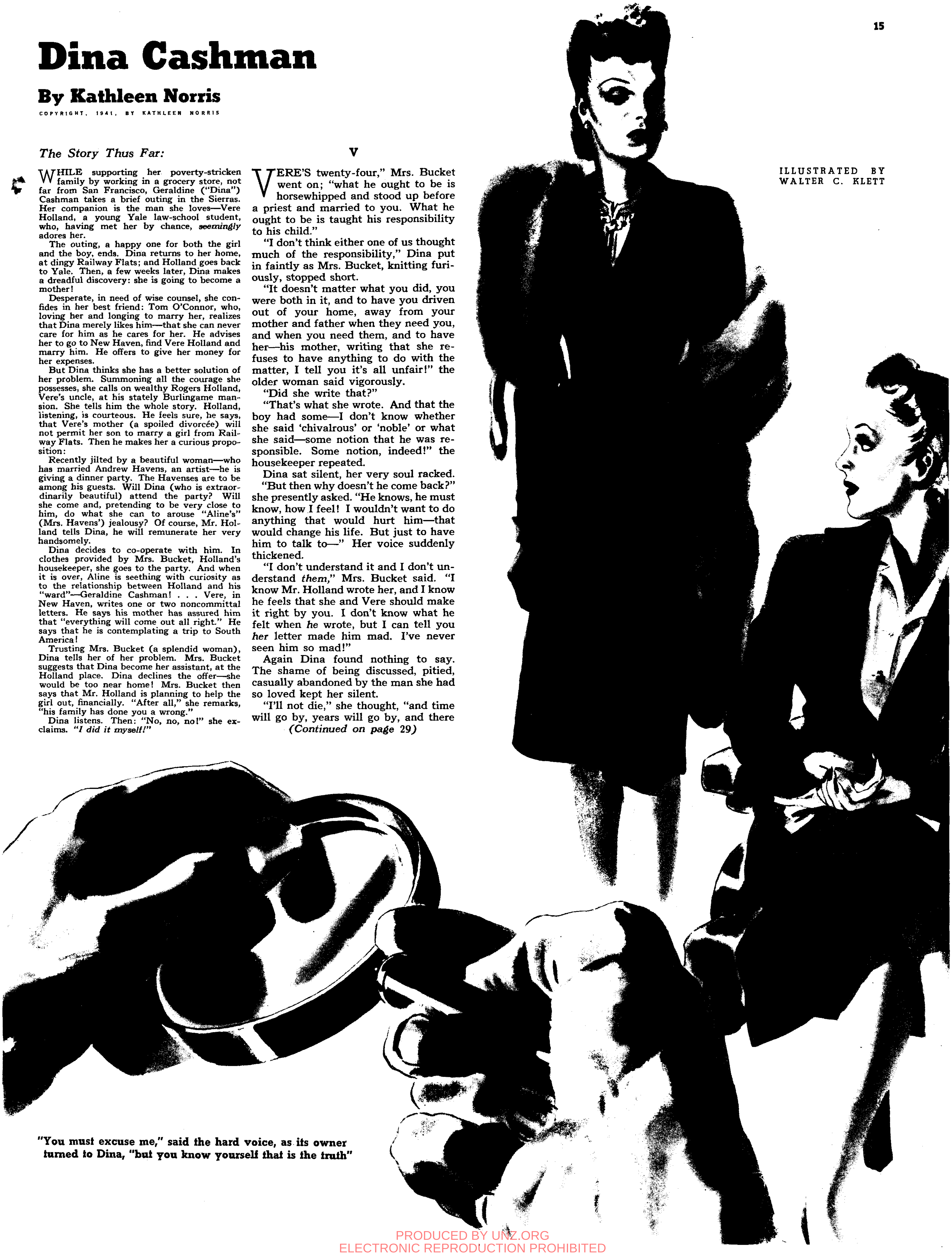
"But then why doesn't he come back?" she presently asked. "He knows, he must know, how I feel! I wouldn't want to do anything that would hurt him—that would change his life. But just to have him to talk to—" Her voice suddenly thickened.

"I don't understand it and I don't understand *them,*" Mrs. Bucket said. "I know Mr. Holland wrote her, and I know he feels that she and Vere should make it right by you. I don't know what he felt when *he* wrote, but I can tell you *her* letter made him mad. I've never seen him so mad!"

Again Dina found nothing to say. The shame of being discussed, pitied, casually abandoned by the man she had so loved kept her silent.

"I'll not die," she thought, "and time will go by, years will go by, and there

(Continued on page 29)

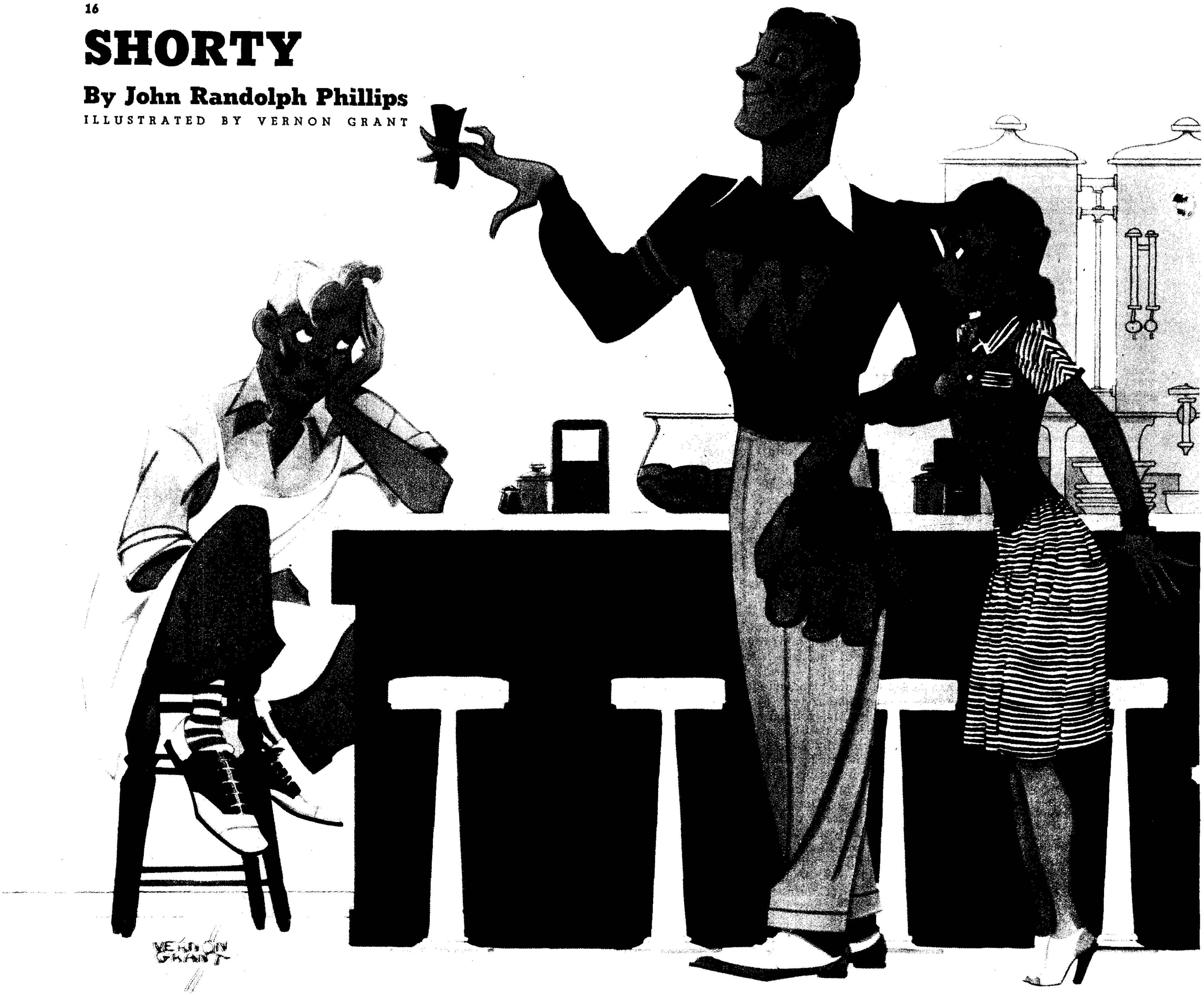


"You must excuse me," said the hard voice, as its owner turned to Dina, "but you know yourself that is the truth"

SHORTY

By John Randolph Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT



He strode to the counter. A five-dollar bill appeared in his hand. "Here, Shorty, old kid," he said. "Buy yourself an all-day sucker"

He won the girl, he won the game. Up to that point it was just one success story after another. The tough going came later

GUYS like Shorty Slagle have no business falling in love. Somebody should tell them that love is for the six-footers. A five-foot-seven guy like Shorty goes out to his car in the dark and finds a girl like May Lanning sitting in it sobbing. She puts her arms around his neck and says, "I'm a heel, Shorty, a contemptible little heel."

Shorty was a bug and a nut. Nuts and bugs about baseball. He sent Bill Harrigan and Lou Nagel from campus to big leagues. Oh, the scouts would have discovered them sooner or later. Shorty just made it sooner. Because Shorty wrote letters to managers and scouts.

Tom Fitch, one of the best scouts in the business, has a file of them six feet high. They afford him amusement on rainy days. He chuckles over such pronouncements as the following: "You'll take one look at this Harrigan, Tom, and you'll think Cobb just carried a bat to brush the flies away with. . . . I won't say our boy Nagel is as good as Dickey yet—he's only nineteen—but I really believe that when a runner starts to swipe second on him he could peg the ball clear to center and the center fielder would still have time to run in and make the putout at second."

But there is an excerpt from one letter that still leaves Tom Fitch feeling murderous: "You haven't been down to see Vic Tully since last year. Don't sell this boy short, Tom. Why, he can throw a doughnut faster than Walter Johnson in his prime could throw a baseball."

Shorty ran the Kampus Kitchen at Westmoreland A. & M., this institution being an agricultural and mechanical college down among the pig paths of the South. If you were a student you crossed from the school grounds to the corner of College Avenue and Georgia Street and entered the Kitchen. You'd have a sandwich or ice cream or pie or maybe a small steak and, sitting there, you'd draw Shorty out. He wasn't much older than you, say twenty-five, and he had friendly eyes and a humorous mouth and somehow you felt you could be familiar with him.

"HOW many consecutive years, Shorty, did Cobb lead the American League in hitting?"

"Nine," Shorty would say.

"Who hit the first home run with the bases loaded in a world series?"

"Elmer Smith, in nineteen-twenty, for Cleveland against Brooklyn."

Then you'd try to get funny and you'd say, "It was nineteen-thirty, wasn't it, that Ruth hit sixty-two homers?"

Shorty would fix you with a troubled gaze. "Ruth never hit sixty-two, or sixty-one, either. It was sixty and the year was nineteen-twenty-seven."

By then you'd have finished what it was you'd ordered and you'd say, "Be all right to pay you Friday, Shorty?"

"Oh, sure," Shorty would say. "Don't give it a thought."

Friday would come and with it your check from home and somehow you'd forget Shorty. But he never dunned you. In fact, when you did finally recall the debt, he'd act surprised and say the thing had slipped his mind, too. You knew he was a big liar, but that only made the feeling around your heart all the warmer.

There was no summer school at Westmoreland A. & M. and consequently no rush of business at the Kampus Kitchen in those months. So Shorty had time to

(Continued on page 38)

Red Sands in the Desert

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

After a while you get used to bombs and land mines, but that eternal, infernal sand—Collier's correspondent in Africa pictures death and destruction in the desert

THE *Tenente* lay on a stretcher on the powdery floor of brown sand in a wall tent in the British dressing station just this side of Sidi Barrani. Next to him lay Giovanni and, next to him, a wounded German. In the farthest corner there was a Tommy with a bullet in his lung. Outside the desert sun was liquid in the white-hot sky. Sand as fine as sun-tan talc was stirred by a dry, hot wind. Just beyond the hospital camp, a portable village of brown tents and huge trucks and hastily dug slit trenches, there was a ridge of sand dunes so dazzlingly white they stabbed the eyes with a thousand hot needles. Beyond them was the flat turquoise strip of the Mediterranean. The sea looked serenely, invitingly cool. But inside the tent it was hot, and the Tommy lifted his pale lips from his teeth in a smile and said the word "water" twice. Outside you could smell the sea but inside there was the smell of death.

The Tenente was very young. He was incredibly dirty with sweat and sand and blood, and his hair stood in a tangled, wiry mop with streaks of brown sand in it. I leaned across him to hear what Giovanni was saying. Giovanni told me the Tenente was in the Bersaglieri. These are the Italian sharpshooters. They wear plumes in their hats, somber cockades of blue-black feathers which rise and fall when the Bersaglieri run in their quick parade step. I remembered how fine they looked when they ran under and past Benito Mussolini's balcony in the Piazza Venezia in Rome. The Tenente didn't look fine now and neither did Giovanni.

What Good is Glory Now?

Both looked like broken men and the war was over for them. They had lived their day as lions. Better to live one day as a lion, Mussolini had told them, than a lifetime as sheep. It was easy to see the Tenente and Giovanni would have preferred being live sheep than dead or maimed lions, but there was nothing they could do about it now. Giovanni had a stump of a right arm left, and there was a nod of gratitude to the handsome young British doctor who adjusted the bandage and said to Giovanni, "Feeling better, old boy?" And Giovanni hadn't the faintest idea what the doctor had said and he merely smiled and nodded.

The Tenente died while I leaned over him to talk with Giovanni. He didn't shout "Viva Mussolini" nor "Aia Aia A La La" nor any of the Black Shirt clichés he'd been taught since childhood. He

(*Continued on page* 35)

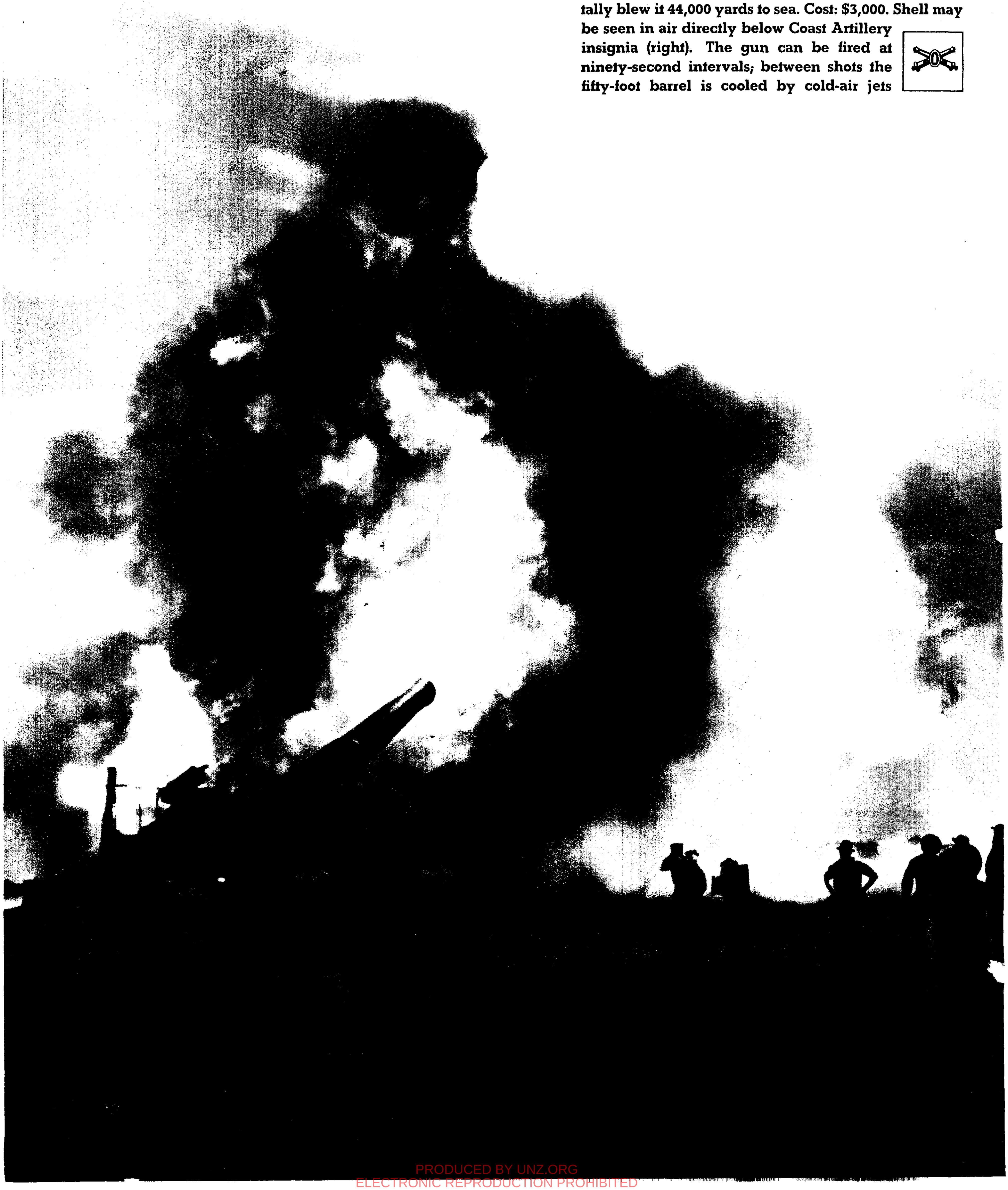
WIDE WORLD

A British officer and an Italian prisoner carry a wounded Italian to an ambulance after an engagement at Tobruk. Another wounded Italian crouches in the sand awaiting his turn

Thousands of Italian prisoners plod wearily back to prison camps behind the British lines, following the British smash into Italian Libya. They are guarded by British Tommies

BRITISH COMBINE

FORT TILDEN, Long Island. Few times have the citizens near this fort felt the concussion of its sixteen-inch gun. But one day last month the crew of thirty-six rammed a ton-and-a-half projectile into the breech, backed it with 800 pounds of powder and experimentally blew it 44,000 yards to sea. Cost: $3,000. Shell may be seen in air directly below Coast Artillery insignia (right). The gun can be fired at ninety-second intervals; between shots the fifty-foot barrel is cooled by cold-air jets



OUR NEW ARMY

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. This is the third and probably final chapter of the Red-skinned Selective Service serial entitled, "Lo, the Poor Navajo Said No," or, "The Axis Powers Mean Nothing to Me." In a beyond-the-law wilderness around the common corner of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, isolated Navajos on remote Indian reservations are reached by the Army via short wave and word of mouth (Collier's March 22d and April 26th). About 5,000 have signed up but a few Utah recalcitrants, cut off even from their red brothers, remained silently apathetic about the whole business. After a decent lapse of time, Indian mounted police tracked down the disinterested parties. One of them got away, handcuffs and all, but eleven others were trucked on down to Salt Lake City, where they waived preliminary hearing and were bound over to the next federal grand jury, meeting in October. Five of the Navajos, never off the reservation before, spoke no English, but interpreters learned that the mavericks chose to ignore the draft, not because they're advocates of peace but because they don't cotton particularly to The Great White Father. Hitler and Mussolini don't even enter into the question; the lads never heard of dictators. The captives may not languish in the clink, though; they're clamoring to register now, and officials may let them. Chances are, they never will end up in the Army. Few of the others have passed the physical and educational requirements. It probably won't be long before the native Americans, loosed from the hoosegow, will be ambling back to the reservation, wondering what kind of screwball country this is anyway.

A RECENT rash of promotions caught Master Sgt. Dale Peak, of the Quartermaster office, short of chevrons. Proud of their new ranks the soldiers exercised considerable ingenuity in displaying them. Some painted their stripes on work uniforms, others bid fancy prices for chevrons discarded by men moving up. Most farseeing was the buck private who, just promoted to Private First Class (one stripe), was caught sewing on his sleeve a staff sergeant insignia (three stripes above, one below). "I'll fix it so only the top stripe will show," he said, "and then unfold the others as I'm promoted."

IDAHO

9TH CORPS AREA

BOISE AIR BASE. Surrounded by swift-flowing irrigation ditches, this new air base, home of the 39th Air Base Group, 42d Bombardment Group and 16th Reconnaissance Squadron, is nicely arranged for easy guard duty. As Pvt. Roger A. Williams, Headquarters Squadron, 39th Air Base Group, explains it: "The guards just keep an eye on the ditch. If a soldier jumps it, he's all right. If he lands in the middle, it's time to get a whiff of his breath. If he can't make the ditch in two jumps, he belongs in the guard house."

TOP-RANKING noncoms living in nifty new homes built for them by the government have been told they may get a boost in rental allowance, even if it takes congressional action to put the jack under the usual $22 a month. Now let's get this straight. The noncoms get $22 a month allowance to pay the landlord. The landlord is the government. So now the government wants more rent. You figure it out.

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. In the Mark Twain National Forest this post of some 30,000 men is rapidly and virtually taking over the whole southern half of the state. In St. Louis, a portion of Forest Park has been commandeered for a week-end tent camp within sound of the Municipal Opera stage and the zoo's sea lions, which give out with a noise like a top kick. Fort Wood construction workers left all the forest they could, cutting down the Ozark scrub oaks only where buildings and drill grounds had to go. All around here are spots where city hunters and anglers have been prowling for years. Men from the fort are using state fishing licenses sold by the P-X. If shotguns were included in the post's recreational equipment, they could bag plenty of wild turkey. Meanwhile, state liquor officials, local sheriffs and town marshals are cracking down on the beer-license holders who are selling the hard stuff, and the run-of-the-still bootleggers are being heckled considerably.

THE gambling joints, dance halls and other places of diversion that sprang up while the $70-a-week cat skinners and $100-a-week carpenters were nailing the fort together are beginning to feel the pinch as the $21-a-month boys roll in. They say that during the boom a gambling place offered not only to cash the workers' checks but throw in a premium, too, knowing that both the checks and the premiums would stay right in the house. One of the best-known gamblers in St. Louis strolled around the vicinity and decided to have no part of it. "Too raw for me," he said. "I always figured on a nice, equitable thirty-seventy split, but I wouldn't undertake what these boys are doing."

RED CROSS Director R. L. Sauter has handed out several loans to men who have suddenly been called home. Says Mr. Sauter: "One man showed us a wire: 'Your grandmother is dead, come home at once.' Our local Red Cross office reported that it was true. His grandmother was dead. Had been for years."

ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. One gag that doesn't date back to 1917 has been worked out at this post. Several of the boys bought miniature broadcasting sets with a range of several hundred feet and have been using them to broadcast phony alarms, disguised as police bulletins, to radios in near-by tents. Favorite routine is to sneak into a tent while one of the occupants is on leave in Little Rock, tune the radio to the right wave length and broadcast a lurid account of the search being conducted for the missing man, along with juicy details of the jams he has got himself into. It gives his tent-mates the meemies. Probably worries the Federal Communications Commission, too.

PENNSYLVANIA

28TH DIV.

INDIANTOWN GAP MILITARY RESERVATION, Jonestown. After a slow start, this headquarters for the famous 28th (Keystone) Division, and with available housing for 21,500 troops, is going full blast. Six thousand recently inducted draftees brought the present strength to about 20,000 in the 15,000-acre cantonment thirteen miles north of Lebanon.

MOST sports-minded of the outfits at Indiantown Gap seems to be the 108th Field Artillery, commanded by Col. Edward Hubbs. Recently and formally opened was the 108th's thirty-foot boxing ring, a versatile affair which can be changed in one minute to an outdoor theater, and in another forty seconds to a pulpit or reviewing stand. Division Commander General Edward Martin not only approved of Col. Hubbs' brain child but said he thought it would be a good idea if all other outfits fashioned their outdoor rings likewise. High light of the ring's opening was the performance of Pvt. Irv Buchman, who played traps in the band from 7:30 to 8:15 P.M., then shed his uniform, climbed through the ropes and handily won a fight in the 150-pound class. Boxers, by the way, keep in trim by running three miles—after drill.

KENTUCKY

1ST ARMORED DIV.

FORT KNOX. Some of the clerks and radio men attending the Armored Force school here think the Army's personnel system is all right; or did, until they Learned All. Seems that while a few of the boys were getting a breath of air outside one of the buildings on their first day, a jeep rolled up and disgorged four (4) luscious babes, who raced up the steps of a building adjoining the classroom. Before the lads could even begin to wonder what kind of course the Army was giving for women, one of the students with shaking hand pointed out to his bug-eyed pals the large painted letters above the entrance through which the gals had passed. Reproduction Department, the letters said. What —ahum—spoils the story is that the R.D. turns out all the printed and mimeographed matter used by the school, and the girls—yeah, yeah—operate the machines. Hmf.

SOUTH CAROLINA

4TH ARMY CORPS

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. Down in the cotton-field and peach-orchard section of Dixie this giant infantry-replacement center (the others are Camps Wheeler, Wolters and Roberts) is all set for its ultimate capacity of 18,000

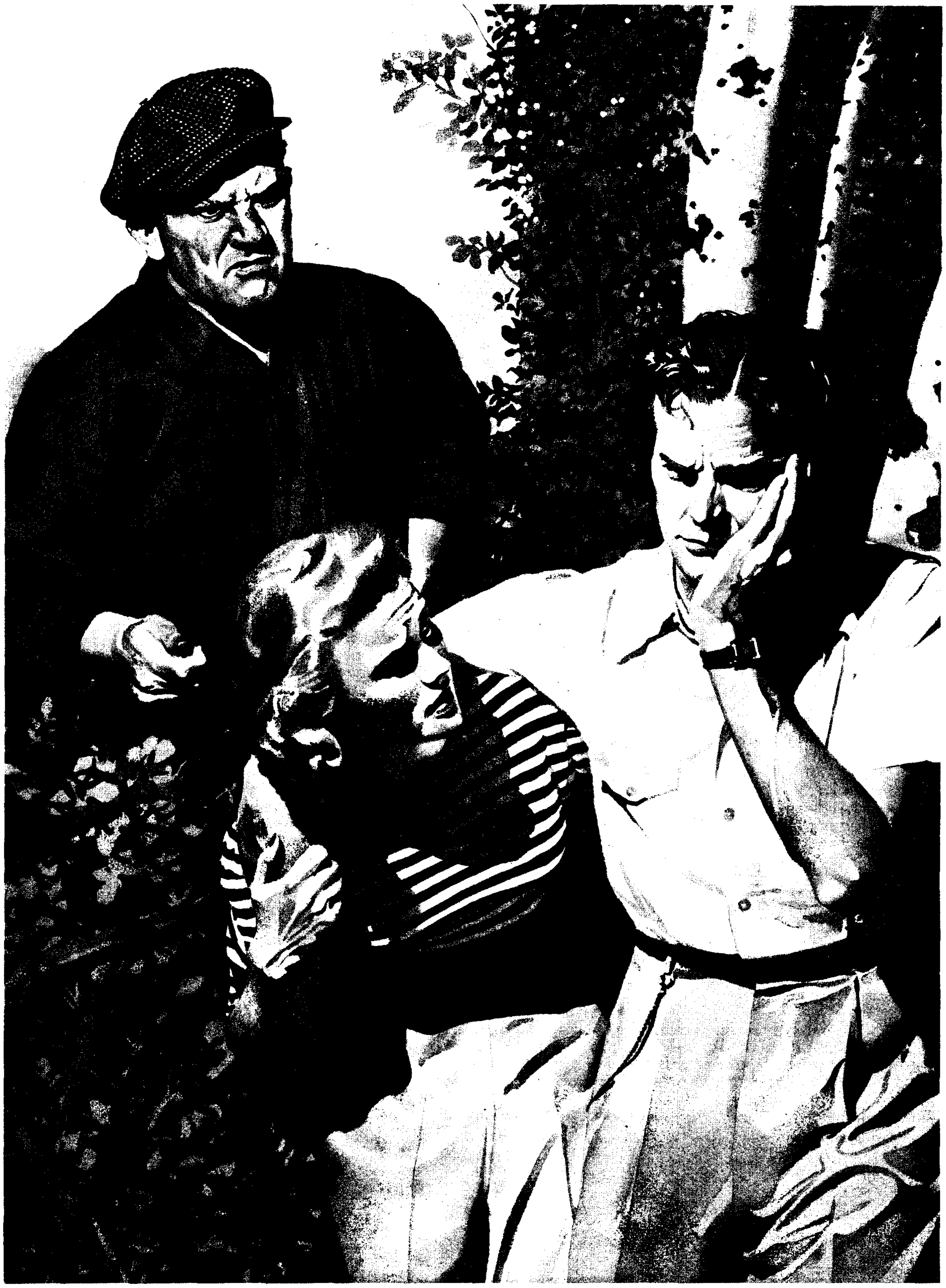
(Continued on page 61)

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDY ARNOLD

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Bill sat up groggily, leaning against her. "Don't argue, Toots," he said. "We do exactly what we're told"

The Story Thus Far:

LIEUTENANT FRIEDRICH RÖMER, a young German flier who has been captured by the British, escapes from a prison-bound train in Ontario. A resourceful, daring man, he reaches the United States. Then, alarmed by the questions directed at him by a man who has given him a lift in his car, he knocks the man out, and drives away in the car.

He knows that Nazi agents will aid him in Detroit. But, afraid to pursue his course toward that city, he drives east, reaches Vermont. And, listening to the radio accounts of his amazing getaway, he knows that he is in peril. . . .

Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in the small Massachusetts city of Windham, promises—most reluctantly—to marry Lynn Scovil, a wealthy man who is known for his radical theories. Like "Connie" Scovil, Lynn's daughter (who works in a little shop owned by Gail, because she does not care to be just a "rich man's pampered child"), Gail mistrusts Scovil's anti-American ideas. Nevertheless—while Connie is seeing much of a young newspaperman—Bill Jay, who works for a New York newspaper—she accompanies Scovil to *Manchester, Vermont, where they are to be* married.

On the evening of their arrival in Manchester, Gail suddenly realizes that she may or *may not* love Scovil. Whereupon, she hops in her car and drives toward Windham. Before she has gone very far, she sees a man—athletic, attractive in appearance, apparently a gentleman—being pursued by some policemen. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, she picks him up, carries him away from his pursuers.

The man is Römer. He admits that he has had some trouble with the authorities. And Gail confesses what she has just done. As they converse, some police appear. The car has just stopped; and Römer, hoping to hide his face, throws his arms around Gail. The police, believing that they have encountered two "neckers," go away. After which, Römer—unable to control himself—kisses Gail.

When they drive on, the German says that he must find a hide-out—a quiet, secluded spot—for two or three days. Gail recommends Camp Ryegate, which is not far from Windham. They drive there. Arrived, Römer leaves the car, walks toward the camp. *And Gail?* She does not want to admit it, but she is well aware that the stranger's kisses have thrilled her as no other kisses ever have!

III

AT CAMP RYEGATE, Lieutenant Römer had done everything that was, for the moment, possible—he had wired to the forwarding company asking for money and he had kept reasonably patient. If the money came before evening, he could be in Detroit tomorrow morning. If it did not come, he must rely on his wits. The trouble with his wits was that they had landed him on the bank of a Massachusetts pond, hundreds of miles from where he ought to be. Possibly the police were still after him; certainly he had lost another twenty-four hours, which was much worse. He had been given a job to do; it was assumed that he might fail but it was not assumed that he would fail because of his own stupidity. Very possibly he had already done just that. No, his wits had so far proved unreliable. They had better improve fast.

He spent some time wandering about Camp Ryegate, where, it was essential to remember, he was registered as John Page. It had not been designed for people of his profession. Sited on a hill at one end of Ryegate Pond was the Ryegate Inn, which appeared to be a swankier place under the same management. The camp itself was some thirty cabins in a pine grove back from the shore, with a dance hall, recreation halls, a cafeteria, the usual tennis courts, the usual canoes and speedboats. There were noisy children, their mothers in denim trousers, adolescent boys and girls in shorts. Shrill cries came from the tennis courts but were smothered by the shouts of swimmers and the barrage of outboard motors on the pond. His delightful companion had done the place complete justice: no one would look here for a criminal.

Back at the office, he found that no telegram had come, and stood trying to master his impatience by studying the skiing photographs that hung on the walls. A moment later he regretted that he had ever worn a ski. For a man came out of the private office and instantly the lieutenant's mission was in danger of becoming finally impossible.

This was a man about his own age, with the body of a trained athlete and a handsome, stolid face—and the lieutenant's memory, which was trained for such emergencies, identified him as a skimeister at Arlberg in the Austrian Tirol nine years ago.

"Mr. Page?" The lieutenant nodded. "I am the proprietor of Camp Ryegate. The name is Booker." Yes, but it had been Bucher at Arlberg. Mr. Booker was a refugee. "Kindly come outside."

This was his first taste of the total vigilance that he must maintain from now to the end—or as near the end as he might be permitted to get. Also there was no convenient way out of Camp Ryegate. . . . Mr. Booker led him past the kitchens and workshops to where a couple of workmen were stowing shovels and axes in a light truck. Here he stopped and said, "We will take a little ride, Mr. Page."

The lieutenant looked at him coolly, "I'm not sure I'm in the mood."

"This morning the state police inquired at all camps for an escaping automobile thief, Mr. Page. There is no baggage in your cabin."

That suggested that the proprietor was thinking of his camp's flagrant

(Continued on page 23)

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Luckies pay higher prices

"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N.C.

"LISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction—and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want—so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. No wonder that with independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite over all other brands combined. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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The Sun never sets on GILBEY'S GIN

It gives you a deep sense of satisfaction when you order a drink "*made with Gilbey's Gin*" to realize that at the very same minute other men who know fine liquors are sitting at far-away windows with that same familiar Gilbey's bottle beside them. For nearly a century now, the sun has never set on Gilbey's Gin . . . because millions of men have found, *as you will, too,* that Gilbey's makes a great drink *greater!*

The INTERNATIONAL Gin

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits

Advance Agent

Continued from page 20

respectability. The lieutenant experimented with a calculated anger. "I paid for the cabin," he said insolently. "Be so good as to stay out of it."

Mr. Booker scowled. "Guests at Camp Ryegate must have baggage. I did not mention you to the police but they have a telephone." His face contorted with a sudden and violent rage. "Damnation! Come with me or I will turn you in."

The threat did not impress Lieutenant Römer, who was prepared to encounter threats from now on. Nor did the harsh and even cruel anger that had rearranged that handsome face interest him much. But his wary attention had caught a fleeting expression of uneasiness, which was an odd emotion for Skimeister Booker to be feeling in the circumstances and had better be followed up. "All right," he assented, "we'll take a ride. If I don't enjoy it, Mr. Booker—we'll come back."

The proprietor accepted the arrogance and they rode with their feet dangling over the end of the truck. The likelihood was that Mr. Booker intended to escort an undesirable guest out the back way, to maintain the moral purity of his camp. But Mr. Booker kept looking at him with a steadfast dislike, which corresponded to the lieutenant's private emotions about him. "Have I seen you somewhere before?" Mr. Booker asked abruptly.

Oh, by no means! Not with the entire job hanging on that identification. "I think not," he said stonily, "I would remember your manners."

NOT caring for each other, they rode for some five miles up steep back roads, and came out in a clearing where there were various shacks, a smooth hillside sloping up, and the poles of what was obviously a ski tow. Several men were working here, and the lieutenant recognized the place as the last descent of a ski run which he could see curving in from above. The bare scar twisted through the trees for half a mile, and he could imagine it sloping up beyond out of sight. Yes, it began at the summit of a small mountain, where there were a couple of cabins and a cleared runway leading to the first drop.

They got off; the truck bumped on to the far end of the clearing. Mr. Booker gestured toward a wooden bench, and they sat down.

"You sent a telegram by the office telephone, Mr. Page. . . . Please do nothing hasty," Booker said, and the lieutenant's eyes must have flashed. "It was to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company of New York and it was signed Philip Garfield. It asked that money be wired to Philip Garfield in your care at my camp, Mr. Page. Also it said that a shipment had been delayed again."

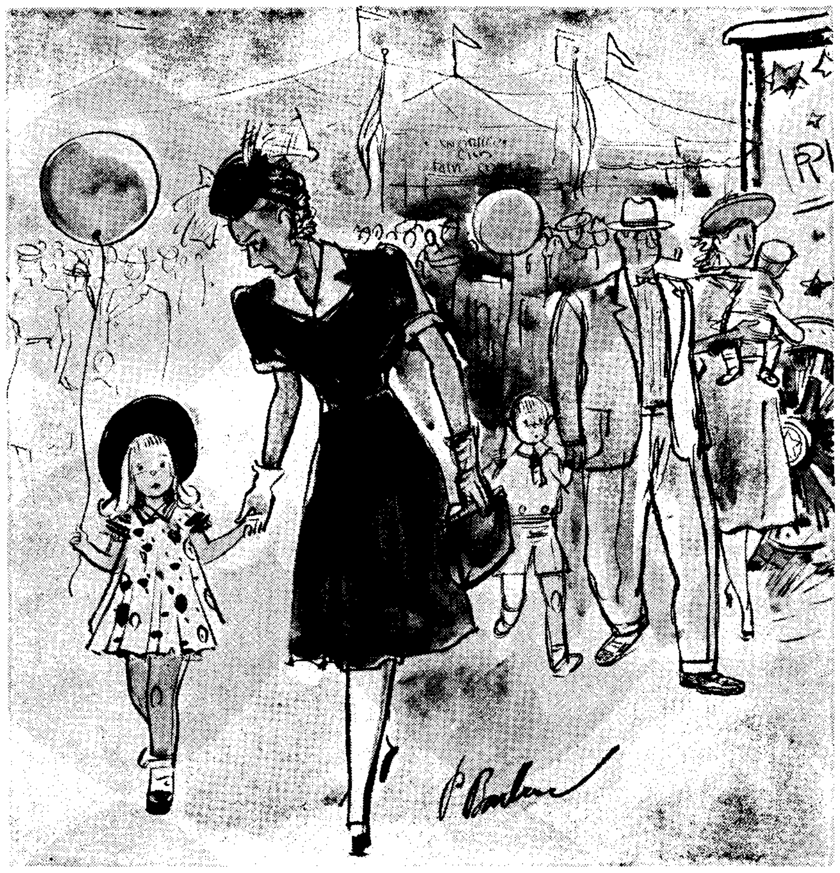
Having only that earlier flash of uneasiness to act on, the lieutenant acted on it. He stood up; he spoke softly: "My friend, it may be your habit to pry into the affairs of your guests, but I do not permit it. I like it so very little that I should be happy if you would try to stop me when I leave. Which is right now." He had been altogether right—for though Mr. Booker was now very angry indeed, that same uneasiness showed more strongly in his face. He followed up quickly, putting a taunt into his voice, "If you want to start something, why not now?"

Mr. Booker's face blazed with a desire to start something. But Mr. Booker's hands, the lieutenant carefully noted, were pressed against the seams of his trousers—like a soldier's. "Who sent you to my camp?" he muttered.

"Say 'Sir' to me!"

It took Mr. Booker at least thirty seconds, but he said "Sir" and the lieutenant had a changed and much clearer idea about him. "No one sent me here," he said. "Telegrams I send are no affair of yours. Do not be fool enough to say anything more. Now take me back to camp. And stay out of my cabin."

The man would have liked to punch his face—and, what was more important, he was not surprised at being bullied. "I do not care if you are Philip Garfield or John Page or John Doe," he said sullenly. "But you sent a wire to that company." He looked hard and spoke a sentence in rapid German. When the lieutenant gave no sign of understanding, he repeated it in English: "There is a man near here whom you must see."



"A clown couldn't look like Uncle Emmet, dear, and even if a clown did look like Uncle Emmet, we mustn't ever let people know we think so"

PERRY BARLOW

"Must?" the lieutenant said gently.

"You appear at my camp. You wire the company. So you must see him."

The lieutenant relaxed into amiability—and into German: "I have a few hours—till late afternoon. I will see your man if you can be quick about it."

Mr. Booker also relaxed but still could not be amiable: "It will take arranging by telephone. You had better stay right here till I come back for you."

CONNIE had spent an active two hours sweeping and dusting the bookshop when Gail came down to breakfast—in a yellow nightgown that was a grievance in itself. And also in a dour mood that would not respond to Connie's cheerful chatter. She was obviously not saying anything about the house party she had decided to come home from; it was a fair and hopeful guess that there had been a quarrel. She went upstairs to get dressed, and Connie went back to being a wage earner.

So here was Mr. Lynn Scovil coming into the bookshop at ten A.M., which indicated that it was Mr. Scovil whom Gail had quarreled with.

HE TRIED to be pleasant to Connie, asking amiably stupid questions about the bookshop and Martha Case College. Nobody could work harder than he at being a good guy, and nobody ever did it with a colder calculation. He probably thought he was being benignant when he said, "I suppose I'll never understand it, but parents can't insist on understanding any more. I'd be happy to give you anything you want but if you have to get it for yourself, go ahead. I'm there if you need me, and the latchstring's out for you to pull any time you feel like it."

Gail came down and there was a tableau, antagonism and something that looked like fright in Gail's suddenly flushed face, a ten-thousand-volt anger in her father's. Connie quivered with satisfaction, for this must have been a high-pressure quarrel. She got out of the bookshop fast. Maybe they'd break it up right here. No, she gloomily decided, the form sheet showed that he would make one of those orations and Gail would dissolve in penitent and acquiescent tears.

She went into the sweater shop and began to unpack some cartons of fall stock. Pretty soon Bill Jay strolled in and, as always, the sight of her seemed to hand him a hearty laugh. "You won't admire the Martha Case girls this fall," she said. "What are we showing? Men's jackets, men's sweaters, men's shirts, men's ties and scarves, men's raincoats. I told you I was out in front of the new mode."

"Yeah, in candid slacks—and unconvinced that a girl's best friend is her girdle."

"You peeping Tom!" she said witheringly. "Maybe I ought to fix it so you could see Gail through the yellow chiffon she had on a while ago." She stared at his clothes. "What are you made up as? A scoutmaster?"

"I'm going for a bird walk. I want to borrow Gail's binoculars."

Last night came flooding into her mind. That dark scene was improbable by daylight but she could still twitch with the scare it had given her. "You're going to go poking into Camp Ryegate."

Bill nodded. "I never saw the Y.M.C.A. mixed up with the underworld before. Makes an interesting mixture."

"I'm going with you. . . . Oh, yes, I am! If I can take beer by the barrel, I can go on bird walks. Besides, you'll look a lot more convincing as a nature lover if you've got a sweetie with you."

That must have made sense, for he said, "Can you leave your job?"

"We sold a book ten days ago—somebody was caught between trains. We won't sell one of those girdles you leer at till college opens." She went upstairs for brogues.

THEY drove to Camp Ryegate and wandered among the cabins, tennis courts and docks. It was as mild a place as you could find anywhere. Just some people enjoying an inexpensive vacation. A lot of women who would look better in stylish stouts, and Connie took care to point out that the world contained girls more angular than she. Just ordinary people having a good time. "What did you expect?" she asked. "Al Capone hijacking the United States mail? You'll be lucky if you can sneak up on a life guard kissing a stenographer."

"I didn't write that script about the truck," Bill pointed out. "What's the rest of the setup here?"

"There's the Inn—twelve dollars a day. There's the ski run. There's some shacks on top of Taylor Mountain—call them a youth hostel."

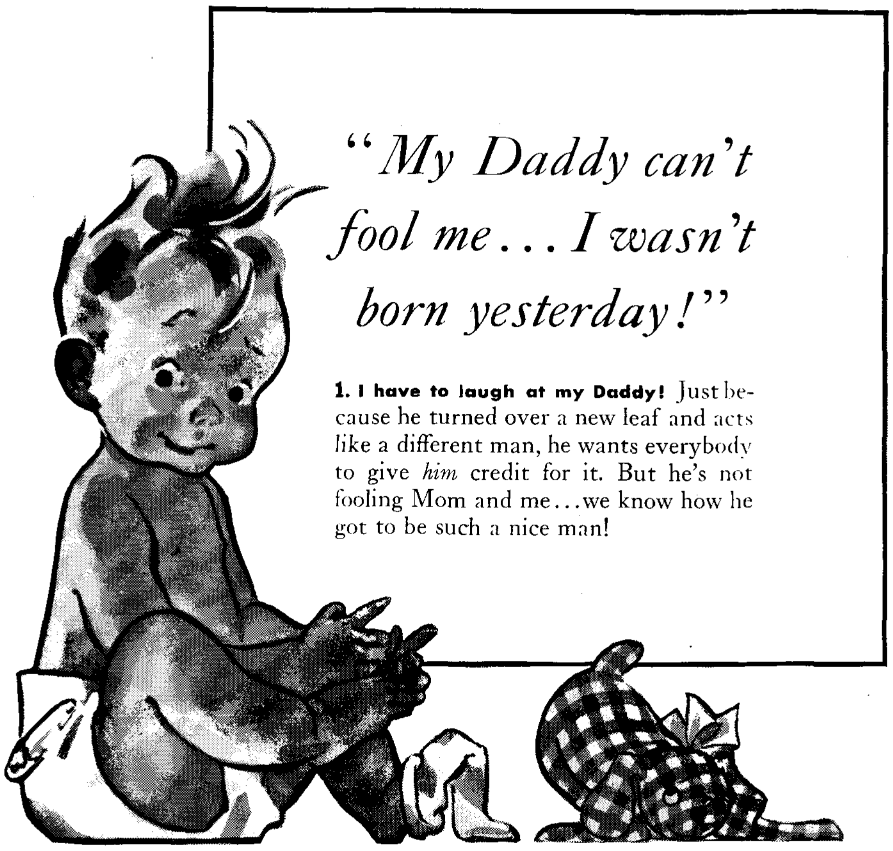
He said they'd take a look at all of it, so they drove toward the ski run, parked the car, and started overland by a little trail. Bill got winded easily and she was careful to stop often and look at nature, tie a brogue or just lean against a tree and gabble like a college girl. If they should walk in the woods all day, she wouldn't protest, and even a girl who wasn't crazy about him would keep him from overdoing. But it was hot work and he was exhausted when they came out above the bottom slope of the ski run. He sprawled in the shade of a big pine and panted. Sweat was running down his forehead and she knew he hated his weakness. She sprawled beside him and pretended to be worn out.

His grin flickered with what she could almost interpret as affection. "You have nice impulses," he said.

But that one daring leap into personalities was all he was going to venture. He turned over on his stomach and looked out at the steep slope and the clearing at the bottom, where some small dots were moving about at the end of the ski-tow. "What happens here?" he asked.

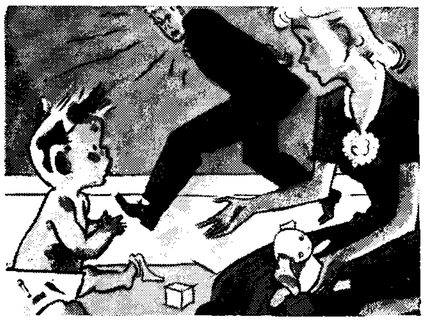
"The best of us—the Scovils and Bookers—start out on Taylor Mountain. You break your ankle anywhere on the course. Between the top and here are about five places where you're scheduled to break your leg. If you don't, there's the tow to the summit again."

"Sounds legal enough, if tinged with

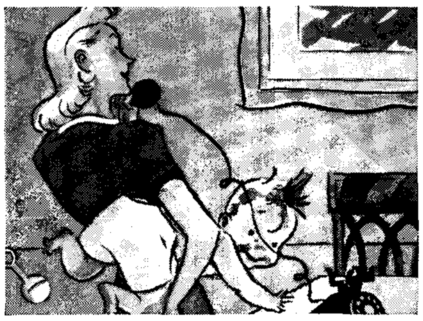


"My Daddy can't fool me... I wasn't born yesterday!"

1. I have to laugh at my Daddy! Just because he turned over a new leaf and acts like a different man, he wants everybody to give *him* credit for it. But he's not fooling Mom and me...we know how he got to be such a nice man!



2. He used to be grumpy as an old bear. He'd growl and bang around, and Mom said: "Poor Daddy misses his coffee. The caffein keeps him awake, so he had to stop drinking coffee . . . and it makes him awful mad."



3. I didn't understand, but that afternoon when Mom was reading a magazine, she suddenly said: "My goodness! This ad gives me an idea! I'm going to try it on your father." She called the grocer, and that night at dinner...

4. Mom served coffee! Daddy blew up! "Take it away!" he shouted. "You know I can't touch the stuff! Wouldn't sleep a wink!" "Oh, yes you would!" Mom laughed. "This is Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake!"

5. "Don't believe it!" growled grumpy old Daddy. So Mom read him the ad: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

6. So Daddy drank two cups. Next morning he felt fine, 'cause he'd slept just dandy. So now he's cheerful every day, and when he talks about how good he feels, my Mom just winks at me... and then I have to laugh!

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Makes delicious iced coffee

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced coffee this summer. It's delightfully cooling and refreshing...and it lets you sleep!

idiocy." He got out the binoculars and began to study the scene below him. Little circles of light under his eyes fascinated her and she was extremely content with today. He was so homely that he was enchanting, and you could trust Constance Scovil, Martha Case College, '43, to know what she wanted. "Couple of people digging a posthole," he reported. "Probably no dragnet out for them. Couple of others piling brush—no Tommy guns in sight. Guy smoking in the shade of the truck—no previous convictions, I guess. Your pal Booker is talking to somebody. Not Lefty-the-Gyp—looks more like a movie actor. Sweetheart, we aren't getting anywhere for the New York Globe."

He put the binoculars back in the case and turned over on a hip and elbow, obviously dissatisfied. "Tell me about Booker."

"He's mine host. He runs this place like a chronometer. And they don't make better skiers. He's what two cocktails make you dream you might get to be."

"That makes time with college girls?"

"Darling," she said earnestly, "if it makes you jealous, he just bowls me over."

"If I find you falling for an athlete, I'll warm the seat of those unfeminine slacks."

CONNIE was dazzled, for that really looked as if his better nature was beginning to assert itself. But with Bill Jay it was one step at a time and a long wait between steps. Still, here was a summer day and a pleasant hillside and no one but her to talk to when he wanted to talk. Connie listened to the birds and looked at Bill. She watched the workmen below them and looked at Bill. She pulled her short socks and looked at Bill. No getting around it, she was skinny. If she had a shape like Gail's there would be less of this frank companionship, Bill would grin less and look closer. Or—Mathilde Winkler. Her father's—well, say it, her father's former mistress—came into her mind and she was hot with resentment for Gail's sake. But you could say this about Mathilde, when men looked at her it was without frank companionship.

"Okay," said Bill, "and the clean-cut, athletic innkeeper went to Trailside Tavern to meet a racketeer. And it's a good guess that the same inspirer of college girls met that truck and helped the racketeer on his way."

"Nuts," Connie said. "It was movie stuff last night. You don't know that anything happened and my bet is that nothing did."

But Bill was dead serious: "Maybe . . . Connie, get it through your blond head—whoever those babies were, there's a wide streak of the rattlesnake in them. I was a fool to take you there."

That depressed her and she resented his casting a shadow on a very satisfactory hour. "That's just your depraved mind writing headlines."

"I'm a pretty good newspaperman. I get around. You're a college girl—you're a rich man's daughter—"

"Is that my fault?"

"The point is, you wouldn't meet those eggs socially. You don't know what goes on. Somebody ought to tell you there are hard guys in the world—people whose business is violence. There really is the underworld—an organized network of very hard-boiled people who would be distinctly out of place at Martha Case College."

"Sure, I read the Globe. What about it?"

"What about it? Why do they make appointments in Windham?"

That was his point, it had been his point last night, and no doubt it ought to make her shiver, but it only made her wish that he'd take an interest in important things. But this was his morning hour for self-reproach.

"I'm a newspaperman. And here I am stuck in a summer resort and a spike through my lungs when I climb a hill. Am I on the job when a swell story breaks about an escaped aviator? Washington gets tough at last with the people I know most about—am I helping out? No, here I am on a hillside, telling you how good I am. The world's at war and it hasn't got any use for cripples, Connie. I ought to be carrying a gun or learning to fly a plane or at least running a truck. Am I? No, I'm"—witheringly—"getting my strength back—sitting on my tail—watching other people do the jobs. The hell with all crocks! They ought to be drowned."

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You great ass, you're all wrong!" She shut her eyes hard but felt a tear on one cheek.

That tear must have scared him badly for he patted the cheek. He said, "You're all right, Connie," and she said, unsteadily, "Remember you said so." He came out of the mood and smiled a little. "Furthermore," he said deliberately, "I lie in the teeth when I say you don't look nice in slacks." He got out the binoculars and this time scanned the hills above them. He put the glasses away. "Excuse the self-pity," he said, "but you get the idea—I'm fed up with doing nothing. So anyway when I fall over something I can look into it. This is just a thug in a place where you wouldn't expect one—I'm stubborn enough to see what I can find out. I won't find anything but it's something to do. Come on, we'll finish the job. Let's take a look at Taylor Mountain."

"Can you make it?" Instantly she knew that was a mistake.

"Yes," he said furiously, "I can make it."

Okay. They took to the trail, slowly but probably not slowly enough, though now he didn't pretend but kept stopping for breath. Little white spots showed on his cheekbones and she felt sorry for him but had learned her lesson. . . . They came out on a shoulder several hundred feet higher, rested, and started up toward the next one. It was a delightful trail, their shoulders kept touching, and Connie was willing to climb all day. It reached another flat place where the ski-tow was in sight again, and Bill leaned against a tree, panting. And a man came out from behind a pile of cordwood and said, "Private property. Get out."

"We're just on the trail of some birds," Connie said; and Bill said, "Take it easy, Mac."

SHE wouldn't have been so familiar. Offhand she would have said that this was a Boris Karloff part. He looked unfinished or even in the crude state, and he looked threatening. He said, "This is private property. Get off it."

"Wait a minute." Bill came forward from the tree. "We aren't running off with your wild flowers. We're just taking a walk on this trail."

"Yeah. It ain't your trail, buddy. Get off it. Fast."

"Oh? Some good reason why we shouldn't walk it?"

The man looked tougher still. He took a handkerchief out of his pocket and, wiping his forehead, took a step forward. Then in half a frozen second the handkerchief was fluttering to the ground and his fist flashed out and caught Bill on the jaw. Bill went down on the gravelly trail and the man was standing over him, and Connie leaped forward to kneel by him, with a terrible conviction that the man was going to kick him, and she blazed up at him: "Get away from him! If you touch him, I'll kill you."

The tableau sorted itself out. Bill sat up groggily, leaning against her. "Don't argue, Toots," he said. "We do exactly what we're told."

He got to his feet and she thought she was going to be sick but she wasn't. They started down the trail, and the man followed them for a few yards, still looking tough, and yelled, "Don't come back." The ghastly violence still nauseated her, and it was hard to tell whether Bill was leaning on her arm or she on his. Trees hid them and they kept on. Till Bill stopped and sat down on a boulder. There was a big red splotch at the corner of his jaw. Also his eyes were hard and hot, and the white spots on his cheekbones didn't mean weariness now. She grabbed his arm and demanded, "Are you hurt?"

"I felt it. Nice if I'd had a baseball bat. What a crock! Sorry, Connie. I'm a normal male and if anybody gets knocked down in front of a pretty girl, I want to be on the sending end. In Hollywood they fix it so the tough guy gets it. Take my word for it, I'm embarrassed." He swore some more and his eyes were still hot. "Maybe you get the point now. Here and there a person can run into a hard guy."

"I get it." She was still shaken. "I thought he was going to kick you."

"In the ribs. Or the stomach." He cupped his hands around her cheeks. "You're all right—you'll do to take along." He dropped his hands—the oaf! "I never liked being pushed around. I like it still less when you're the audience. Would a passer-by be interested in why you meet a guy like that in a place like this? Have you started wondering what there is on his trail he doesn't want looked at? The Globe is sending me to find out."

THE crisis planned for was to have begun at Detroit. The crisis actually arrived at had begun in Windham. Give a child a book to read in a strange language, take the handkerchief off a blindfolded man's eyes in a dark room—and you would have something very much like Lieutenant Römer at Pinnacle Manor, the Berkshire estate of Mr. Lynn Scovil. Or, he reflected, set a man down on a high wire above Niagara—he would have to walk or plunge.

Mr. Lynn Scovil, however, was as bewildered as he, and was moving as warily. The first step was to decide about Scovil. By now he clearly understood Booker. That sullen and suspicious man was merely one of the many listeners assigned by the *Nachrichtendienst*—the general staff's organization in foreign countries—and required to hold themselves ready for such jobs as they might be able to do. He probably knew nothing more than the name of the New York headquarters, the forwarding company. A small cog, a stupid and unimportant man. But he had reported to Mr. Lynn Scovil—so where did Scovil fit, how much did he know and how much authority did he have? The lieutenant had seen his name in newspaper stories that had nothing to do with the *Nachrichtendienst*, he was obviously a rich man and a man of ability, he was striving hard to understand the situation and probe the lieutenant's business—and that was all, the rest would have to be picked up along the way.

The lieutenant saw that much, knew that Booker had acted because of his telegram, and believed that the best policy was to keep the initiative in his own hands. So, after they had spent half an hour talking amiable commonplaces—while eying each other like prize fighters before the bell—he took the initiative.

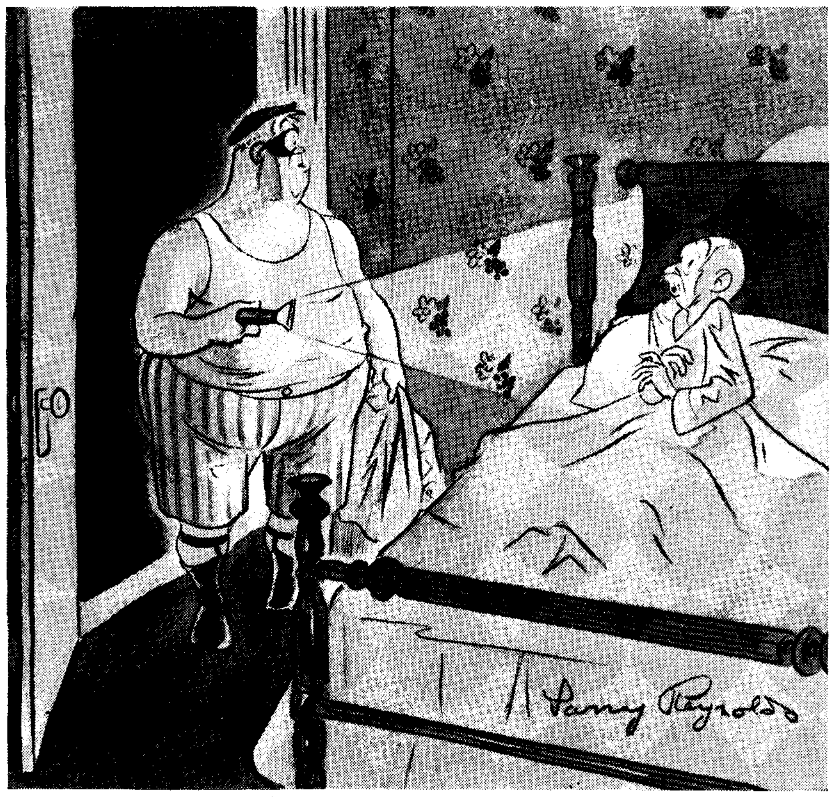
"Mr. Scovil, my liberty is in your hands," he said. Vigilant to catch the slightest clue, he noted a fact that might be important: that Scovil liked holding someone's liberty in his hands. For there was a flash of satisfaction in his wary eyes and the faintest possible suggestion of a smile on his lips. "The truth is, I am a German aviator," he went on. "Three days ago I escaped from a train that was taking me to a prison camp in Ontario. I have managed to get this far."

Scovil nodded, his face attentive and impenetrable. "That was Monday night? You probably know that the newspapers have been full of you ever since—and the radio. The Canadians are annoyed and the Americans are sympathetic. Your name would be von Römer?"

"Römer. Senior Lieutenant Friedrich Römer."

So he had taken his first step on the

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"Them bathroom scales of yourn, they ain't correct, are they?"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Berger

Bud: C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

Sis: Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and *give?* That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!

Bud: Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.

Sis: Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you *eat* right, and a few more *vitamins* might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN B1 ENRICHED

Sis: And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Bud: Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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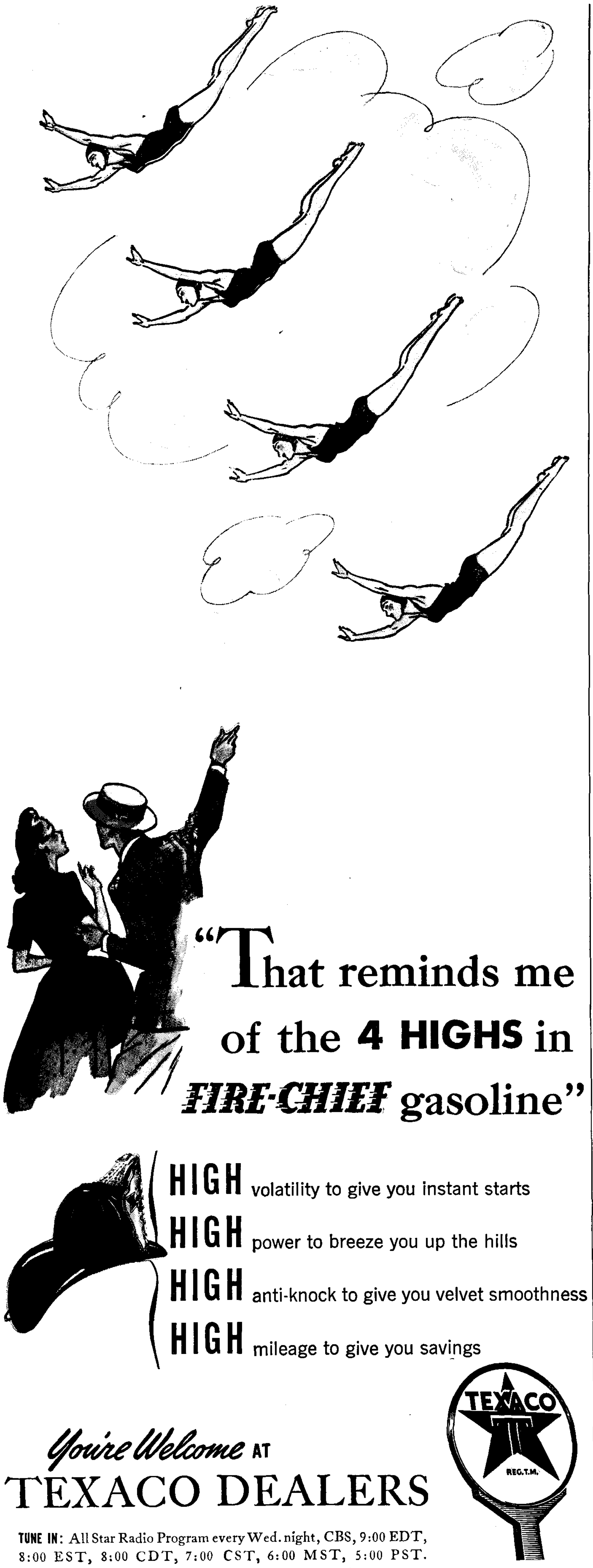

"That reminds me of the 4 HIGHS in FIRE-CHIEF gasoline"

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HIGH power to breeze you up the hills

HIGH anti-knock to give you velvet smoothness

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high wire. . . . They were on the terrace of a millionaire's estate and in midafternoon of a brilliant summer day—what would happen now? What happened was that Scovil became a gallant gentleman who could admire gallantry, a sportsman who could praise courage even in an enemy.

"Don't be apprehensive," he said. "You will come to no harm through me, Lieutenant. You have done a brave thing against tremendous odds."

The lieutenant's respect for him increased. Mr. Scovil was covered; since anyone could admire a brave thing done against the odds, he had given away nothing—and it was still the lieutenant's move. Or was it? Scovil began to ask questions about the escape. They rose and strolled over the wide lawns while the lieutenant sketched an outline of his story, Scovil making appropriately amused comments, and nothing was advanced—they were still sportsmen.

THEY were statuary and stone benches walled around with arborvitae, Scovil sat down, took a cigar from a silver case, lighted it, and gazed inscrutably at the lieutenant. "I shall be happy to entertain you here. I'm not clear what your legal status is. You were probably safe from the Canadians as soon as you crossed the line—in any event, you can't be surrendered to them." He met the lieutenant's eyes, and the initiative had passed to Mr. Scovil. "I think you should report to a German consul. Probably at Boston."

The lieutenant smiled. "I think that's the law. But I've had three days to think it over. The consul must report me under bond to the American authorities, who will eventually order me deported. Since I can be deported only by way of Japan and Siberia, that practically means something like a detention camp."

Scovil's face showed a polite regret—as if it were too bad that such a brave enterprise must end so ignominiously but, as one man to another, nothing could be done about it. "I'm sorry. However, I think that is the law."

He took another step along his high wire: "Truly . . . I should like a few days. I've thought I should prefer to report to the consul at Detroit. You could serve me handsomely by helping me to get there."

At last something showed in Scovil's face but he could not make out what it was. "Detroit?"

"I believe the name is von Weitbrecht."

"No," Scovil said, "the consul at Detroit is not named von Weitbrecht."

So they ceased to be sportsmen admiring each other and reverted to the status of prize fighters before the bell. "You sent a wire to the Interoceanic Forwarding Company at New York," Scovil said. "Why?"

"Excuse me—it was on business. Moreover," the lieutenant gave his voice an edge, "that wire landed me at your house, Mr. Scovil. By way of Booker. And I cannot like the man—he is stupid and his temper makes him unsafe."

The bell had rung for the first round. "I happen to be acquainted with the forwarding company," Scovil said. "I can't imagine what business an escaped prisoner of war could have with them. I can't understand, either, why you should want to go to Detroit. I think I must insist on your seeing the Boston consul."

The lieutenant stood up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Scovil. This has been a pleasant hour—there is no longer anything in it for either of us."

"As you remarked, I hold your liberty in my hands."

It was more than a gleam of satisfaction: Scovil's face was actually avid. The lieutenant took a step forward—and a step in space, over the Niagara gorge. "It works two ways," he said gently. Then he abandoned gentleness: "You aren't what you seem to be, Mr. Scovil, and I am not a fool. By what authority do you interfere with me? What concern of yours are my telegrams? What have you to do with the company? And if you have anything to do with it, how do you presume to question me?"

"There are holes in your story," Scovil said harshly. "An escaped prisoner of war is safe the moment he reports to his consul. You aren't interested—you want to go to Detroit. You want to see a man who has nothing to do with the consulate. It is you who are pretending to be something you are not, Lieutenant Römer. My job is to find out what you are."

"Your job is to render assistance when called on and ask no questions," the lieutenant said, very coldly.

"You will find that I have a little more importance than that." The lieutenant kept observing that curious avidity—the key to Mr. Scovil was his ego, but how could it be used? "Already I can save you from disaster. Detroit! They would pick you up the moment you got there."

"What has happened at Detroit?" More hung on the answer to that question than even the lieutenant could guess—job, mission success or failure, the future.

"I am not permitted to know." Scovil was sarcastic. "As you say, so far I can take orders but must not understand them. I wonder if anyone knows what has happened. But—a good many have been taken, so many that it is an embarrassment."

"Von Weitbrecht?"

"No. He is not even implicated. But you couldn't possibly get in touch with him. And—you are doubtless very ingenious, Lieutenant, but if you tried to, the F.B.I. or the Secret Service would grab you at once."

SO HERE was where he began to make payment for his one mistake. The long series of accidents had brought him up against a stone wall. Von Weitbrecht had gone underground, the one indispensable, the kingpin. That was the one thing which meant failure, which must not happen, and it had happened. Or had it? "He is not even implicated." What did that mean? Did Scovil know what it meant? Obviously, no. Well, whatever it meant, the situation was disastrous and no plans were good.

"You see, I am important to you," Scovil said, with that odd insistence. The man had to assert his importance—had to make it clear that the lieutenant was altogether in his hands. "You are fumbling in the dark." A good deal blinder fumbling than Scovil could know. "You can't even communicate with the company except in ambiguous telegrams. You blundered upon me—do you think you can go on blundering? I can put you in touch with the company. You can get instructions through me—and whoever you need to see. You have been very lucky for three days, Lieutenant—is it safe to rely on luck? What are you to do now? We had better be allies."

So, at Windham, Massachusetts, hundreds of miles from Detroit, the most exquisitely calculated plans had been blown to bits. It was as if the middle arch of a bridge had been destroyed; no instructions, no arrangements were worth anything at all. At least there would have been co-operation at Detroit—here he must go it alone and blind, over the gorge.

"I will stay twenty-four hours," he said. "You must get someone here from the company by tomorrow. My telegrams must have told them that I am the one they expected on July twenty-sixth. Tell them I am staying with you and they must send someone who knows everything. Also I must have the papers that were sent in. Also complete information about von Weitbrecht."

Scovil nodded but was obstinate: "I must know who you are."

"I will talk to your superiors," the lieutenant said brusquely. But that was the wrong tone—he must be wary of the man's ego. He became affable: "My dear fellow, I'm under orders—please don't press me. What you have told me changes everything. I'm completely in the dark. But you have done me a memorable service."

Scovil ate it up—and if he liked flattery, be sure he would get plenty of it. "You are certainly no aviator," he said.

The lieutenant smiled. "The British made me one. They had no intention of letting our people know they had me. . . . I was sent in on the clipper from Lisbon as a Swiss banker, with all my papers in order. But the British took me off at Bermuda and flew me to Halifax. It will have to be determined," he said grimly, "where that leak was. Well, they put a flier's uniform on me, named me Oberleutnant Römer—I suppose there is, or was, such a man—and sent me off to a prison camp. I got away. The terrible question is whether I got away in time."

Much better! He had thus made Scovil an insider and Scovil loved it. So they were again the most amiable companions in the world. "There is to be a big party at my home tomorrow night." Scovil smiled. "For the praiseworthy purpose of supporting a symphony orchestra. That makes it convenient for you to be my house guest. Whatever messenger they send will be another guest—and I think I know who it will be."

"I must have decent clothes at once—I stole these. I must have some money. And some kind of a story to explain me."

"Of course!" Scovil was now eager to do anything—a country gentleman offering hospitality. They started back across the lawn to the house, a great stone Tudor place with stables and outbuildings beyond. "You will get a good night's sleep," he said. Then, "I must say, your English is remarkable."

He smiled. "The *Grossgeneralstab* picks its men. My father spent ten years in Colorado as a mining engineer. I graduated from a Denver high school and—well, till the time comes, let's say from a California college as well."

"That might be very awkward," Scovil said quickly.

He smiled again. "There is a certain amount of awkwardness in our job. But Massachusetts is a long way from California."

He began to think better of himself. He had handled the first emergency. He had Scovil in a useful state of mind, and Scovil was not likely to be dangerous except as a pompous man hungry for importance. He wondered why and how such a man had been drawn into the network—money, social position, excellent contacts, no doubt—then he stopped wondering. For a while there was nothing he could do, the ball had passed to other hands until tomorrow, and he might as well relax. Worry about Detroit and the severed ends of his mission would get him nowhere. For tonight he would take his ease at Scovil's house. Imprisonment, flight, drowning, rifle fire, a paralyzing mistake, news of an unpredictable and perhaps fatal development—well, he could use a little ease.

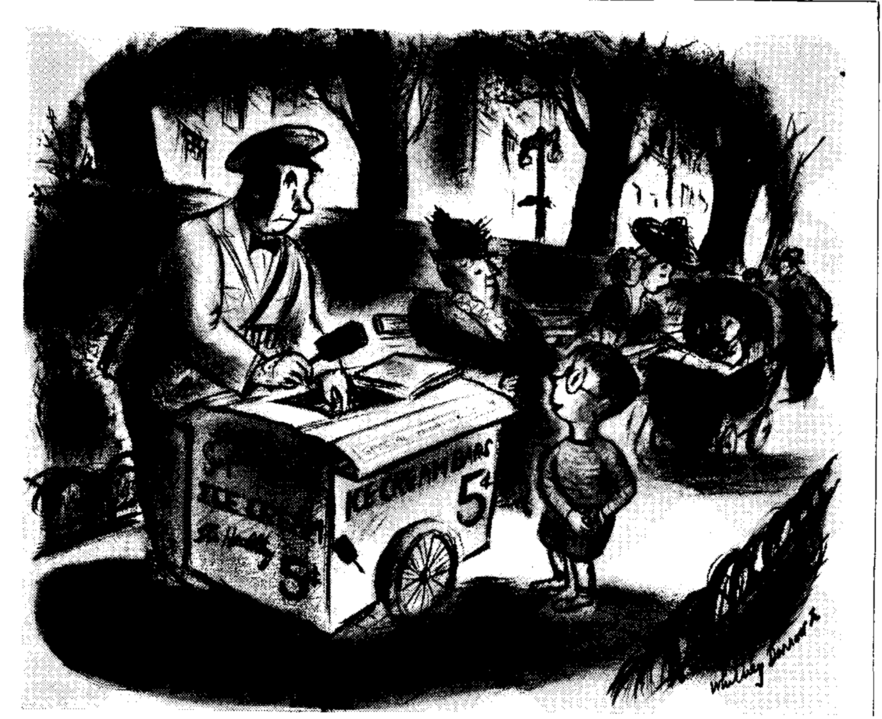
AS THEY approached the house, a car came up the drive, swung around the circle, and stopped. At sight of it Scovil halted on the grass and said, "Quick—what American name can you use?"

His aliases glimmered in his mind: Friedrich Römer, Philip Garfield. "I am registered as John Page," he said.

A woman got out of the car and, waving, started toward them, a tall, dark-haired woman in a gray dress. And his release from tension and his hope of ease had been premature. For he knew that woman and had driven that car. In the afternoon light she was even prettier than she had seemed on the romantic drive down back roads, tall, high-breasted, her body exquisite in motion, her face clear and sweet. It might not be Lynn Scovil who held his liberty in his hands, it might be this woman . . . who stopped abruptly, looked straight at him, and turned pink with an emotion that clearly was not embarrassment but anger.

A temporary providence, however, led Scovil to interpret her anger as directed at him—and the lieutenant realized that his host must protect himself as well. Scovil stepped forward and said, "I did not expect you so soon, my dear. This is John Page, who has come for our party." He put his arm around her waist. "Mrs. Armstrong, John, my fiancée."

His fiancée stepped negligently out of



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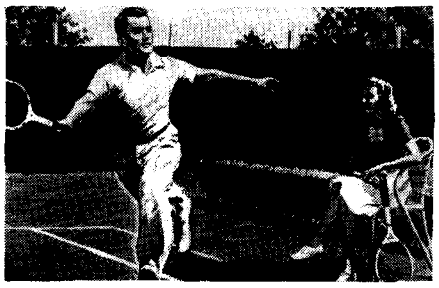

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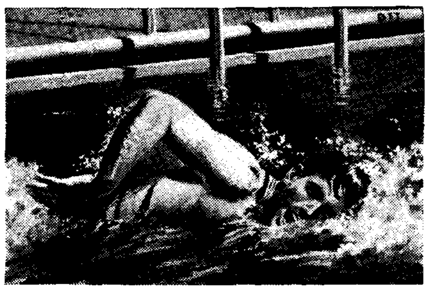

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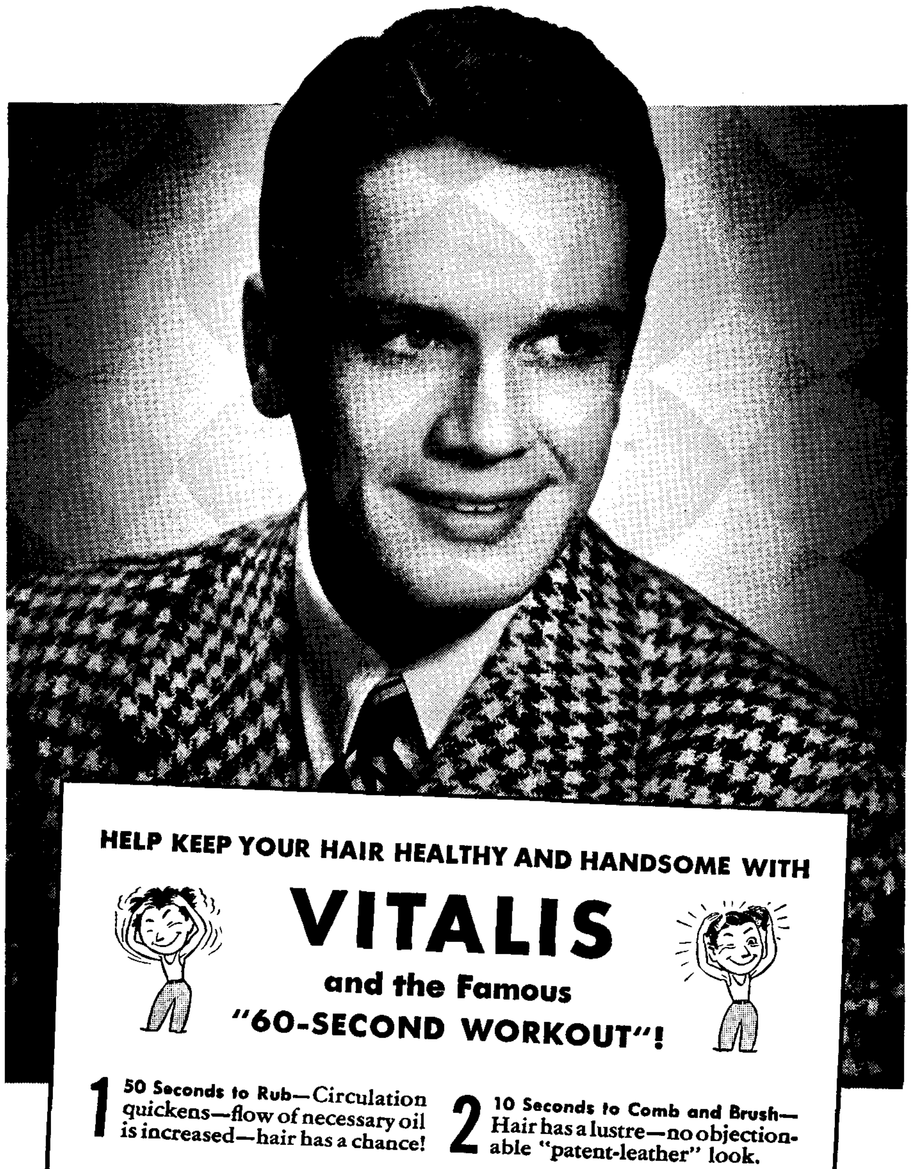

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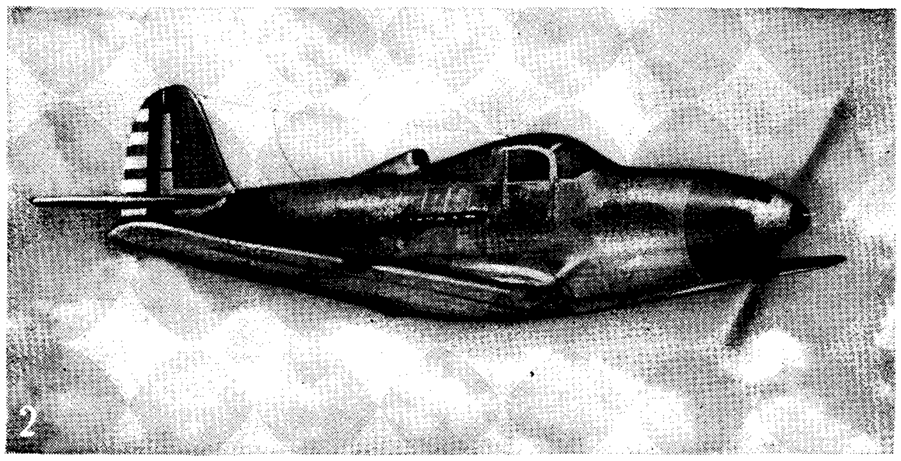

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that arm but stood beside him. She did not see his discomfort, for her eyes, scorn clearing them of anger, were fixed on—on the guest. "Mr. Page." The three syllables were clear ice. She swept some of the same disdain over Scovil. "I don't remember hearing about him. I thought you would be alone."

The lieutenant was working hard to interpret the emotions that showed in Scovil's face. There was the sharp anxiety of this immediate meeting; there was also an anger that could be believed in, for Scovil would anger easily, and there was some queer doubt and questioning of Mrs. Armstrong. Scovil was not master of the situation and in a moment he abandoned it altogether. "I'll have something to drink brought out," he said, and literally fled into the house—but not before an urgent command showed in his face, a glance at his friend John Page which meant, "You handle this."

CLEARLY Mrs. Armstrong was glad to have him go. She stood straight and contemptuous, her eyes level. "A guest, Mr. . . . Page? In those clothes?"

"They look worse with every passing day," he said. "We must do something about them."

"You found it not so urgent to take a plane?"

Damnation! Had the romantic satisfaction of last night's drive betrayed him into another imprudence? He could not remember mentioning Detroit, but if he had there might be hell to pay. Certainly Mrs. Armstrong knew nothing of Scovil's function but for the moment it would have been less awkward if she had known.

He said, "I found Lynn's name in the telephone book at Camp Ryegate."

"I see—" skeptically. She sat on the stone steps, relaxing not the slightest bit of her scrutiny. "Your old friend Lynn! How relieved you must have been to find an old and probably dear friend in a town you had never heard of before. At a time, too, when you needed a friend. Have you told him that you're a—what was your own phrase?—a fugitive from justice? Have you told him you're a car thief?"

"No. You may, Mrs. Armstrong."

"Oh, no, you'll tell him—I'll see to it that you do. He is an impulsive man, Mr. Page—he is very easily taken advantage of. I don't like your riding into town ahead of the police and then victimizing him. . . . I'm interested in you. Just what kind of impostor are you?"

"You were less solicitous about him last night," he observed.

This time her flush was darker—and it was embarrassment, not anger. "Yes," she said, "I made a first-rate fool of myself."

"You will make a fool of yourself now," he said quickly, "if you let your imagination run wild. You're quite right, Mrs. Armstrong. I knew nothing about Windham last night, and I didn't know Lynn Scovil was here. And yes, I have not told him that I came into town fleeing the police."

"Why not? How can you accept—"

Sunnily, "For the reason that I haven't yet had time to tell him. . . . But you have had time to get your poise back, Mrs. Armstrong. So remember that it was the fiancé who told you we're old friends, not the scoundrel. There is no reason why I shouldn't tell him the circumstances in which I got to Windham. Why can't we tell him together?" He looked into dark eyes which, however scornful, were as attractive as he remembered them. He smiled impudently. "Shall we tell him—all the circumstances?"

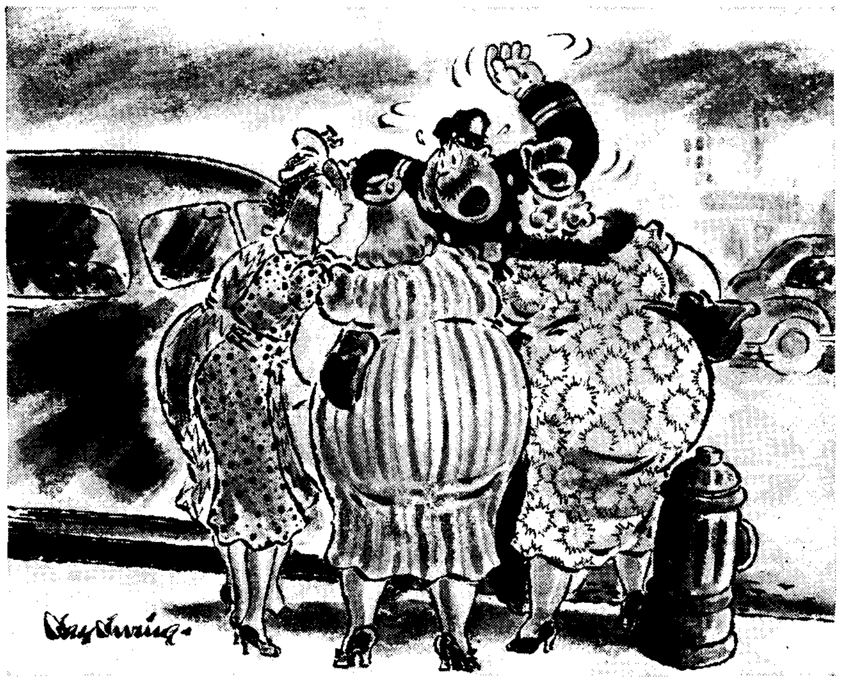
The dark eyes hardened still more, wavered a little, and then, turning away, softened to a smile. "On the whole," she said, without antagonism at last, with even a hint of laughter in her voice, "that might be carrying conscientiousness too far."

Pinkness invaded her cheeks again and she was really smiling. "No. There's no need to bore him with too many details. You can skip some."

Unquestionably she was one more element of danger in an equilibrium already so precarious that there was little hope it could be maintained. But her smile had some safety in it and maybe he could prolong the safety if he could maintain the smile. . . . A houseman in a white coat came through the door, carrying a tray of drinks, and a moment later Lynn Scovil appeared.

Mrs. Armstrong turned toward her fiancé's old friend, swiftly. "I don't believe anything about you," she whispered. "You're an impostor and an adventurer and doubtless a scoundrel, too. Probably the truth about you would curdle my blood. But I seem to like you, Mr. Page." She was openly laughing now, as she added, "Considering how I've behaved with you, it's just as well I do."

(To be continued next week)



"All right! All right! Y'ain't parked by no pump! Y'ain't parked! There ain't no pump! Okay! Okay!" JAY IRVING

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 15

will be other things to think about and talk about."

"I want you to promise to write me—to keep in touch with me," said Mrs. Bucket. "I loved Vere when he was a little boy. Once when Mr. Holland was away"—she hesitated, went on in a somewhat hurried tone—"once when he was away Vere came here to stay; he was a lovely little boy then. Your child will be his child."

"You love him, don't you?" Dina said; and then, without waiting for her companion to speak, asked, "You think we ought to marry?"

"Well, of course you ought to marry!" the older woman answered promptly.

"Even doing—what that would do, to him?" Dina hesitated.

"It would do nothing to him that wouldn't be for his good!" Mrs. Bucket exclaimed. "It would do nothing to him that wouldn't bring him to his senses! The nonsense they talk about his position and what his friends would think, when a child's rights ought to be the one and only consideration!"

"I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Bucket," Dina said, getting to her feet. "I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been so kind to me."

"He wants to see you," the housekeeper said, with a jerk of her head toward the front of the house.

"Mr. Holland?"

"Yes, he said he wanted to see you before you left."

"Shall I go into the library?"

"And tell him to send for me if he wants me."

DINA crossed a narrow hall, crossed the shadowy wider hall, knocked on the library door. When she opened it she saw Rogers Holland just as she had first seen him, busy with his stamps, a magnifying glass assisting his strong eyeglasses.

"Come in, come in, Geraldine," he said. "Sit down. Did you talk to Mrs. Bucket?"

"I've just been talking to her."

Rogers sat back, squared himself about a little in his chair, fixed his eyes on the pipe he began to pack with tobacco from a limp, old leather pouch.

"And what's the plan?" he said.

"I am going to stay at home and keep my job until April anyway," Dina told him. "And then I'll leave with some excuse, and go to some city—San Francisco, maybe, and—and do the best I can."

"And what will you live on?"

"Well—" She began gallantly enough, but her voice wavered as she spoke and grew faint. "I have the money you gave me," she said, "it was much too much, but it will carry me for two months or more. I can live on a dollar a day. I can get some job somewhere, to make beds or wash dishes. And in July I'll go to the hospital."

"And leave the baby there to be adopted?"

"No," she said. "I've been thinking about that, and I won't do that."

"Won't?"

"No. I was thinking of Mamma," Dina said with some difficulty, "and of how little she was ever able to do for us, and yet how she's always loved us—" She stopped, her head held high, her mouth resolutely steadied.

"People love adopted children," Rogers said, watching her.

"I've done enough to hurt him," the girl said, very low. "I'll not let anyone have him."

"But that's a heavy handicap, my dear. For a girl to make herself responsible for a child, take it about. You'll find yourself bitterly criticized for that."

"I wouldn't do that. I'd find some kind woman who liked babies, and board him with her. It wouldn't cost much, and I could see him, and he would be mine."

"And come back to the family?"

"If I could. I'd live at home again, and get a job, and see that my little sisters had a break."

"Never telling your people?"

"Not if I could help it, no. I'll say, in April, that I've had a job offered me somewhere—somewhere far away. If it was just San Francisco, Pop would want to take me up and find out all about it. Then I'd write. I'd manage somehow to have the letters postmarked Chicago or Minneapolis—places Pop couldn't follow. And then, afterward, I'd come back."

"And nobody'd talk about you, suspect what was going on?"

"Not down our way," Dina said with a sad little smile; "everyone's working and everyone's thinking about money or fun— Oh, they gossip a lot," she admitted; "but not about anyone coming or going. We're all moving around down there, anyway, going after jobs or changing jobs. Only one person there knows."

"And that's—?"

"That's a boy named Tom O'Connor. He's wanted to marry me for some time," the girl said unemotionally. "I told him because I had to tell someone; I was frantic. I didn't know what to do. But I feel different now."

She looked composed, pale and resolute, and yet strangely young and helpless, sitting in her big chair.

"What did Tom say?" Rogers asked.

"He was sorry for me. I could tell he was terribly sorry for me. He thought Vere ought to be made to"—she paused,—"but I told him that there was no use talking that way," she finished with a wearied sigh.

"I thought the same," Rogers said briefly.

"I THINK now that Vere never thought of it the way I did. I know he feels bad," Dina offered, after a moment, "but I don't think marrying ever came into his head, really, any more than it would have with a little boy. I was the one who talked about that, and then he would agree with me—oh, sure, we'd be married when we were older, and he had graduated from the law school at Yale."

"Even so, I suppose a boy might change his line of thought," Rogers suggested.

"I suppose so," Dina said, as he seemed to expect a reply.

"You lost your friend Tom? Were you engaged to him?"

"Oh, no. I never would have married him, I think. But now, he seems to be the person that's kindest, that understands." Her eyes watered, although she tried to smile. "I've just," Dina said in a stronger tone, straightening her back and making herself look directly at him, "I've just made a mess of everything, and hurt everyone! But I'm not going to let it go on this way. I told Mrs. Bucket I'd keep in touch with her, and I will. I'm not going away for a while, anyway. And I want to thank you for the money, because that's what I'm going to start on. That's *all* I have to start on."

He was silent for a full minute, watching her. It was a hard minute for Dina for she felt rather deflated after her burst of determined bravery, and anxious only to get away, to be alone, to have them stop talking about her and let

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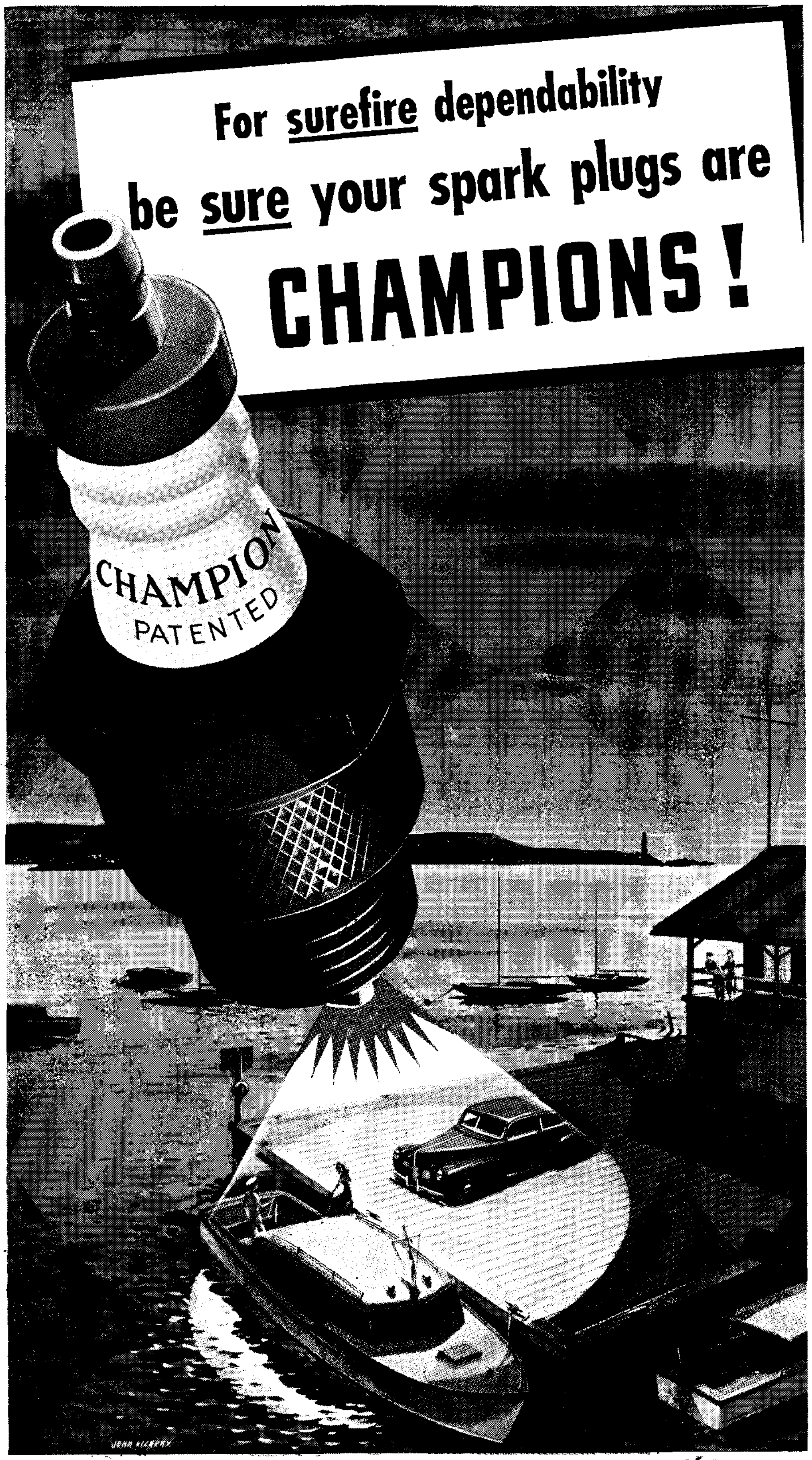

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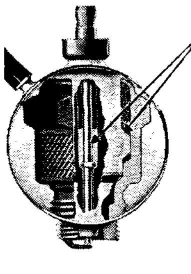

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her decide herself what she must do, and face what she must face.

"And you're nineteen, Geraldine," the man said thoughtfully.

"Twenty in August."

"I suppose that if I offered you money, enough to keep you going without work and without worry, you'd not accept it?"

Her surprised eyes met his.

"But I would!" she said. "I would because of—because of the baby. I have to think of him." She added the last phrases hesitatingly, after thought.

"Then we'll talk of that later. What I'm trying to say to you, I suppose," Rogers said, "is that you have had a very unfair deal. Oh, I know, I know," he interrupted himself hastily, "that girls know everything nowadays, that you were old enough to know better and that women even today have to pay the bill for this sort of thing. But when I got all this in the mail—" He turned aside to pick up a slim sheaf of papers. "It made me pretty—damn'—mad. I've heard from Caroline," he said.

"Vere's mother?"

"Vere's mother. She sent me a wire first, and then a letter. Now she's here."

"She's come to California!"

"Yes. She's here. Come over here to this chair, Geraldine." He indicated the seat opposite his own at the desk. "That's the wire," he said, pushing the yellow sheet toward her.

Dina read it slowly, twice.

"Story preposterous," it read. "Advise you to have nothing to do with party you mention. Caroline."

The girl swallowed with a dry throat. She looked at her companion expectantly, seeming to find nothing to say.

"Meanwhile I had written," Rogers said. "I wrote that I had met you, that I thought you were a nice girl, that you were very young. I said that I had seen the boy's letters to you, and that there was no question in my mind that—well, that things were as you had stated them to be. I advised her to come home and bring Vere with her. Her answer was to walk in here day before yesterday.

"She sat there where you're sitting now and we went into the whole thing. I told her my honest opinion, that the only salvation for Vere was to stand by the girl he had said he loved. The very thought drove her frantic. Her idea was that there must be someone who would gladly marry you for a little money, and she proposed to send me a check. The check came this morning, made out to me, with this letter."

HE PICKED up a thick, large piece of paper scrawled upon in a bold, spreading hand.

"'My dear Rogers,'" he read. "'I have always been interested in your charity cases and would be glad to have you use this money wherever you see fit.' You see," Rogers said, laying down the letter, "she runs no risk of being identified with Vere's affair. And she encloses a check for two hundred and fifty dollars."

Dina's face was blazing; her throat was closed; she could not speak.

"Caroline was always large-hearted," Rogers observed dryly. "But remember, Geraldine," he went on in another tone, "ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred would act in exactly the same way, no matter what their position. She happens to be a particularly cold-blooded woman, ambitious for her son. But the general maternal idea, I believe, is to ignore the woman who has led an innocent boy astray, and forget the whole matter!"

"I understand." Dina had to clear her throat to make herself audible. "I understand, of course," she added, "that it *would* spoil all her plans for him. But I'm surprised—I'm surprised at Vere," she finished in a low tone as if she spoke to her own thoughts.

"They've talked Vere into this, or rather they've blustered him into thinking as they do," the man said. "They've told him that what you fear very probably isn't true, and that all boys get into scrapes like this, and the simplest way out of a bad business is to let Dad pay the bills and next time be a little more careful about taking strange girls on parties."

A red-hot wind seemed to be touching Dina's naked skin. She was breathing a little hard, her eyes fixed, her mouth firmly shut.

"Now Caroline," said Rogers, "is right to this extent. There *is* a man ready to marry you. It's for you to say how you feel about that."

"You mean Tom," she said. "Tom O'Connor? No. Not if I had to scrub floors! Not if I had to beg! Not after Vere Holland won't have me, to go to anyone as fine and good and straight as Tom!"

ROGERS fitted his short, square finger tips together and looked at them thoughtfully as he spoke.

"I wasn't thinking of Tom," he said. "I was thinking of somebody entirely different. You were here the other night and played the part of hostess," the man went on, his eyes narrowed, his gaze fixed on her face. "I put you at the head of my table and I liked your looks there. Thinking it over afterward, I said to Mrs. Bucket, who, by the way, is one of my best friends, that I saw no reason why you shouldn't stay here. There's plenty of room—we aren't using half the rooms in this house—and, I said, 'She can wait for her child and make her plans for what she wants to do afterward.'

"Mrs. Bucket agreed that it would be perfectly possible, but on one condition—"

"But I've just been talking to her," Dina broke in impulsively, "and while I'm more grateful than I can say to you for thinking of it, don't you see—since it was Vere—"

"But wait a minute," he interrupted in his turn. "You haven't heard Mrs. Bucket's proposition. 'Mr. Holland,' she said, 'ask her to marry you.' I thought she was joking, of course. I'm more than twice your age; I've been a widower for five years. To you I seem a fat old man."

Dina had shrunk back in her chair; her face was scarlet.

"I thought about it," the man said. "I thought what a young figure would mean in this house, someone at table with me, someone reporting on the garden or the news or the trouble in the kitchen. It was a completely new idea to me, but it grew on me. It grew on me until I came to see that I would like the arrangement very much."

"Oh, you are very kind," Dina said breathlessly; "but I couldn't let you! You know all about me—your friends would know—they'd never like me and never forget! I couldn't— I'm not smart enough to talk the way you talk or even to—to ask proper questions. I—I—I *couldn't.*"

"You seem to feel," he observed, unruffled, "very much as I felt. I was flabbergasted for a whole day! Two days! I've been in love for twenty years with one woman. You met her the other night—Aline. I'll be in love with her—or in hate with her," the man interrupted himself to change the phrase bitterly, "as long as I live.

"If you were here, Geraldine, I'd think of her less. You'd be company for me. You'd never be my wife; you'd be more like a daughter; you'd be voices and footsteps and opening doors and closing them in the house. But just your being here would—" His voice sank to a metallic, revengeful undertone. He was not thinking of Dina now, perhaps hardly conscious of her presence. "—would begin to repay what I owe her," he said ominously. "She hates you already. And he—that handsome artist nonentity she married—helped it along the other night. I could have blessed him for it! After you left he began it. Who were you? Did we all realize how unusual the molding of your face—or some other half-baked artist's phrase—was? He was anxious to paint you.

"I'd have him paint you!" Rogers added with a chuckle. His face, flushed with bitterness, reminded Dina of her first impression of him—a great spider in a web. But as suddenly as he had gone into the mood he escaped from it. "What do you think?" he asked.

"That—that I couldn't let you do it! It's not your fault! It's not your responsibility!" Dina said slowly.

"DON'T imagine," Rogers began again, "that your life here would be particularly pleasant. I'm not a pleasant person. I'm twenty-one years older than you are. This is a gloomy house, with a tragedy in it—the tragedy of a sick woman's life, of lost children. The rain falls here and the trees creak and there'd be nobody in the house of your age or your interests. You could read Dickens and Trollope and Scott if you liked, putter in the garden with McPherson and the Mexican boys. But you'd be lonely. You'd be cheated. You'd be condemned to life with a cranky, unhappy, frustrated old man."

"I'd have my child," Dina said steadily.

"Yes, that's another point. That's the point I'm counting on to persuade you. The child will be a Holland, after all. He'll have his rightful name and his chance. This child of yours would be born in wedlock, legally mine. Let Caroline Holland say what she would, she couldn't deny him that right."

"She'd—she'd tell everyone!" Dina stammered, the room dizzily going around her.

"Tell everyone that Vere wouldn't play the man, that the Holland money—the money I'm to leave some day—is going *not* to him but to his son—*my* son whom he'll never have the right to claim?" Rogers countered.

"No," the girl slowly admitted. "She'd never do that, she couldn't do that." And then, in sudden tears: "Mr. Holland, then you don't think Vere will come back—Vere will never know how much I need him!"

He made no answer. But as her brimming eyes were raised to his she saw in the half-smile, half-frown on his face no hope for her.

There was room for no more. The library door was quietly opened by Mrs. Bucket, who came to her employer's side.

"Mrs. Holland," she said.

"Oh. Ask her to come in," Rogers replied quietly.

Dina had not time for more than a sensation of terror, a wild impulse to escape somehow, to get away at all costs, when a woman came into the library, gave her one careless, scornful glance in passing and took possession of a chair between her own chair and that of Rogers Holland.

"Come in, come in, Caroline," Rogers, rising, said lazily, amiably.

"I had your letter this morning," the woman said abruptly.

"I thought we could talk things over. Caroline, Miss Cashman," Rogers said. "Geraldine, this is Mrs. Holland."

"Orkman said it was a threatening letter."

"Oh, you saw Orkman?"

"I telephoned him and read it to him." Except for the slightest inclination of her head and a cold stare, she had paid no attention whatsoever to Dina.

"And he thought it was threatening," Rogers murmured.

"He said I was under no obligation at all in the matter, that it was entirely optional with me, coming here at all."

"Surely you knew that, Caroline?"

"Certainly I knew it!" said Caroline Holland impatiently.

"Still, I don't quite see where the threats come in," Rogers mused.

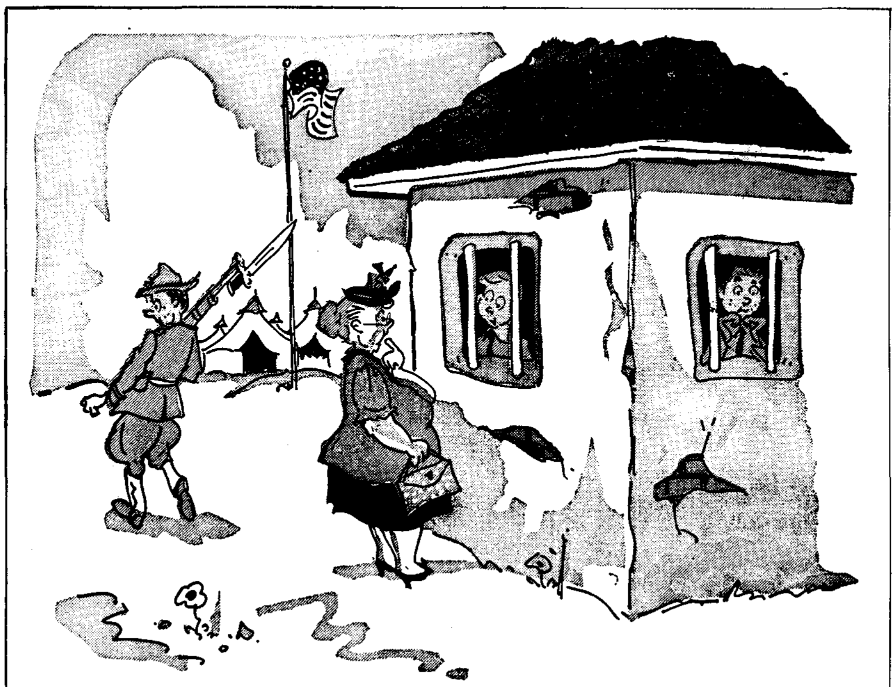
"He said, 'He isn't threatening you, is he?' He used that expression."

"Oh, I see. But you came anyway."

They hated each other—these two. In a sort of terrible fascination Dina lost consciousness of the chill of terror that had shaken her.

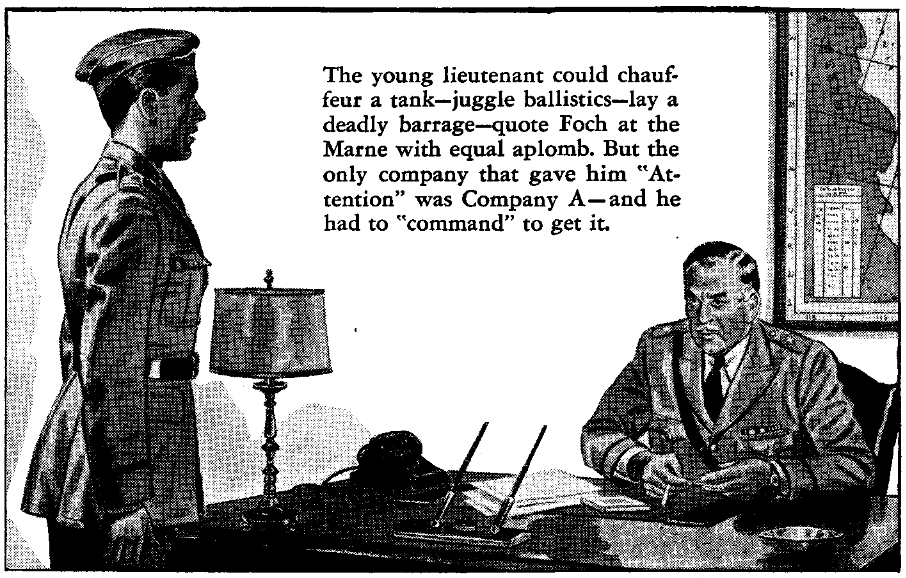
"I came," said Mrs. Holland, "because I want to be done with this business once and for all. It is a brazen attempt to involve my son in something of which he is entirely innocent. He hardly knows this girl. You must excuse me," said the hard voice, as its owner turned to Dina, "but you know yourself that that is the truth!"

A hard voice and a hard woman. Beautifully groomed, seeming, as far as the copper-dyed hair and the enameled face were concerned, to be sculptured rather than human—a woman in whose ears pearls were snugly placed, on whose beautiful, manicured hands were displayed two large rings, whose furs

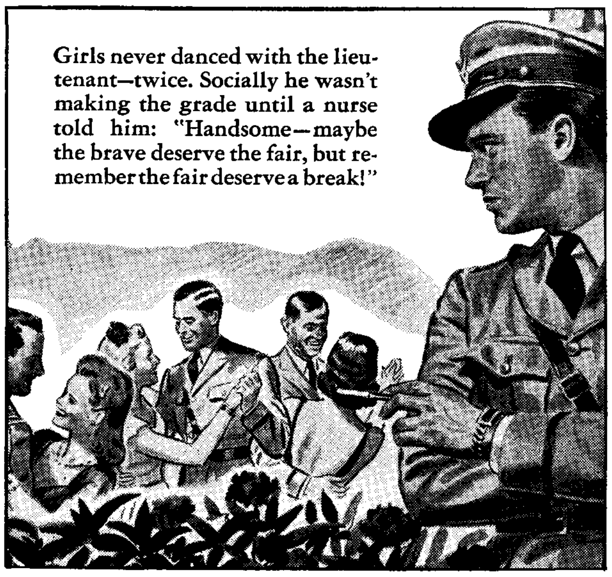


"I declare! It's the same guardhouse I used to visit in 1917 to see your father!" REAMER KELLER

"War is H--l" Until Mum goes under Arms!

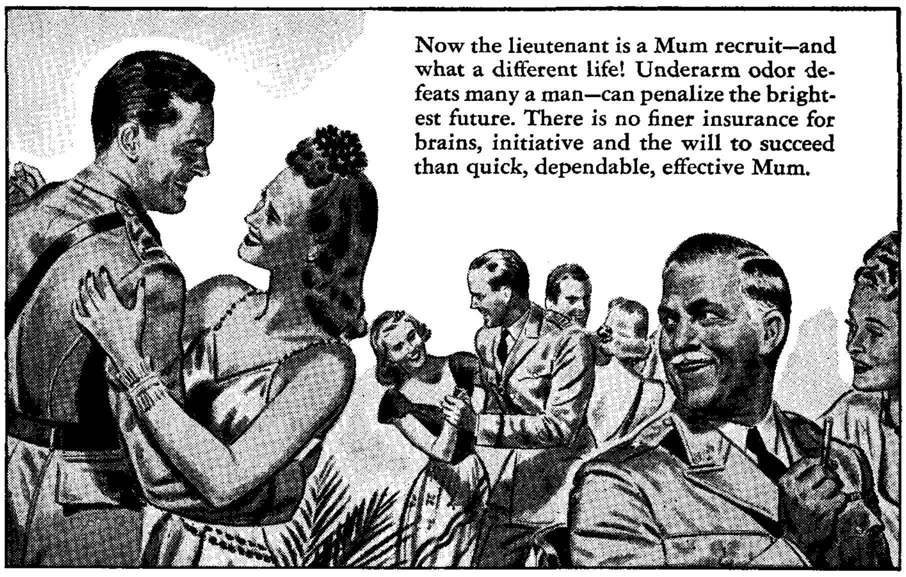


The young lieutenant could chauffeur a tank—juggle ballistics—lay a deadly barrage—quote Foch at the Marne with equal aplomb. But the only company that gave him "Attention" was Company A—and he had to "command" to get it.

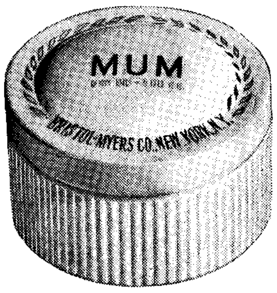


Girls never danced with the lieutenant—twice. Socially he wasn't making the grade until a nurse told him: "Handsome—maybe the brave deserve the fair, but remember the fair deserve a break!"

EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW A BATH ONLY REMOVES PAST PERSPIRATION! MUM PREVENTS RISK OF FUTURE ODOR

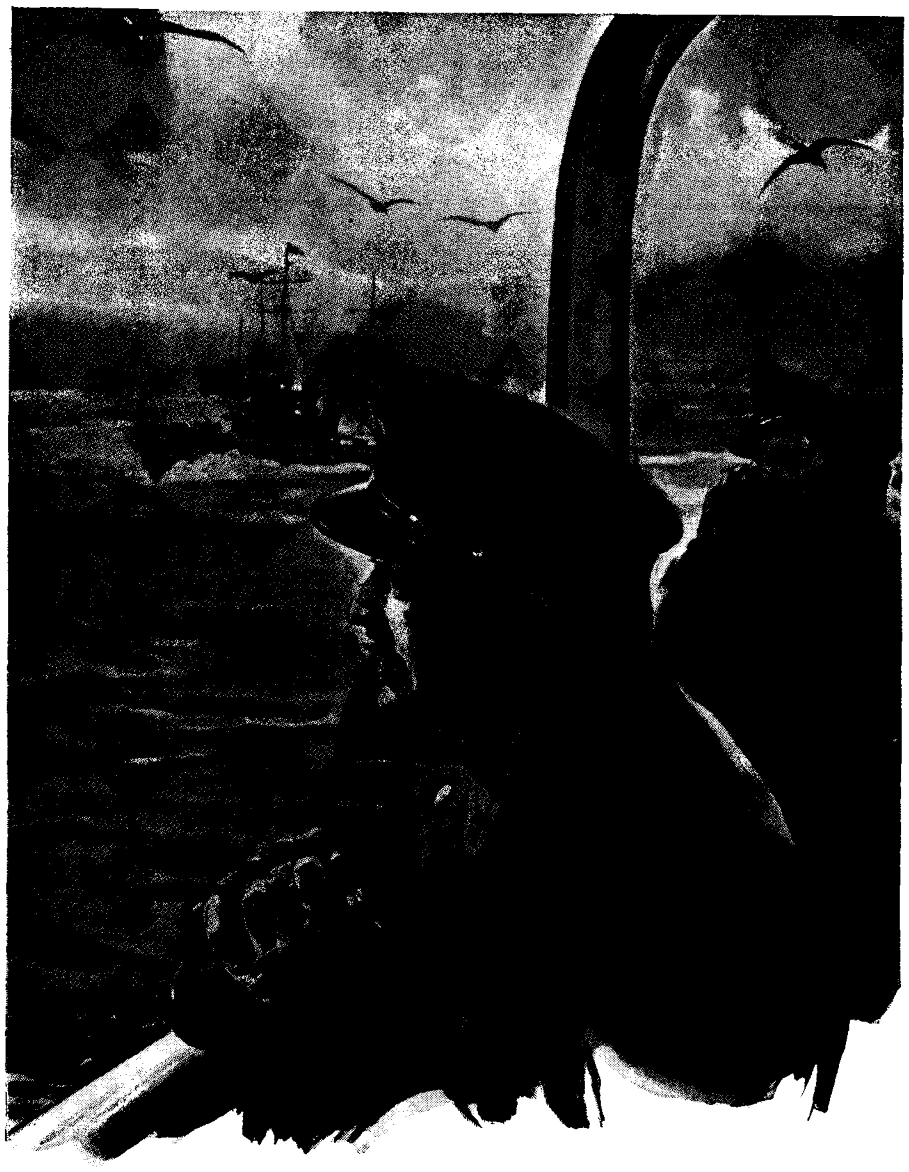


Now the lieutenant is a Mum recruit—and what a different life! Underarm odor defeats many a man—can penalize the brightest future. There is no finer insurance for brains, initiative and the will to succeed than quick, dependable, effective Mum.



THE TRAGEDY of underarm odor is that it's easy to detect in others, but almost impossible to detect in yourself. Socially, in business or in the service, enlist with the million and more men who play safe with—MUM. A quick dab under each arm after your shower—30 seconds to use—protects you against underarm odor all day or all evening long. Mum does its work *without* stopping perspiration—and is harmless to skin and clothing. Play safe in all your official and social contacts—get Mum at your favorite druggist's—today. Use it daily.

MUM *takes the Odor out of Perspiration*



To Car Owners: a message from the sea

ON MANY SHIPS, large and small, on missions of pleasure or peril, Exide Batteries are the source of emergency power for radio, running lights, steering gear, searchlights, bulkhead doors, fire protection, pumps and other safety devices. In such critical services, batteries must not fail. If seafaring men can entrust them to Exide, surely you can rely on Exide to start your car.

In buying a new battery for your car, however, remember that all batteries *look* pretty much alike. Avoid guesswork; be guided by the experience of men and ships at sea. Only proved performance pleases them.

Before you buy any battery, though, be sure you need a new one. Have your present battery tested on the Exide Sure-Start Tester. This scientific instrument will unfailingly reveal its true condition. The test is free... wherever you see an Exide Dealer sign.

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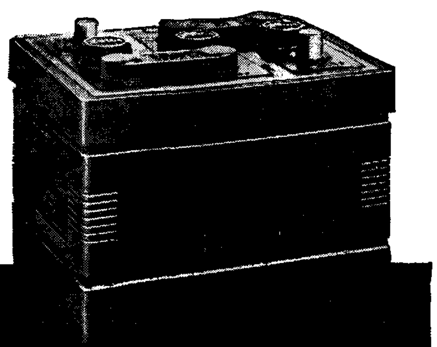


Exide

wrapped her slender shoulders and touched her proud chin, whose tailored suit was of the correct length and style, and whose aristocratic, narrow feet were lifted on high-heeled slippers.

"My son," Caroline Holland said, "was simply stupefied with amazement when he understood what all this was about. He is—you know how young he is, Rogers; you know how completely unfitted he is to deal with a situation like this!"

"Yet the situation has to be dealt with, doesn't it, Caroline?" Rogers said blandly.

"A boy that age," she said, "faced with a thing like this! He aged. He aged overnight. I never saw anything like it. 'I don't know what to do!' he kept saying."

"He didn't come west, did he?"

"He couldn't." She hesitated, spoke irresolutely. "We've had trouble enough," she continued, "keeping him from being dropped from college without running any risk of his asking for a leave. Not to come home to this sort of outrageous accusation and scandal!"

"I THINK we ought to think of Geraldine as well as of Vere, Caroline," the man said. His pudgy hand moved to the papers on his desk.

"Of whom? Oh, of—of *her!*" Her contemptuous look moved to Dina, moved away. "Certainly we should," she agreed sharply, "but not at a cost of his career, his whole life! During the Christmas holidays while we were at Palm Springs, we met the Worthingtons—you know the Philadelphia Hosworth Worthingtons; she was Miriam Hosworth. Kathryn, the daughter, goes to Selwyn's in Virginia—well, that's neither here nor there. But she's simply devoted to him, has asked him down for the Easter holidays—all that. It would have been simply *ridiculous* for him to come west with me now. What was he supposed to have done, if he had?"

"He might have married the mother of his child," Rogers answered simply.

"Oh, well!" Caroline Holland said with a sniff. The sniff said plainly, "I don't believe one word of it!" She said aloud, "Oh, I know. I know you have some letters of his, and hers which I've kept. But Orkman says there's not one whit of evidence there. I'm sorry; I'm wretched over the whole thing. But that isn't the way out. We'll have," Vere's mother went on, in a lowered, reasonable tone, "to make some provision, and you'll have"—she glanced at Dina again—"you'll naturally make whatever arrangements seem good to you. But mind you, Rogers, I don't for one moment assume any responsibility. Neither does Vere's father. 'I'll ship the boy to South America first,' Van said."

"And what did Vere say to that?"

"My heart ached for him. He kept saying, 'I can't believe it. I can't believe it!' And when I was leaving, poor boy—bothered with his studies and worrying about whether he can keep up or not—he said over and over: 'Whatever you say is right I'll do, Mother. I'll do whatever you say!'"

"So that if you said he had better come west and be married, you think he would?"

Mrs. Holland held her head high.

"Which, of course, I wouldn't!" she said firmly.

"You don't think that's his duty?"

"I don't think that would be for the happiness of anyone concerned. Not for yours or his," she said to Dina; "your lives have been completely different; your backgrounds are different. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

"So that you think the situation had best be left as it is," Rogers said. Mrs. Holland bridled, spoke in an affronted tone.

"Not at all. Although I can understand you want to make me out absolutely hard-hearted about it!" she added, with a resentful glance. "I think that it has happened before—it is always happening—and the only thing to do is keep it quiet and—and help out, of course. But even if I were convinced that it is actually true," she went on, "which I am not, I would feel that to wreck two lives is worse than—than wrecking one! Besides, things aren't the same today as they used to be! It isn't ruin for anyone, any more. Why, everyone knows about Hilda Fletcher's daughter—all that money, and Junior League and Europe and Palm Beach and all the rest of it—and yet last year she married one of the Boones!"

Dina had sat absolutely still during this conversation, her face very pale, her eyes moving from Rogers' face to that of Mrs. Holland, moving solemnly back again. But now suddenly she spoke.

"I—I would try to make Vere a good wife, Mrs. Holland," she said. "If—if I could see him, if I could talk to him—" Her voice faltered to silence.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," Vere's mother said decisively. "He has borne enough about it all! And this—I had this telegram this morning, Rogers," she added, taking a folded yellow paper from her bag. "I wasn't going to mention it, but now I think it's only fair to let you know. This was Van's idea, and while what I just said about keeping Vere in school was quite true, he isn't there now at all. They've left, he and young Worthington and a tutor; they sailed this morning."

Rogers took the telegram and read it aloud: "'Boys off at nine. Worthington family all present at dock to say goodby. Confident this is best plan. Love to Mimi. Van.'"

"So you see that's *that,*" Caroline said nervously with a nod.

"Yes, I see that's that," Rogers agreed.

"And I trust that as far as Vere and I are concerned, the matter is settled," she added, rising.

"It would seem so. But wait a minute; don't be in any hurry to go, Caroline," Rogers said. "I'm sure you'd be interested in hearing about our plans—mine and Geraldine's."

CAROLINE HOLLAND, after a moment's sharp scrutiny, dropped back into her chair. "I can't see that they concern me!" she said. But her voice and manner were uneasy.

"But they might interest you," Rogers said politely. "Geraldine and I," he went on, with a smile for the girl who looked worn and white, shrinking back in her big chair, "are going to be married."

Caroline glanced quickly at him again, and smiled. "My dear Rogers—" she began deprecatingly. She gathered up her furs, her gloves and purse. "*Really!*" she murmured, rising.

"You don't believe me?" Rogers said, unruffled.

"I think it a rather—transparent—" She emphasized and dragged out the last words with an accent between amusement and scorn. "*Really,*" she said again.

"No, wait a minute!" Rogers pursued it, his own smile quite matching her own. "I have suggested the arrangement to Geraldine and she has done me the honor to say 'yes,' haven't you, Geraldine?"

"Yes," Dina said, as unexpectedly to herself as to the other woman.

"Well, I am sure I wish you both every happiness," Mrs. Holland said civilly, turning to go. But by the complete silence of the other two her attitude was shaken. "That isn't going to alter my position. Or Vere's *either,*" she added. She looked from one to the other for a break, breathing fast.

"On the contrary, it confirms it," the man said.

There was another silence. Dina looked at no one, but the eyes of Caroline and Rogers were fixed on each other.

"What are you talking about?" Caroline presently exclaimed. "I never heard such nonsense."

"I felt you ought to know," Rogers assured her. She sat down again.

"I don't in the least understand what your object can be in making such a remark, Rogers." Her tone was steel. But there was still a hint of uneasiness in it. Dina heard it, and she knew Rogers did, for his manner became even more deliberate and urbane.

"I mean that there is to be another Mrs. Holland here very soon," the man said.

"You're joking!" Caroline said breathlessly. But *she* was not joking.

"Not at all. I've been lonely here long enough. We need young blood in the family. It might have been Aline, of course. Well, that evidently wasn't to be. I've been engaged twice to Aline, Caroline, and somehow it didn't take, did it, either time? Last month, just as soon as some bills were cleared off, she married someone else. Now *I'm* going to marry someone else."

"Rogers," his sister-in-law said in a low tone, a tone changed suddenly from the angry and scornful one she had at first used to one of nervous appeal, "you can't do this! Think of the family. Think of the talk. Oh, you know," she broke off to say apologetically, "you know how I blaze up—I'm that way! But for Van's sake—and everyone's sake—and dear old Mother Holland's sake, if she were here to know it—don't—*don't* do something you'll regret all your life!"

"And Vere's sake," Rogers supplemented it mildly, looking down at his linked fingers on the desk.

"Do anything you like—we'll all do anything you like," she began; "but not anything as—as ridiculous—as this!"

"Well, Geraldine, I like that, don't you?" Rogers asked.

Dina was incapable of speech. She managed a frightened smile.

"Our marriage ridiculous?" Rogers echoed. "Why is it? What's ridiculous about it?"

"I'm not going to say anything more because I know you're not serious," Caroline said, breathing quickly, and trying for an effect of calm.

"I'm quite serious."

"You'll make yourself a laughingstock, Rogers!"

For a full minute there was a strained interval in the library. Dina thought she could hear her own heart beat; she could hear a bird busy in the ivy outside the open window, but these sounds seemed to underscore rather than break the stillness. Caroline Holland sat erect, a little stain of real color had crept up under the artificial color that was so delicately added to her cheeks.

"I don't see any particular object in prolonging this," she presently said. "I appreciate your attempt to bully me into doing what you wanted about this, Rogers, but it has failed. Good afternoon. If you really—if you really cheat Vere out of—but you won't! Let me know when you come to your senses!"

Neither Dina nor Rogers moved or spoke when she had gone until they heard the crunch of her car wheels on the drive outside. Then Rogers put his head down on his crossed arms and began to laugh deeply and noiselessly. When he raised his head Dina saw that his eyes were full of actual tears of mirth.

THE car went on and on through an uncertainty of rain and of spring sunshine, over long Dumbarton Bridge, on between the flat bay meadows that were rich with deep green grass, through the little towns whose corners were occupied by gas stations and marked by roadside signs. The swift, smooth motion and the sharp turns made Dina feel ill; she shut her eyes and leaned back against the cushions.

Rogers had brought a handful of mail, some magazine articles and a government pamphlet or two to read; he was completely occupied in his corner of the limousine and paid no attention to her except for a rather abstracted greeting when they had picked her up at Bonita station.

But when they had been more than two hours on their way, and Livermore and Stockton were behind them, he suddenly folded all his papers together, put them carefully into a leather attaché case, put away his glasses, and said with an easy friendliness that indicated that they had just joined each other: "Well, how goes it with you?"

"Fine," Dina, who was feeling ill, said faintly.

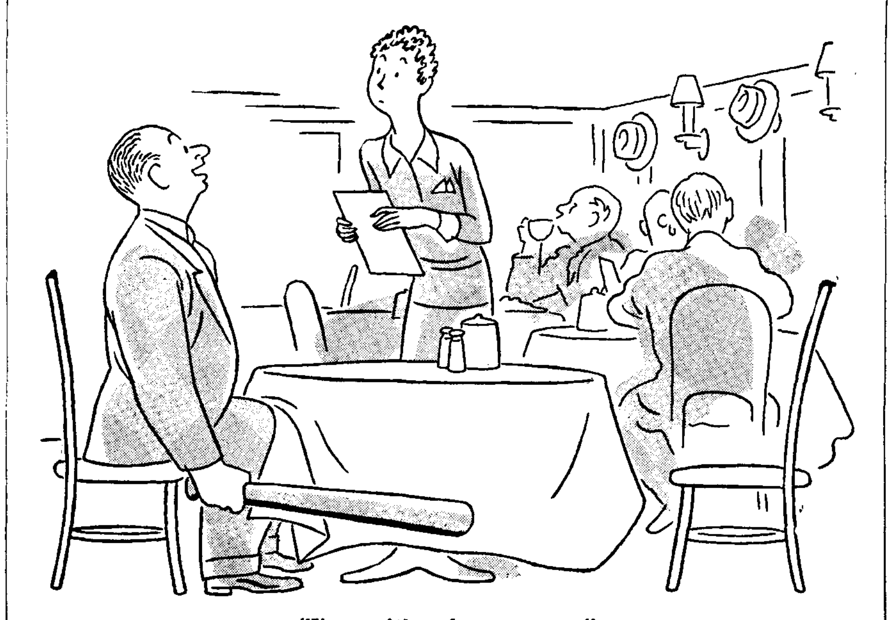
"We're coming into Sacramento," Rogers said. "Have you ever been here before?"

"No. I'm going to be sick," said Dina, whose mouth was marked by lines of green.

He picked up the speaking tube; the car drew up beside the road.

"Get out and walk about a bit. You'll be all right."

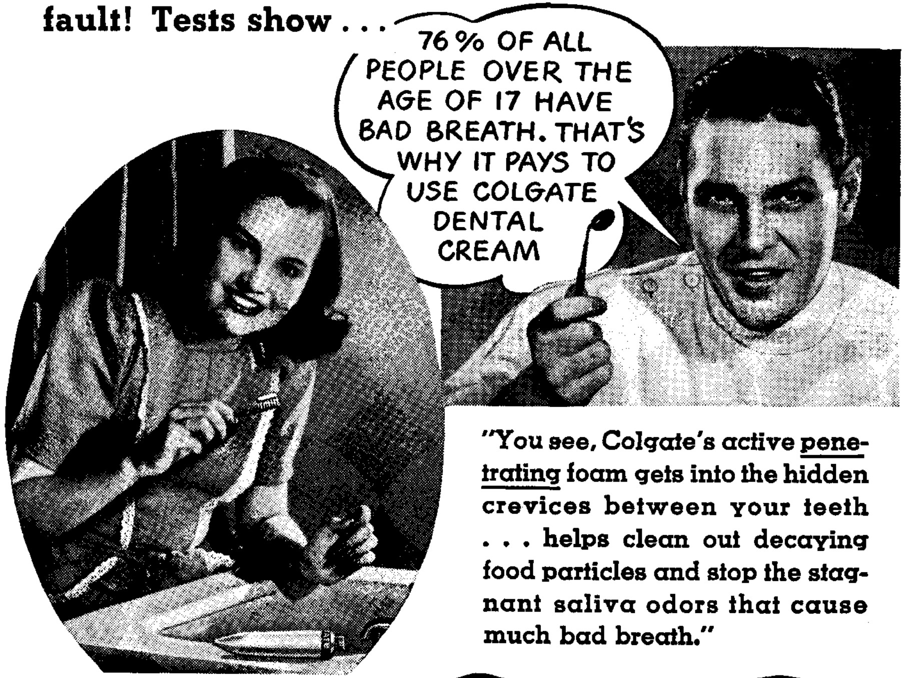
Dina staggered to a fence, clung to it. The day was very warm and the spot happened to be completely unprotected;


"I'm waiting for someone"

NED HILTON

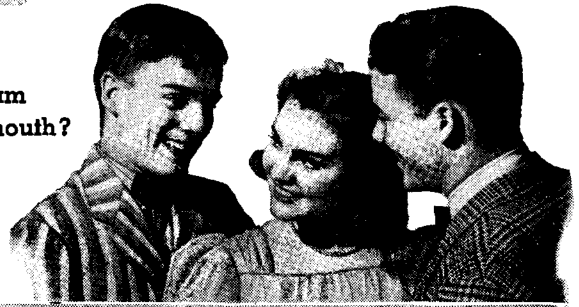
SOMETHING EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW...

Bad Breath is a romance-robber... a friends-loser ... a success-stealer. For others always detect it before **YOU** do yourself. And it's such a common fault! Tests show...


76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

See how much brighter your teeth are? Feel that penetrating foam refreshing your whole mouth? And don't you enjoy Colgate's tangy flavor? Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



Play Safe!

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MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
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POLISHES SAFELY
CHILDREN LOVE IT
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RECOMMENDED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

"Ingram's fans my whiskers with Speed, Control and COOLNESS!"

● "Men, put Ingram's in your shaving battery and watch that Murderers' Row of Stings, Burns and Terrors go down like strawmen. For Ingram's quick-action lather gives your razor new speed and control—and your face a brand new idea of shaving coolness and comfort.

● "Ingram's quick-action cream is unique! The smallest dab lathers up into generous clouds of lather that cools and conditions your skin for shaving while it wilts your stubborn whiskers.

● "Ingram's wilts a beard faster than a speed merchant can steal second! You shave crisply and cleanly—and you finish looking younger and more attractive—cool and refreshed—a coolness and freshness that lingers for many hours.

● "Ingram's is a double-header value. No lotions or tonics needed after Ingram's invigorating action! Refreshing Ingram's shaves leave your skin smooth and cool—your face younger-looking and more attractive. Get a tube or jar today. Either way, it's concentrated, for economy!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

the sun beat down upon her bare head.

"I'm so sorry about this!" she whispered, getting back into the car after a wretched interval, wiping her colorless lips and her wet eyes.

"I'll tell you," he said, "suppose we go to a hotel in Sacramento and you lie down for an hour or two?"

"Oh, now I'll be all right!" she said.

"I practically didn't eat any breakfast—was late getting away. A bite won't do us any harm, but you can walk up and down in the shade if you like."

It was February, but awnings were already in sight at the capital, and women were wearing summer clothes. Dina walked to and fro for a few moments, felt herself restored, and joined Rogers at a table in the coffee room. If she could have some very hot green tea, she said, and some very thin toast—

"Bother you, my eating ham and eggs?" Rogers asked, looking across the table.

"No, unless you ask me to eat them. I've been like this every morning for a month now," she smiled. "So it wasn't the drive."

"You're not being let off anything, are you?"

"Not much."

"THAT place where you live, Geraldine," Rogers presently said, with his mouth full of eggs and toast, "that's a funny place for a man to move his family into."

"Pop never liked it," Dina hastened to say, "but you see when we came up from southern California we simply had to move into whatever we could get."

"And that was the only place?"

"The cheapest."

"Oh, of course. You were short of funds."

"Short! We had none." Dina showed her white teeth in a sudden laugh. "Donny was the baby then," she said, "and there were six more of us and *Mamma and Pop, all in the one car and* a trailer."

"Good Lord!" Rogers said. "And your father had no job."

"No, but he got one almost at once. With a man named Hansen. Mattresses—making over mattresses."

"Making over mattresses, eh? Bring me another cup of coffee," the man said to the waitress.

"And bring me some more hot water, please," Dina added.

"So your father got a job remaking mattresses. In — that — particular — neighborhood," Rogers said, in his musing way, "that must have been quite a job. Twenty-seven meals a day on that pay, was it?"

"We had relief then. Off and on we've always had it. And milk; the Woman's Civic Club sent us milk."

"I can see you are going to be a source of unlimited delight to me, Scheherazade," said Rogers. "I don't have to walk the streets of Bagdad nights. You will tell me about—what is it? Railway Flats."

"Bonita is the town; the station is where you picked me up this morning. I don't know whether it was something the matter with me," said Dina, "but I never liked the Arabian Nights. They sort of bored me."

"You lived in Railway Flats and the Arabian Nights bored you?" Rogers asked politely. The girl laughed.

"I like true books best," she said.

"Like?"

"About real people."

"The books at my house are mostly old-fashioned, I'm afraid."

"I love them old-fashioned."

"Well, now, let's get down to business," he said. "How much have you told your own people?"

"Nothing."

"They don't know we're getting married today?"

"They never heard your name."

"And what do you propose to do, go back tonight?"

"I hadn't thought. But wouldn't it be better for me to go back tonight and go on just the same until I get a good chance to let them know?" Dina began timidly. "My brother Art wants to stop school at Easter and get a job."

"Mattress making?"

"No. He went out with the surveying gang last vacation and he thinks that as soon as the rains are over he could go again. He gets two dollars a day. I *think* Pop'll let him."

"You still all obey your father?"

"Oh, yes. Pop's never mean to us, unless he's been drinking. And even then," Dina said leniently, "Mamma usually gets him right to bed. My father's father was a judge," she added.

"I thought there might be something of that sort in the background," Rogers observed.

"He had a horse and surrey; they lived in a small country town and they had a colored servant named Nabby, and Pop says everyone respected him." It was obviously a quotation; she relished the phrases.

"You're probably like your grandfather," Rogers said thoughtfully.

"Pop says I'm like his mother."

"I dare say."

"Our names, unfortunately, won't help us much to keep this quiet," Rogers said thoughtfully, after a silence. "William Rogers Holland and—what is it? Geraldine Cashman?"

"Margaret Geraldine Cashman. But they've never called me anything but Dina."

"My mother's name was Margaret. I like that name. Well, I suppose," Rogers mused, "we'll have to let the thing come to light by itself. No announcement."

"Oh, no announcement!" she protested, alarmed. "Can't we keep it a *secret for a while?*"

"I've been thinking about that, and I think not. I think the thing for me to do is stop in at your house tonight, meet your people, explain that we've been married and then take you home."

"You wouldn't tell them—about me, I mean?"

"Oh, no, no, I won't tell them anything ever that you don't want me to. You don't want to do that?" he asked, impressed by her visible distress. "Why not? It's the only dignified way, Geraldine, for both of us."

"BUT it's not fair to you!" she burst out suddenly, red-cheeked. "You—you're doing this for me—I can't do anything for you! My father—and my sisters, maybe—they might come to the house and—I don't know what they'd want or what I'd do, and I couldn't stand them bothering you and apologizing for them! Because—" Dina struggled on, against a rising tide of wild tears now, "I love them. I can't help it—"

"Calm *down,*" he said firmly, interrupting her by closing a heavy gloved hand over hers. "I'll take care of that if it comes along. I'm asking you to do what I want you to do. I like the idea of having a sweet woman at the head of my table, someone to talk to, someone to listen to me. I've not wanted to marry since Anna died until Aline came along, and all the old feeling came back. Perhaps I've never wanted to marry at all. But I like company. I'll like very much showing you stamps, taking you on a walk now and then, having you around. You needn't worry about me."

Dina considered it. She was tired now, her face pale and strained; when they went out to the car she subsided into a corner like an exhausted child.

"I'll do what you want me to do," she said simply.

(To be continued next week)

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IT'S SMART
IT'S BACARDI

The incomparable Bacardi Cocktail is first choice of the knowing . . . always refreshing . . . always correct . . . and always welcome. But just remember . . . if it isn't made with Bacardi it isn't a Bacardi Cocktail.
(Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936.)

Here's the recipe in rhyme:

A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI,
White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
(Ice and shake well)

PUERTO RICAN RUM
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BACARDI Co.
OF AMERICA
SAN JUAN, P.R.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING...
BACARDI

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

Red Sands in the Desert

Continued from page 17

uttered only two words Italians always utter when they are hurt. He said audibly, "*Mamma Mia,*" which means "My Mother." The Tenente had a stomach full of shrapnel and he wasn't thinking at all about Mussolini when he died. Giovanni crossed himself with his left hand. The sharp-featured little padre with the patient eyes—he was an Irishman from Dublin—pulled the rough gray blanket over the Tenente's face, but just before he did so he made the sign of the cross over the forehead. The German looked on with puzzled eyes. He never stirred.

Just before I left the tent the Tommy's lips moved and I went to him and he said, "Yank?" He'd seen the brass "U. S. War Correspondent" on my shoulder straps. I said "Yep" and he put on a feeble grin and did the thumbs-up sign and I did a thumbs-up back at him and went outside and sat on the dusty edge of a slit trench and lighted a cigarette.

A slit trench is a shallow ditch into which you can dive when the bombers come. You have to have them even in a hospital camp. The Germans aren't too careful what they bomb.

What a price the Tenente and Giovanni and a thousand like them have paid for the consummate vanity of one man! For more than twenty years Mussolini strove to metamorphose a nation of laughing peasants into stalwart warriors and he produced only an army of stumblebums who won't or can't fight. Shame is written in the faces of the thousands who are herded back from the front as prisoners.

One prisoner told me he'd fought in Spain, in Abyssinia and in France and he'd never fired a rifle. "Why," he asked me, his fingers gathered together in the Italian gesture of inquiry, "should I kill anybody?" Another said the Germans deserted them, ran away from their artillery when the tanks advanced and left them to face the British with only rifles in their hands. At least fifty who gathered around while I talked with their spokesman in the presence of my escort officer mumbled and nodded their heads in assent.

The Italians are the infantry for the enemy—the road builders and the fetchers and carriers—and the Germans are the mechanized fighters. There is no love between them and this a German officer and four of his companions made clear to me when I asked them how he liked being allied to the Eyeties. His scornful "*Ach*" was nearly as eloquent as the look on his face. "They run," he said, "and they run," and some day, I suppose, we will have the straight of it, but the Tommy knows they all run when the heat is on. Enough tanks and motorized transport to keep tanks and guns well fed with ammunition will make any soldier run, and Germans are not excluded.

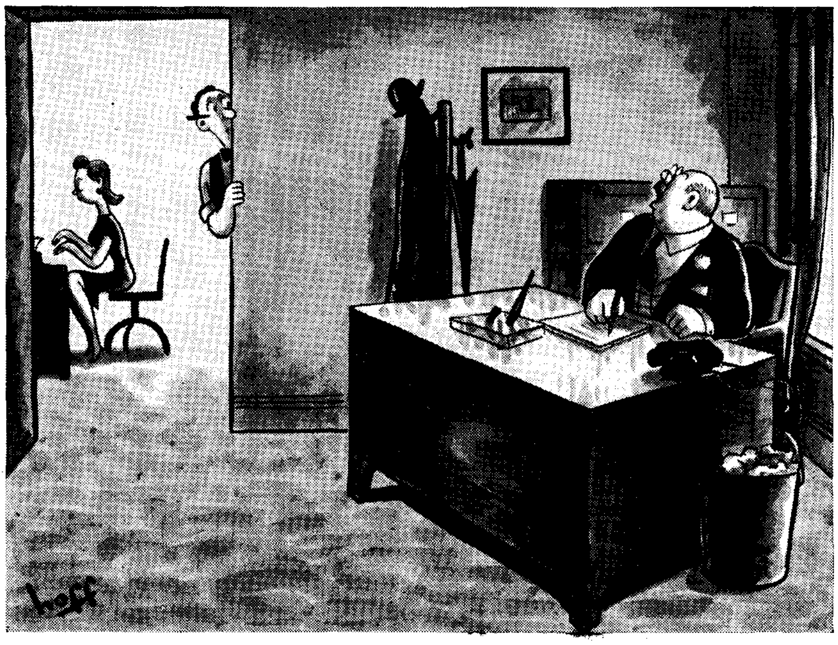
The debris of Mussolini's African Empire litters the desert and the desert roads from Sollum to Mersa Matruh. For miles on either side of the road there are abandoned guns and bursted trucks and dead tanks. There are heaps of bags of dried peas, beans and pasta. There are gasoline dumps and piled barrels of wine, and anywhere along the line months after the December campaign Aussies, Anzacs and Tommies—and American war correspondents—ate Italian tinned beef and cheese and drank Italian Chianti.

His Gods Were Hitler and Hess

There are fields of discarded tunics strewn in a litter of mess tins and odd boots and rusting rifles, machine guns, cartridge belts and empty food tins. They belong now to the horned vipers and the black and golden scorpions and, could Italians in Italy see, they would know that Mussolini's dictum that Mussolini is always right is something less than true.

While I smoked, the padre emerged from the tent and asked me if I'd like to talk to an unwounded German prisoner and I said I would and Gunther was brought out. The padre introduced me as an American officer and Gunther stared at me, unbelieving. His brown eyes opened wide and his thick underlip dropped and then he smiled and said, "*Ach, Korrispondent, nein?*" We all laughed quietly at the padre's little joke. He'd wanted to startle Gunther into believing America had entered the war, but no matter how hard he tries a war correspondent simply can't look like an officer and Gunther wasn't taken in.

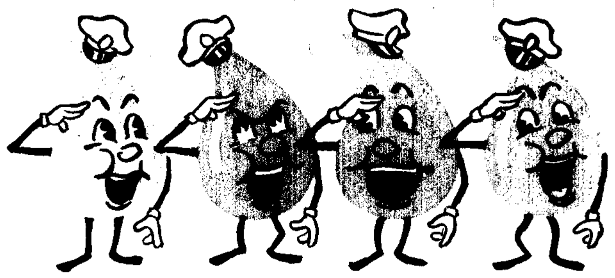
I gave the German a cigarette and



"Well, Smith, if you're going to ask for a raise, come on in and get it over with!"

SIDNEY HOFF

4 sturdy defenders are we



Inside your engine there's a fight
as HEAT
—and GRIT
—and WASTE
—and WEAR
attack with all their might!

But here's a squad that's duly set
to COOL
—and CLEAN
—and SEAL
—and OIL
and never miss a single bet!

A SQUAD? A *million* droplets of Golden Shell, "trained" to do the 4-way job a *modern* motor oil *must* do.

Into this oil has gone the finest of technical skill—your precision-built engine deserves Golden Shell's *balance,* its all-round quality.

IT COOLS hot surfaces by flowing freely over tight-fitting parts.

IT CLEANS—washes away dirt and grit as it rushes through your engine.

IT SEALS in power—against the high pressures of flashing pistons.

IT OILS—spreading its clinging smoothness over every bearing.

SHELL

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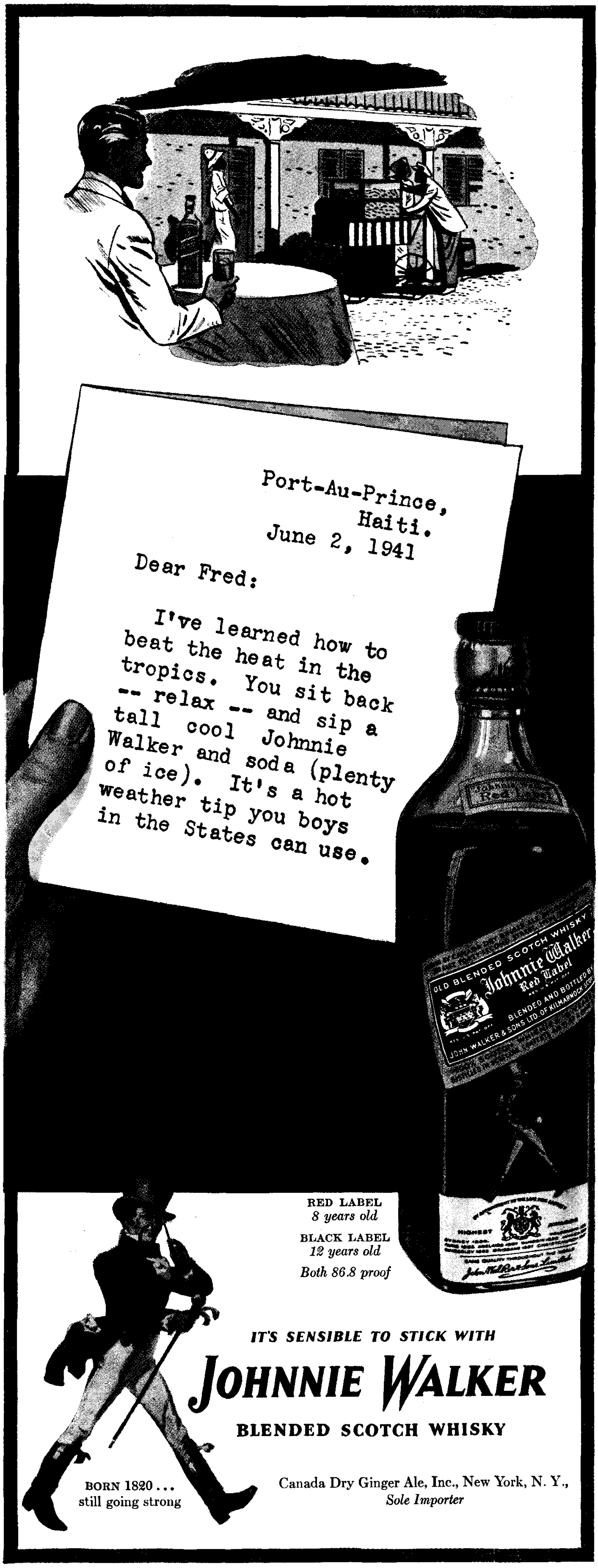
Does 4 jobs at once


Port-Au-Prince,
Haiti.
June 2, 1941

Dear Fred:

I've learned how to beat the heat in the tropics. You sit back -- relax -- and sip a tall cool Johnnie Walker and soda (plenty of ice). It's a hot weather tip you boys in the States can use.

Johnnie Walker
Red Label
Old Blended Scotch Whisky
Blended and bottled by John Walker & Sons Ltd. of Kilmarnock

RED LABEL
8 years old

BLACK LABEL
12 years old

Both 86.8 proof

IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BORN 1820 ...
still going strong

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.,
Sole Importer

he half sat, half leaned in the trench with us. My escort, a British staff captain, translated for us. Gunther was a lance corporal in the signal corps and he'd been in an advanced enemy observation post when he was taken. He wore the cotton gray-green field uniform of the regular army and he was an ordinary conscript, which means just an average German who'd reached maturity under Naziism. His gods were Hitler and Hess. He wanted most to talk about Hess.

Gunther had heard on his wireless one night that Hess had lammed, as they say in Chicago, to Britain. He was puzzled by that. Hess, the super-Nazi, first in the hearts of German youth, had deserted Hitler, and Gunther knew there must have been good reason. He said he was bewildered and that his comrades had been shocked by the news, too, but he insisted morale among the troops was excellent.

Sand Gives You Gyppy Tummy

Gunther had a broad Berliner's face with light brown hair. His chin was downy, his face smooth and brown and he'd been much in the sun. He said he hated the desert. He said all the Germans hated the desert. He poked his right foot into the sand in the bottom of the trench while he talked of the desert and I saw he wore rubber-soled canvas shoes with leather trimmings around the tops and where the laces go. You need stout, heavy-soled leather in the desert.

Then of his own accord he returned to the subject of Hess. "*Ich kann es nicht verstehen,*" he said. You try to be very gentle in talking with prisoners and try not to ask embarrassing questions, but I couldn't help asking him what he thought of Hitler. There was no resentment at the question. Gunther was thoughtful. Up to now he said Hitler had been wonderful, "*Schoen.*" But as for the future Gunther didn't know. "*Ich habe ein wenig Angst,*" he said, which I thought sounded as though he was anxious about the future. An orderly brought Gunther a steaming cup of tea.

A group of Tommies had gathered at a respectful distance from the padre, the staff captain, Gunther and me, and they wanted to know what Gunther had said and when we told them that Gunther was worried about the future of Germany and that he thought Hess' desertion was a blow to Naziism's prestige at home they started to laugh but we stifled it before Gunther could become aware. The English treat their prisoners decently.

At that medical station there is the world's finest chef. Lots of things have changed about war. For one thing it moves now faster than it ever did before. Fronts roll forward or backward eighty miles in a day. But the bully beef hasn't changed. It's the same old corned willy and I hate corned willy especially with sand, and in the desert bully always comes with sand. With the unimaginative assistance of Baker, the batman, the escort officer and I tried hard to disguise the bully. We fried it, boiled it and mixed it with canned peas and tinned potatoes but it always tasted like bully--corned beef and sand. Only at the medical camp did the bully turn up in a new dress. What a lunch we had in the cool darkness of the mess tent!

I'd like to give that chef the Victoria Cross. Bully came smothered in onions, carrots, peas, potatoes and Yorkshire pudding and there wasn't any sand. Anybody who can keep sand out of the food in that stretch of purgatory known as the desert is a hero. Even when there's no wind your every slightest movement raises puffs of powder and it falls from your clothes into the cooking pots. After you've eaten your first peck you get something called gyppy tummy, which means Egyptian stomach and is a form of dysentery. These Tommy desert lizards who've been here for years seem immune to it. Doctors figure they've each eaten at least one hundred pounds of sand in their careers in the desert. And the generals figure that if the Tommies can take the sand they can take Hitler.

After lunch we walked across the white dunes to the clean beach. We dropped down on the cool, wet sand and took off our clothes and lay in the sun. The dunes hid the tents behind us and the war very suddenly dropped away in the past.

The captain talked about his wife in England and his nine-year-old son who rode so well. He could jump his pony and had a good seat. And I told him about my wife and sons and the fun we'd had in Bermuda the year before —Kathryn running down a green slope, her hair streaming blondly, the wind whipping her loose sports skirt as she chased young Tommy, who'd wandered off to the cow pasture where there was a petulant bull which didn't like young Tommy. And Sean, the older boy, climbing a calabash tree, and when we'd both finished bragging about our families the captain said, "When do you think it will end?" and I said, "I don't know." He said, "Hell," and we both turned over on our stomachs and fell asleep.

The sun was very red in the west when we awakened and the captain said, "How about a walk across the dunes?" and I said, "Okay, why not?" Our station wagon had stripped its gears on the tortured road up to Sidi Barrani from Mersa Matruh. That's where Antony had a date with Cleopatra once and where the captain and I had met earlier the previous day. We had nothing to do until somebody came along to tow us back to Mersa Matruh or another vehicle came to carry us forward. We'd just started off to explore the dunes when there was a shout from behind. It was the cockney voice of the medical camp's sergeant major, a man who called latrines "lattrynes."

Death in a Fountain Pen

"Oi say, sir," he shouted, "better not go up there. Them dunes is fair alive with mines, more than two hundred of them." And he told us about the money boxes and the fountain pens and the thermos bottles. The money box is a hand grenade about two inches in diameter and three inches high, with a rounded top. When new it has a bright aluminum color. When it lies in the sand a while it corrodes and looks like another lump of desert rubble. The Italians pulled the shims which activate the bombs and scattered them about just before they moved out of the coastal plain away from Sidi Barrani and beyond Sollum when the British marched to Tobruk last winter. The money boxes—they look like penny banks—don't explode unless struck or handled.

In the camp there were ten or eleven Tommies with feet or hands blown off by these bombs from having kicked them or picked them up.

You can drop your fountain pen anywhere on the desert now and it can be the finest, shiniest fountain pen in the world and it will lie just where you left it. The Italians—the British call them Eyeties—scattered lots of fountain pens about in their flight from Egypt. These explode with the same effective violence of the money boxes.

The third form of booby trap, the thermos flask, was the most ingenious of all. These were laid level on the ground and were actually thermos bottles containing a deadly bomb. If you're sufficiently foolhardy you can pick one up provided you hold it perfectly level. As soon as you tip the flask a mercury bubble inside makes contact between the explosive contents and if you're lucky you'll lose only your hands.

You have to be careful walking across the desert. There are other traps for boobs. Invisible bits of wire between two clumps of camel thorn which when tripped over detonate land mines. You learn to camel walk in the desert picking up your feet carefully as a camel does and setting them down in well-chosen spots.

Where Bombing is Intimate

It was nearly two miles across the desert from the hospital back to our own camp by the roadside and our crippled station wagon. They were unloading the ambulances when we'd left and the Irish colonel who commanded the medical station and his English surgeon captain and the sharp-featured Irish chaplain were busy all through the night.

It's very still in the desert at night and if the wind is right you can hear sounds for miles. Don't let anybody tell you the wounded don't cry. They don't maybe when you see them in hospitals after the scalpels have done their work, but it's different in the base hospitals just behind the lines when the fighting's been heavy. The heavy desert dew was falling as the captain and I squirmed, fully clothed and dirty with sand, into our sleeping bags, and there was no moon and across the bleak and stricken land there came the cries of the wounded—Germans and Italians and Englishmen who'd bounced and banged in ambulances twenty or thirty miles from the battlefield to the hospital.

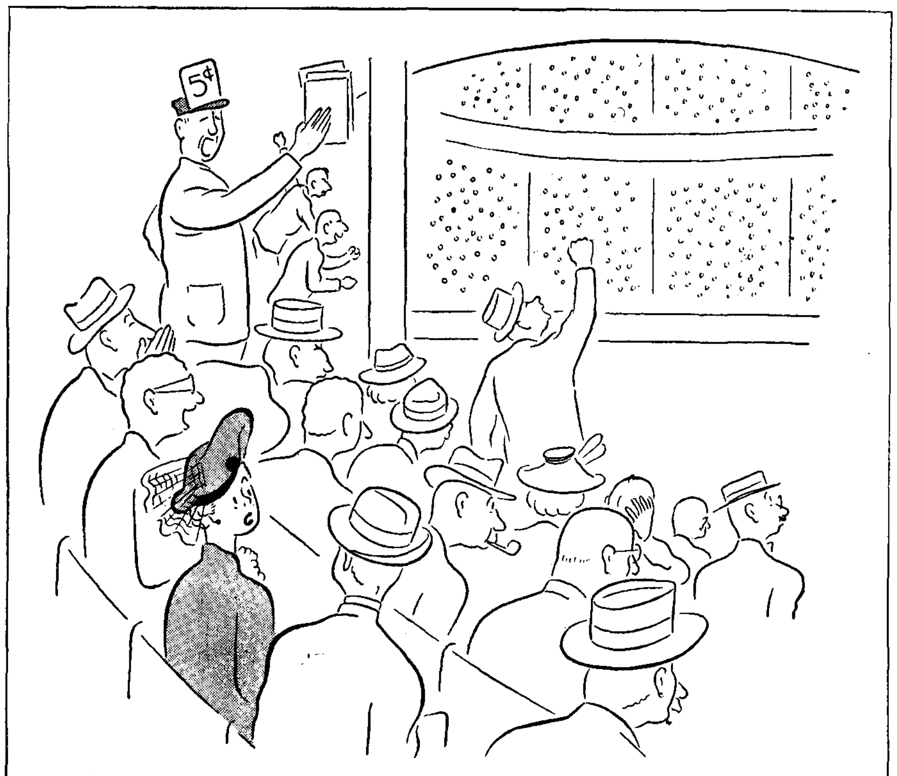
Something happens to you up forward, and the captain and I talked about it just before we dropped off to sleep. Being up at the front is like being in England, more particularly in London. It's only in London and in Halfaya pass where the Libyan escarpment drops six hundred feet to the sea and forms the main gateway between Egypt and Libya that the war makes sense. London is a front as are Halfaya pass and Tobruk and Sollum and the wastes of that waterless, treeless, blasted earth known as the Libyan plateau. In any of these places where Britons are dying for an idea the war makes sense; and wherever there is music and the brittle upper-octave laughter of paid women and champagne and butter and caviar it doesn't make sense.

Up forward what doubts you may have about the war quickly leave you. You share the mass effort of Englishmen to overcome an enemy and to survive his assaults with bombs and shells and machine-gun bullets. You hear a bomb whistle downward. Its piercing scream rises until it vibrates within you to the exclusion of all thought or emotion or other sounds and you know this one is for you. You wait and then it explodes not far away like the bombs in London, not next door but upon you and you feel the rush of sand over and the snarl and whine of shrapnel and then you know you are all right. You swallow and try to still the beating of your heart. You know you are all right when you can hear anything.

There's something intimate, personal and circumscribed when planes bomb a camp of ten tents. It's an intimacy with death you never feel in vast London. Here in the desert it's a struggle for survival and for victory and it is all as sane somehow and reasonable as a desperate game of chess. Here there is hate. It wells in your chest now and then and surprises you, but it's there. It's there until the impact with the enemy is over and the wounded and the prisoners come back and then, for a brief while in the slough of boredom and sweat and sand between attacks and counterattacks, you and the Germans and the Italians around you don't hate.

And then the planes come flying high as they did one night over Mersa Matruh. You are lying in your tent and you curse them in the sky. You clench your teeth and fists and wonder whether you should dive into a slit trench or remain in your sleeping bag, but whichever you do you say, "You swine, you damned swine!"

The captain on the camp cot beside me was snoring. Far away up forward bombs were dropping. I tried to count the distant, muffled bursts and very soon after that I felt my face wet with dew and the light in my eyes, as the batman rattled tins getting breakfast.



"What is it that you can't tell the players without a score card?"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

TRUCK-TRAILERS *Doubled* THEIR SALES TERRITORY!

Stokely's
HONEY POD PEAS
Stokely's
Van Camp's
PORK AND BEANS
Van Camp's
PORK
BEANS

But THAT WAS ONLY THE START OF THEIR PROFITS FROM TRAILER HAULING!

STOKELY-VAN CAMP, of Indianapolis, one of the world's largest canners of fruits and vegetables, bought their first Truck-Trailers in 1934. And immediately, they learned something important—*that Trailers would enable them to double their sales territory from each distributing point!*

Why? Because they could profitably *pull a big load* with a small truck...while a truck big enough to *carry* the same load would be unprofitable!

So now, Stokely-Van Camp use a fleet of 12-ton Fruehauf Trailers—pulled by economical 3-ton trucks—to carry produce to and canned goods from their 41 plants serving every corner of the United States . . . hauls ranging from "just around the corner" to 800 miles or more.

TRUCKS NEVER IDLE

They learned how to benefit still further. Trucks idle during loading and unloading were unprofitable..and on shorter hauls they were idle as much as half of the working time. So they adopted the "shuttle system"... one truck handles three detachable Trailers. Truck and driver are constantly busy . . . while they're pulling one Trailer, the second is being loaded and the third unloaded. And, although shuttling is sometimes considered as a short or medium-haul operation, Stokely-Van Camp uses it on runs as long as Indianapolis-to-Chicago.

Their executives say: "While loading and unloading our Trailers, we're not tieing up valuable trucks. You would not hold a locomotive on the siding while loading a freight car, would you?"

However much your hauling operations may differ, it's very likely that the Truck-Trailer method would be profitable for you, too! A Fruehauf transportation engineer will gladly study your job and advise whether you can use Trailers to advantage. Why not call him...today?

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY, DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities
Factories: Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Toronto

Freight shipped by Motor Transport doesn't wait for scheduled departures. It leaves when it's loaded... and it's never sidetracked.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"
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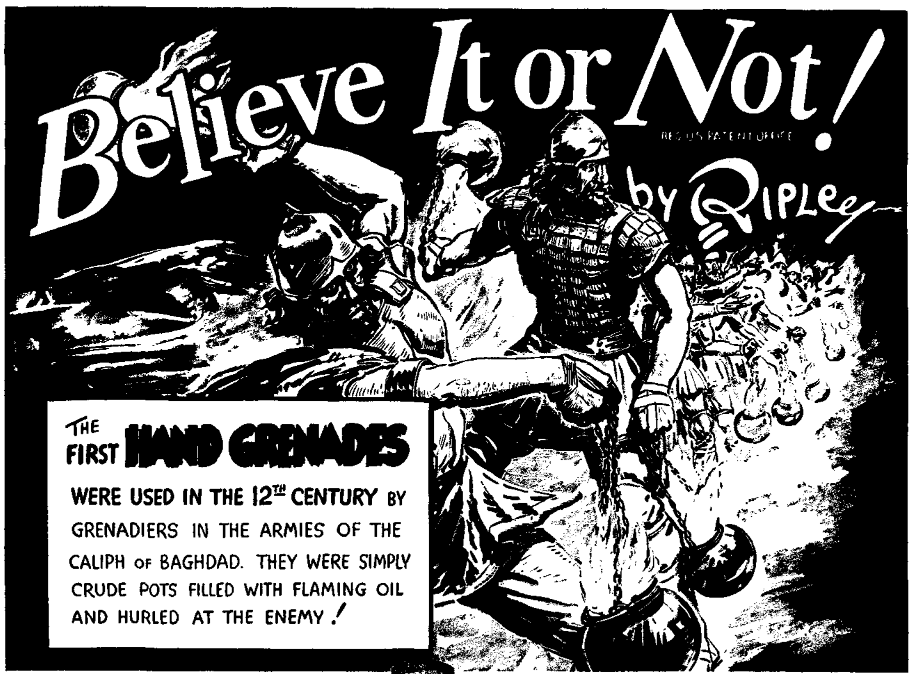
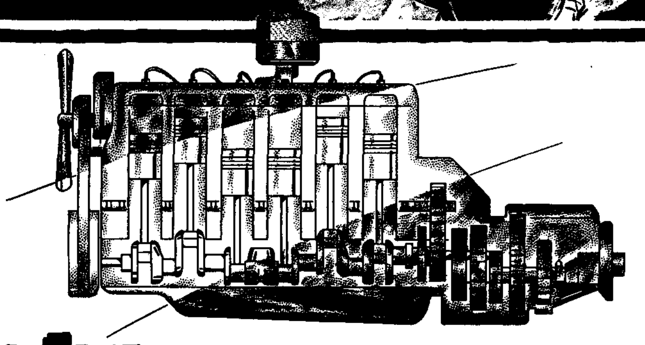


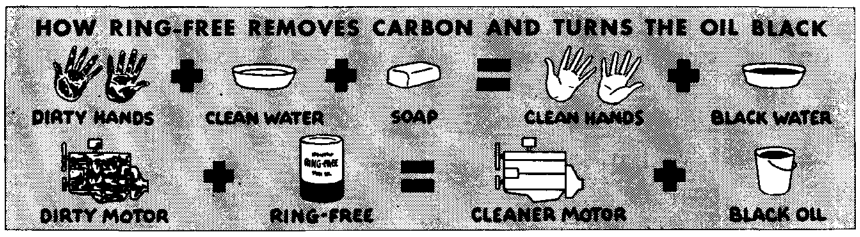
THE FIRST HAND GRENADES WERE USED IN THE 12TH CENTURY BY GRENADIERS IN THE ARMIES OF THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD. THEY WERE SIMPLY CRUDE POTS FILLED WITH FLAMING OIL AND HURLED AT THE ENEMY!



RING-FREE IS NOT JUST A ONE-TIME MOTOR-TONIC -IT'S A PURE OIL THAT CLEANS YOUR MOTOR CONSTANTLY-AS IT LUBRICATES!

Yes, it's true! Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil does remove carbon. It does overcome valve troubles caused by lacquers, gums, varnishes, etc. But this motor-cleaning process is constant and gradual. Ring-Free's main job is to reduce friction fast by thorough lubrication. It is not a carbon-cathartic. It removes carbon, frees the rings and cleans the motor constantly . . . as it lubricates. Therefore it should be used not once or twice but constantly. It's all oil . . . 100% lubricant! What's more, the Macmillan Petroleum Corporation guarantees that Ring-Free will not corrode or pit bearings or harm the motor. The little chart below shows how and why Ring-Free often "goes black" during the first fill or two. It's "cleaning house"... that's all.

HOW RING-FREE REMOVES CARBON AND TURNS THE OIL BLACK



MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL
Guarantee
MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL REMOVES CARBON
CLEANS THE MOTOR · SAVES GASOLINE
REDUCES WEAR · OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication.

TRY A FILL AND IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT RING-FREE IS DOING THESE THINGS YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED BY YOUR DEALER IMMEDIATELY

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The Thrifty Lubricant

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Every independent service station, garage or car dealer who sells Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil is authorized to back up this Guarantee. If, after the first fill, you are not satisfied that Ring-Free does the things we claim, your money will be refunded by the dealer immediately. Get a fill today!

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Shorty

Continued from page 16

cruise around looking for good young ballplayers who might be persuaded to enroll at A. & M. That's how he discovered Vic Tully. The varsity baseball coach filled Shorty's tank and sent him down to Whistling Rock.

Shorty fell all over himself contacting Vic Tully after the game. Young Tully was nineteen and lean and tall and powerful and he had just fanned seventeen opposing hitters. His fast ball was as live as a rattlesnake. He wasn't a bad-looking kid, either, with his curly dark hair and restless black eyes.

Sure, he'd like to come up to Westmoreland and pitch that summer for the Westmoreland town team and then maybe, if it could be arranged, enter A. & M. in the fall. But a hitch developed. The sponsor of the Whistling Rock team—he was the local druggist—accosted Shorty: "Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Slagle, but Vic gave me his solemn promise he'd pitch all summer for my team. If he left, we might as well fold up."

"Oh," Shorty moaned, because his mother or somebody had given him fixed ideas about the sanctity of promises.

"The guy's crazy," young Tully said. "I never made him any promises."

"In that case—" Shorty began, and then broke off to regard the druggist with righteous suspicion.

"The guy's crazy," Vic repeated.

"Okay, Vic," the druggist said. "I could have guessed it. You can't let a man down fast enough, can you, after he's outlived his usefulness to you?"

"I don't keep promises other folks make for me," Vic said triumphantly.

RIDING north to Westmoreland with Vic at his side, Shorty was jubilant. He'd sent Harrigan and Nagel to the majors, and other discoveries of his were doing well in fast minor leagues. But he'd never had a pitcher before; that is, a *real* pitcher. This kid was it. To be sure, he was wild as a rabbit—he'd shown that this afternoon—but he could be cured. Shorty would see to that.

They rolled into Westmoreland. "Any girls in this town?"

"I've seen one or two around," Shorty replied noncommittally.

Bighearted Dave Huffman ran the Westmoreland town team and also operated a lumber yard. He gave the kid a job in the lumber yard and pitched him on Saturdays. Shorty did his part, too. Vic's meals at the Kampus Kitchen were free and he slept in Shorty's room. In addition, Shorty had the kid out four afternoons a week, when the day's work was over at the lumber yard, teaching him control. And he was a hard taskmaster, Shorty was. Even when fatigue made the kid sulky, Shorty kept everlastingly dinning control into his ears.

"Bring your arm over farther, you dumb monkey. . . . That's better, kid. That's wonderful. . . . Now, again, and if the next three ain't in there you get no T-bone steak tonight!"

No turkey gobbler was ever prouder than Shorty when Vic held Westmoreland's chief rival to three hits. Dave Huffman beamed, too, and raised Vic's pay at the lumber yard, at the same time giving him less to do. Vic was running around now with Dave's sister and presently he left Shorty's room and went to live at Dave's house. This, too, was free.

"I like that kid," Dave told Shorty. "We've got this big, airy, vacant room and there's no reason Vic shouldn't have it. Boy, was he fast today!"

A prominent A. & M. alumnus agreed to do something about financing Vic through college. Shorty swelled up fit to pop. That was what he'd been counting on. He sat in a trance behind the counter in the Kampus Kitchen. He was lost in a dream of the future. Already he was watching Vic Tully mow 'em down in the majors.

Vic pitched hot ball all that summer. His only fault was a tendency toward an occasional bad inning. Then only, when the opposition bunched a few hits on him, did his old habit of wildness return. But it didn't happen often, and when it did Shorty would argue violently that the best of them had their off days now and again.

That fall Vic entered A. & M. He still took his meals at the Kitchen, and now and then he said, "I'll be paying you back one of these days, Shorty."

"Don't give it a thought. You'll pay me back when I see you tossing 'em in the big time."

"You'll see me, all right, pal."

In the spring Vic pitched the A. & M. frosh to the state freshman championship. He suffered only one loss, that coming when an opposing team suddenly filled the sacks on him with three solid base knocks. He went to pieces then and walked four men in a row.

The following summer he pitched again for Dave Huffman's team and roomed at Dave's and ran around with Dave's sister, Nora. His sophomore year he went up to the varsity and mowed 'em down again. Shorty wrote eleven letters to Tom Fitch and Tom finally came down in self-defense to see the kid pitch. And it was a scurvy trick of fate that he should come on a day when Vic suffered a bad inning after some guy had found him for a home run.

"He's got lots of promise, Shorty," Tom said in the Kampus Kitchen, "but he's got a lot to learn, too."

That summer Dave Huffman figured to make a bunch of money with his town team. Vic would not only win games for him, he'd be a drawing card second to none in that section. But Vic got an offer to pitch in an industrial semipro league a hundred miles south. Shorty and Dave went with him to the railroad station.

"Dave's been counting on you," Shorty whispered. "Don't want to change your mind?"

"Can't afford to," Vic answered. "Dave'll make out all right. This chance means too much to me."

LATER Dave confided to Shorty: "Him and Nora had a bust-up. I guess that's why he wanted to get away. Nora came in the other night crying. I don't know what the trouble was. Nora was good to him. I hope she wasn't too good."

"Ah, shut your mouth," Shorty said loyally.

He missed Vic the first month of that summer and he read over and over again every notice about the industrial league in which the kid was pitching. Then, after the first month, he didn't miss Vic. He didn't miss anybody. Instead of sticking to his knitting, he made the mistake of falling in love.

She was a slender, blue-eyed, intense little person and her name was May Lanning. She wasn't "glamorous." But there was a quiet, restrained loveliness about her that Shorty Slagle wouldn't have traded for all the glamor in the world.

May came from a hick town forty miles north. She'd taken a position as stenographer in the bursar's office at A. & M. Rooming just around the corner, she formed the habit of taking her meals in the Kampus Kitchen.

She was friendly enough but in a reserved way. She'd smile at Shorty and then forget him. But there came a night when she dropped into the Kitchen for a late dish of ice cream and a guy from downtown started to get fresh with her.

"Beat it, son, beat it," Shorty said.

The downtowner outweighed Shorty by at least thirty pounds and he was disposed to argue until he got a fair look at Shorty's eyes. He was no dumbbell. It took him less than a split second to realize that this was no routine bouncing. Sudden death looked out of Shorty's eyes.

"Thanks," said May Lanning, and all of a sudden wanted to say more and did it: "I've always admired a man who could handle a situation like that without knocking somebody in the head."

"Gee, th-thanks," Shorty stuttered.

"Won't you sit down while I finish my ice cream."

That did it.

When Shorty liked you he couldn't do enough for you. When he fell in love he was one for the book. Flowers and candy and magazines he gave her, and took her to shows, and placed his car at her disposal. She went home for week ends and Shorty sent her telegrams. He took her to ball games, teaching her the inside points of the game and telling her, too, about Vic Tully. He'd never been a great one for dances, but he discovered that dancing with May came under the head of life's special activities.

It took him the longest kind of time to corral courage enough to pop the question. Then, waiting for the answer, he came to know what the dictionary meant when it defined agony. There was no moon that night but a whole world of stars. Afterward he thought that possibly he'd have had time to count them, every one, before she spoke.

Finally it was over and the stars weren't quite as bright as they'd been. Her voice trailed away. It seemed, however, that he could still hear its reluctant echoes dying in the night.

"You wouldn't want to play at love, Shorty. You'd want me to be sure."

"It's all right, honey," Shorty said gently. "I can wait. I'm the best waiter you ever saw." That was it, keep your chin up. He'd just taken a high hard one for a called strike, but he was still in there swinging. "I can wait," he repeated. "Now look, Sunday I'll be busy. Whyn't you take my car and run up home to see your folks."

"You're a darling, Shorty," May said, and her eyes were wet.

TWO weeks later A. & M. opened and Vic returned. Shorty let out a gasp of surprise. The kid had grown an inch and put on at least fifteen pounds. He looked great, striding into the Kitchen. Also, Shorty saw with pleasure, he'd shed some of his rough edges.

"You've gone and taken on some class," Shorty kidded him happily.

Vic grinned. "The shortstop down where I was pitching has a couple of sisters. They go to school up north. I ran around with 'em a lot. I learned to dance."

Shorty snapped his fingers. "Dance? Say, that's fine. May Lanning—the girl I wrote you about—wanted to go to the dance at Sweetwater tonight. I can't take her. But you can. Take my car and you and her go. You'll like her, Vic, and she's been anxious to meet you. . . . Say, yonder's Dave Huffman. He'll be glad to see you."

"Why?" said Vic. "He was like a dog with a sore tail when I wouldn't pitch for him this summer. Gave me a pain. If he wants to see me—"

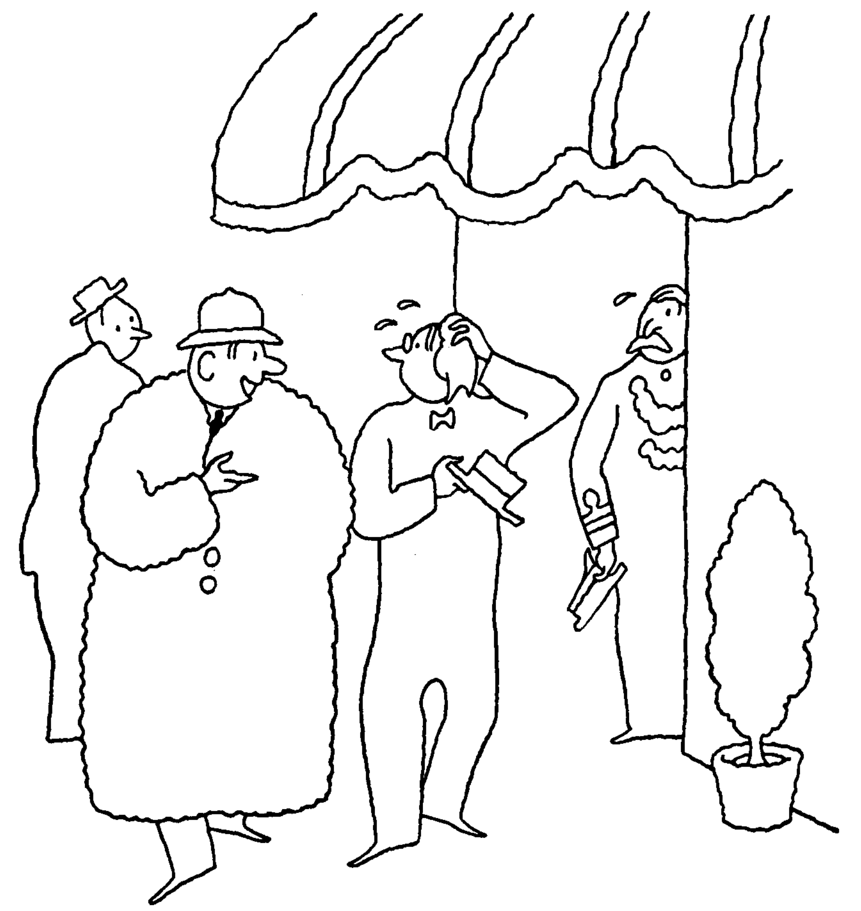
"Okay," Shorty broke in. "I'll go call May now."

Next morning, when May came for breakfast, he said to her, "The kid's great, isn't he? I knew you two would hit it off."

"You never told me he was so good-looking," May said.

"Guess I never thought of it. He's better looking, at that, than he used to be."

"He's a swell dancer, too, and he has a very nice voice. We sang all the way back from Sweetwater. He—he wants



"Not only is it loads of fun but it's cool. I've got it air-conditioned inside!"

GARDNER REA

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MORGAN DENNIS

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Whitey: "Um-m-m! And it's just within our reach!"

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The Scotch with Character

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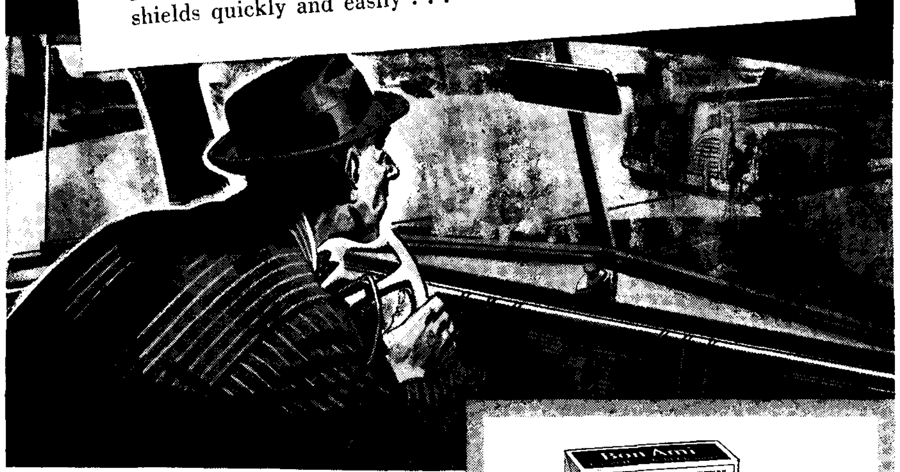

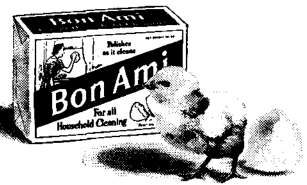

IT'S RISKY BUSINESS to drive behind a windshield clouded with "oily film"!

STOP INVITING ACCIDENTS! Oily film on your windshield catches dust and fogs your vision. It's dangerous—and unnecessary! For Bon Ami Cake cleans windshields quickly and easily . . . *polishes the glass crystal clear.* And it stays clean longer for there's no oily liquid film left behind to pick up summer road dust. Make it a safety rule to use Bon Ami Cake regularly.

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"hasn't scratched yet!"

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to take me to the dance downtown Friday night."

"I knew you two would hit it off," Shorty repeated.

"You—you hadn't planned anything for that night?"

"Don't give it a thought," Shorty said. "I've got to work on the books Friday."

Fall and winter slipped away. Shorty was busier than ever. But he didn't mind, because when he was too occupied to take May to a dance he could always depend on Vic to pinch-hit for him.

May didn't know it, but Shorty had taken an option on a cottage out past the A. & M. grounds, and he was working day and night salting the old dollars away. . . .

The baseball season opened and Shorty took May to the first game. Vic tossed a two-hitter. In addition he poled a home run and won his own game. Shorty almost exploded with delight.

"You're a lovable nut," May said impulsively. She looked at him, then looked quickly away. . . .

Vic won five games in a row. Then the team went on a trip and he had a bad day against Duke. After that, however, he settled back into winning stride; and after each game Shorty wrote a letter to Fitch, enclosing the box score.

But Shorty didn't see all those games. There were times when the team played at home that he was unaccountably absent. The boys began to inquire, and Shorty would say: "Where was I last Wednesday? That's the day Buckroe played Tech. I could've been over there scouting Buckroe for you guys."

"Didn't know you were a scout, Shorty."

"And you probably don't know that frogs ain't got wings. Look, you fellas, if you beat Buckroe in the big game two weeks from now you've got the state championship sewed up."

ALL but one day of the two weeks had passed and the Kitchen was crowded that night. A mob of students milled in and out. Half a dozen members of the baseball team lounged around one table, discussing the game next day.

"You can take those bums," Shorty told them. "I don't care if Buckroe does come up year in and year out with the best college hitters in the country." He smiled in a secret and special way. "You can take 'em, with Vic pitching."

"My pal!" Vic cried, and winked at his teammates.

They began to kid Shorty then. They wouldn't have hurt his feelings for anything under the sun, but they loved to kid him. "Is it true, Shorty, that the Yankees are going to put you in charge of their farm system?"

"They could go farther and do worse," Shorty snapped.

"I heard Bill Terry's going into the front office and wants Shorty to manage the Giants."

"Ah, tie a can to yourself," Shorty retorted. "You better be thinking about that Buckroe gang."

THE telephone rang and it was May saying she wanted to see Shorty. She would come down to the Kitchen in half an hour and wait outside in his car. She sounded nervous. Shorty walked back to the table. All the players had gone except Vic. Dave Huffman stood by the table.

"Look, Vic," Dave said, "how about coming out to the house for supper after the game tomorrow? You haven't been around since last year."

"I've got another engagement," Vic answered. "Sorry."

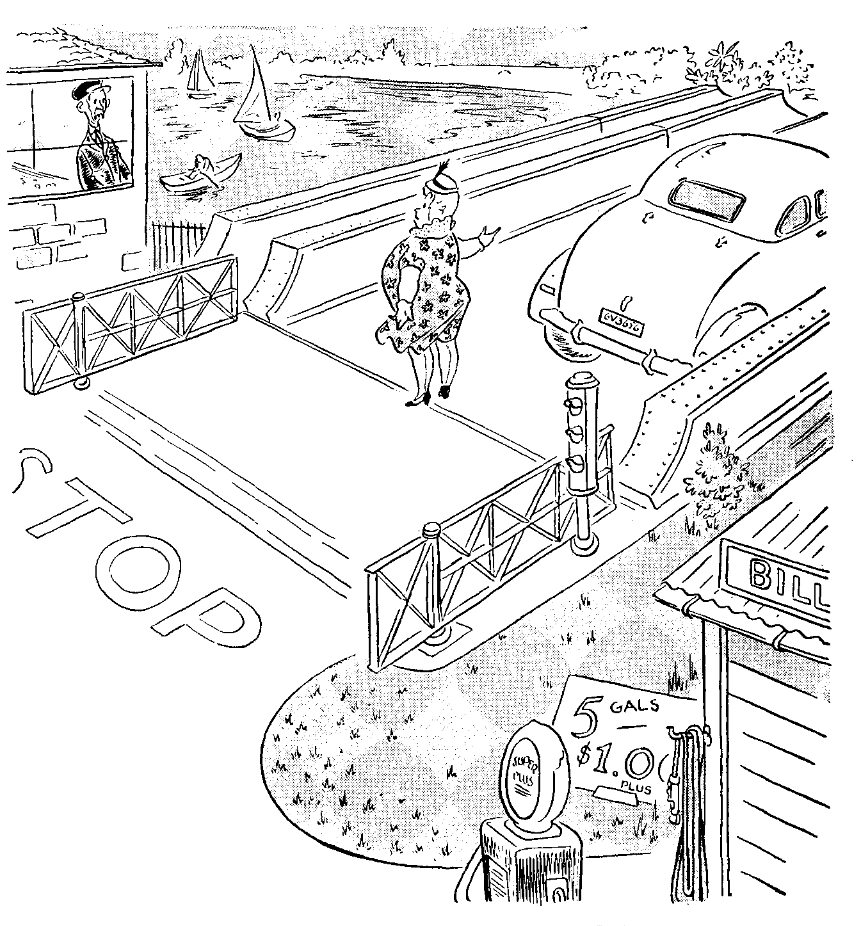
"Well—good luck in the game," Dave said. Vic made no reply and Dave walked out of the Kitchen.

Shorty felt curiously tense. Nora had sent Dave around to see Vic. She should have had more pride than that; but they did funny things, women, and you felt sorry for them. He knew Vic was all tightened up with excitement over that all-important game tomorrow. Still—

"It's none of my business if you don't want to see the girl again, Vic, but the least you could do would be to treat Dave with respect."

"I've got that game tomorrow to think about, Shorty."

That statement was just what the doctor ordered, so far as banishing Shorty's resentment was concerned. Once more



"I'm out of gas. Would you raise the bridge so I can roll back to the service station?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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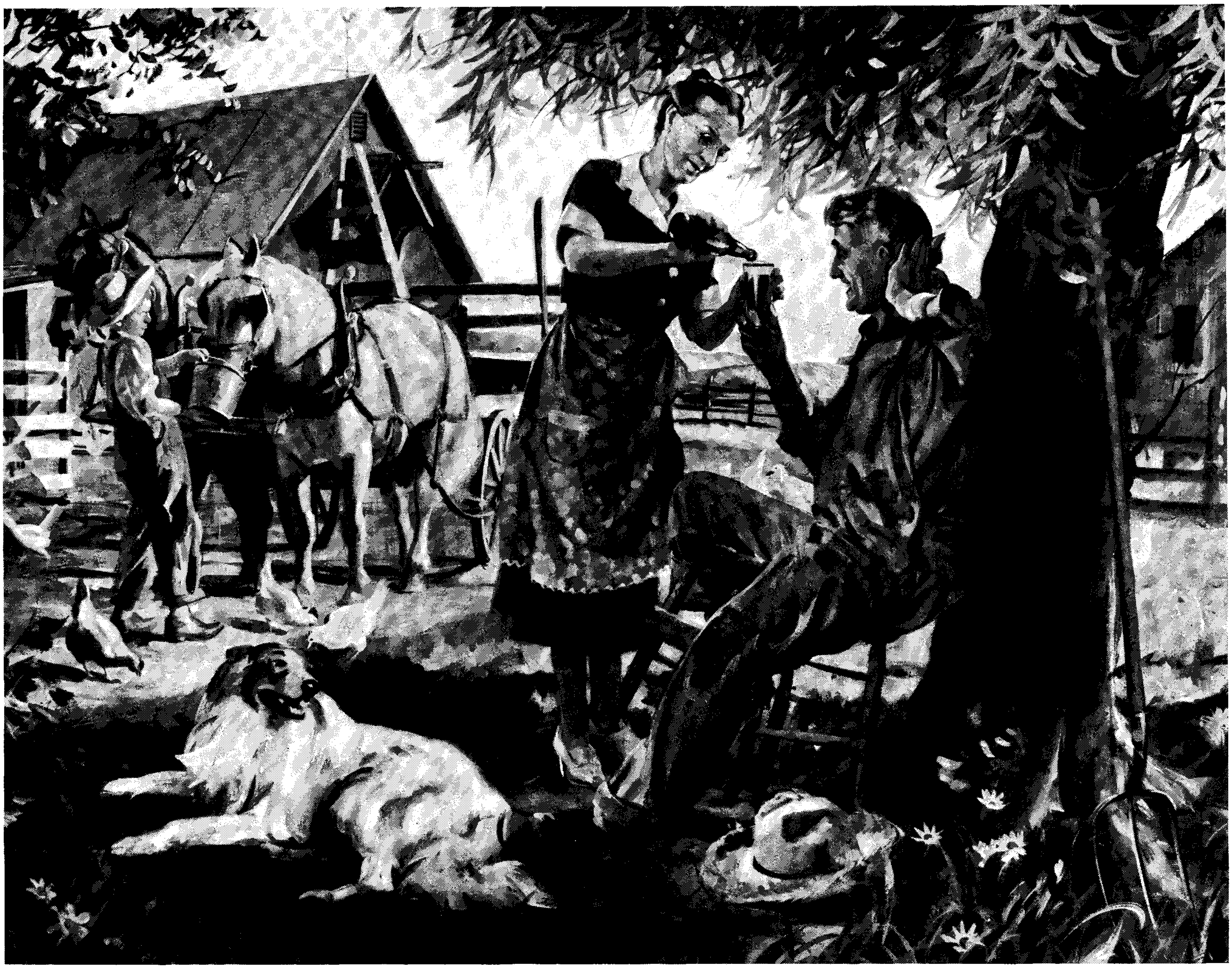


At the work-day's end, there's rest . . . in beer and ale

The haying is done . . . The shadows in the barnyard are long . . . It is good to sit down . . . With a smile of welcome, the farmer's wife brings him a glass of mellow beer . . . Her proud eyes say, "well done!"

Through the centuries, beer has been one of those modest rewards that men look forward to, at the end of the day . . . to bring refreshment to tired bodies, minds and spirits.

Beer can add a wholesome pleasure to the spare-time hours of the man who toils in the fields, labors at a bench, or works behind a desk. In summer's heat, it brings its grateful coolness. In winter's cold, it offers welcome warmth. It adds a touch of friendliness wherever good friends gather.

Brewed from golden grain and fragrant hops, beer is one of nature's kindliest gifts to men. Nourishing and appealing to the taste, beer and ale hold an honored place in the lives of those who are balanced, tolerant, and wise.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are co-operating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B7, 21 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

he smiled his special, secret smile. Inside his coat pocket his fingers curled lovingly around a little brown-backed memorandum book.

"Look, kid, I'm going to be busy a while, but you come back in an hour. I got something to tell you. I got something for you."

Vic wandered out. Shorty glanced at his watch. In twenty minutes he'd meet May. The crowd began to thin. But a big man with red hair strolled through the doorway and Shorty nearly jumped out of his skin. He rushed Tom Fitch to the last table in the back, snatched a couple of cans of beer from the icebox and dashed back to the table. Words tumbled from his lips.

"And," he concluded, "you don't have to worry about interfering with his college education. He's quitting after this year, anyway; he told me so."

When at last Shorty was gasping for breath, Tom Fitch got in his say: "I didn't come to scout your boy, Shorty. I'm following this Maguire in center for Buckroe College. Say! He offers at a ball like DiMaggio and he covers that center field like a tent."

"You ain't interested in my boy?"

"No, Shorty, I'm not," Tom said gently. "I saw him in that semipro league last summer and I saw him pitch against Duke this spring. Long as things are breaking right, he's got a real, live fast ball and a sweet curve. But you let two or three good batters in a row find him for solid hits and he blows. Your boy just hasn't got the heart and the guts, Shorty."

"You'll see!" Shorty said vehemently. "Tomorrow night this time you'll be eating them words."

TOM FITCH departed for his hotel. Still sitting at the table, Shorty drew out the little notebook. His fingers handled it with affectionate care. This—ah, this was a labor of love. For weeks now he'd been secretly slipping off to Buckroe to see the Buckroe games and in the little book was recorded the weakness of every batter on the Buckroe team. "With that information memorized," Shorty whispered, "Vic will stand 'em on their heads. Boy, will he be surprised to find out what I've been doing for him and the team!"

Shorty glanced at his watch and jumped. He'd forgotten May. She was sitting in his car when he reached the dark street and she was sobbing. It took her quite a while to tell him, but not once did he interrupt. Some inner voice kept saying to him: She likes you because you're jolly and safe and dependable and at the same time a funny kind of little bug, too. But she loves him—or thinks she does—because he's gay and reckless and exciting."

"I'm a heel, Shorty, a contemptible little heel."

"No," Shorty said. "No, it's not you that's the heel."

"You—you mustn't blame—him. He feels—"

"I can blame him for not coming to me instead of sending you. As for the way he feels, he just feels that he sees something he wants and the hell with everything else."

"You're being—unfair."

"I've just been dumb, that's all. But I'm a wise man now. I can tell you every jump he'll make in all the years he'll live. I know, for instance, what he'll do if Tom Fitch signs him. There was a little druggist down at Whistling Rock. There was Nora Huffman, and Dave Huffman, too. I'm next on the list."

"He didn't send me," May said. "I just thought—"

"You just thought it was the decent thing to do. I'll take you home now, honey."

"Please—please—"

"Please wish you happiness? Okay."

When Shorty entered the Kitchen again, Vic had returned and was sitting at the back table. Shorty stood a full minute in the doorway eying him grimly. His fingers touched the notebook in his pocket. "If it weren't for the team," Shorty muttered, "be damned if you'd ever see this little book now, my boy."

He moved quickly to the table where Vic was and sat down: "Look, kid, here's the state championship all wrapped up and tied with ribbon. I been scouting Buckroe for you and the boys. Right here in this little book is the weakness of every hitter in the whole blamed line-up. Like, for instance, King, the lead-off man, will break his back going after low, slow curves on the outside. Frame, the number-two boy, hates 'em fast and inside. Maguire, their big brag center fielder, gets smoke in his eyes if you shoot 'em outside high and hard. And so on down the line-up."

1
2
3
4
ERIC ERICSON

"Gosh, Shorty." Vic picked up the notebook.

"It's all there in black and white," Shorty continued triumphantly. Then he added with apparent irrelevance: "Of course, when you get to the big leagues, they'll give you a lot of dope, too; but you won't find big-leaguers with the same weaknesses the college boys have got. You beat it to your room now, Vic, and memorize this dope."

THE Westmoreland-Buckroe game of that year will be long remembered. For seven innings Buckroe got not even the fifteenth cousin of a hit, while a home run gave Westmoreland A. & M. the lead in the fifth. Tom Fitch sat in the stands and sent one little surprised cuss word after another. Shorty Slagle sat beside him and noted that Vic Tully pitched to King and Frame and Maguire and all the others just what the little brown notebook had prescribed.

In the eighth came Buckroe's only solid hit of the day, a double by the first batter to the plate. Tom Fitch grunted expectantly. But Vic, not having to use his own mental resources, just pitching from Shorty's book, retired the side without damage.

IN THE ninth, after two were out, a lucky handle hit and an error put runners on second and third, with the great Maguire coming to the plate.

"He'll blow now, sure," Tom Fitch said.

"He ought to," Shorty said. "But I don't think he will."

And he didn't. Vic reared back. It was nice pitching when you didn't have to use your own head, when the pressure wasn't on you. Nice, this pitching from a little brown notebook filled with that goof Shorty's laborious scrawls.

So he reared back. "Maguire gets smoke in his eyes if you shoot 'em outside and high and hard." Maguire got smoke in his eyes, all right. Three times. And went dragging on back to the bench, with the game ended.

"I'll sign him," Tom said quietly.

Shorty Slagle said nothing, just led the way to his car and drove it back to the Kitchen. Tom put in a long-distance call to his boss. Then he and Shorty, waiting for the call to come through, had a beer apiece.

"He still ain't as good as you think, Shorty, but he's too good not to take a chance on. . . . There's my call now."

Tom disappeared inside the telephone booth. Shorty sat wondering what to do. He didn't know what to think about Vic as a candidate for the big time. Maybe the boy could learn to work under pressure. He was young and might toughen in high-class company. "Suppose," Shorty thought, "I was to tell Tom what I know about Vic, about the druggist at Whistling Rock, about Nora Huffman, about May and me. Tom would think I'd turned against Vic out of jealousy. And maybe I have, at that. Suppose I told about the little book. Tom would say the club could give him the same kind of dope about batters, and it would work about as well.

"Then there's May. She loves Vic and I don't want to spoil her chance to marry a good provider. She'd marry him anyway—all the more if I talked against him. I guess there's nothing I can do but keep still. This thing has got beyond the place where I can do anything about it."

Shorty sighed and shrugged. Tom Fitch was still talking in the booth. Vic Tully came in and sat down in one of the stalls along the wall. Shorty looked at his watch. May Lanning came in on schedule. Shorty waved her back to Vic's booth, waited a minute, and joined them there.

"You had it today, Vic," he said.

"I had it, all right."

"He was wonderful!" May said.

"Fitch sent word to the gym for me to meet him here."

"I think he'll give you a try-out," Shorty said. "You'll have to be good."

"A cinch," Vic bragged. "Look, Shorty, here comes Fitch now. . . . Hiya, Tom. . . . Look, Shorty, Tom and I've got to talk business."

A fragment of a smile dusted over Shorty's face. He glanced at May and saw her mouth go suddenly tense and tight. "Okay, Vic," he said, "I'll beat it."

Presently Vic's shout rent the air. He was talking to no one in particular, just telling the world in general that he was going to be a big-leaguer. "Boy, oh, boy!" he shouted.

May spoke to him. Shorty didn't have any business straining his ears to overhear what May said. He should have started a spirited conversation with Tom Fitch, who had wandered up to the front.

"Shorty's fed you for three years, Vic," May said. "Don't you think—"

"Shorty? Oh, yes, I guess I ought to slip him something." With May beside him he strode forward to the counter and halted. A five-dollar bill appeared in his hand. It was the last half of a ten-spot Shorty had lent him three days before. "Here, Shorty, old kid, buy yourself an all-day sucker."

May walked outside with him. But she was a fast talker when she wanted to be and she was back in two and a half minutes. Around the counter she plunged, then stood perfectly still till Shorty reached for her and found her.

A FEW weeks ago Tom Fitch blew into Westmoreland and stopped in the Kampus Kitchen to pick a crow with Shorty Slagle. Mrs. Shorty, the former May Lanning, was present but soon excused herself and left the men to talk.

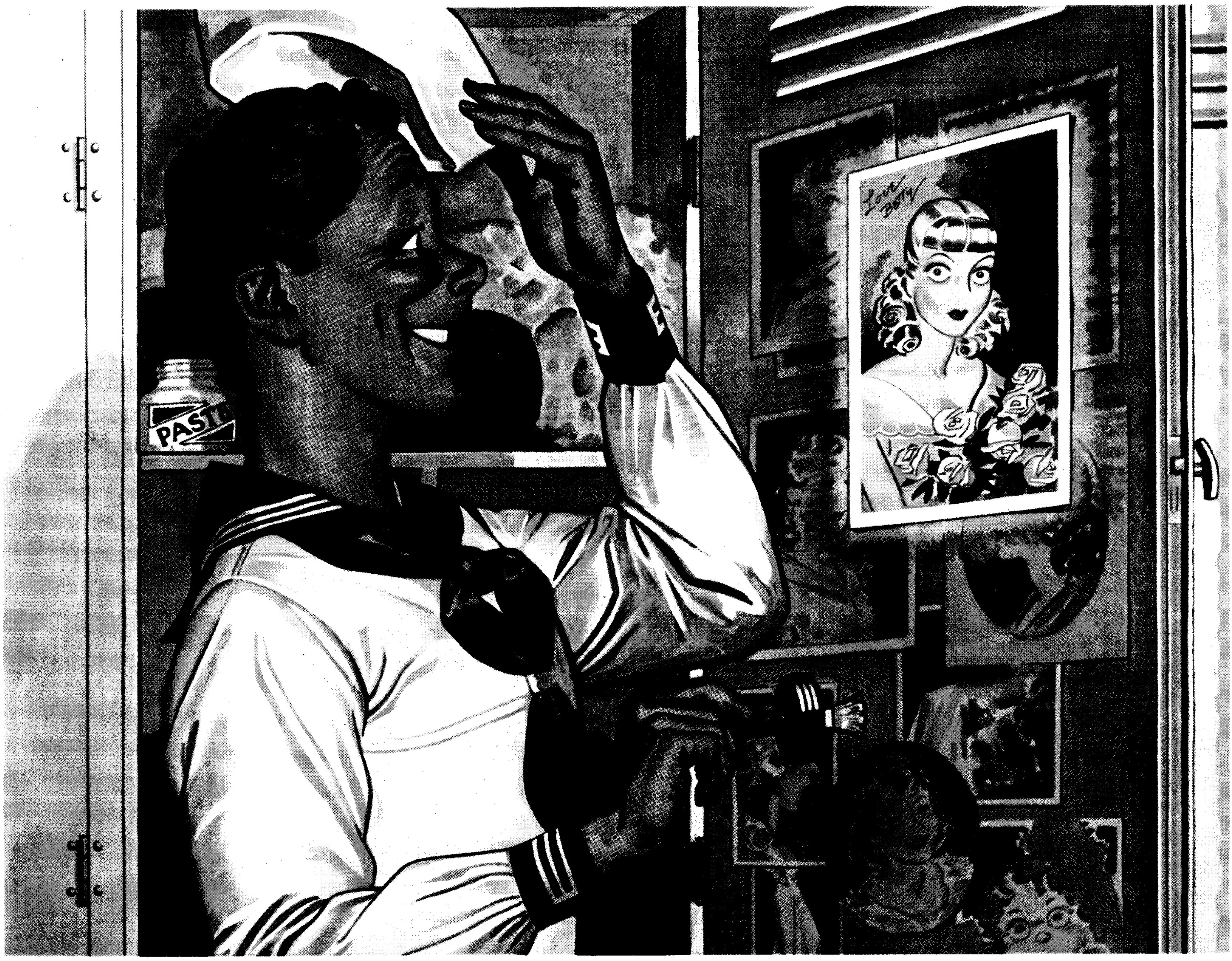
"That Tully of yours turned out to be the damnedest lemon, Shorty."

"Yeah. I saw where the club released him. He was good but he couldn't take it. You guessed it, but you didn't know it, and neither did I. He was so damn' good," Shorty sighed. "There's one thing maybe I should have told you. That day you signed him—that game he pitched—he was coached for every one of those batters. I'd scouted them, like in the big leagues, and given him their weaknesses. If I'd told you that what would you have done, Tom?"

"Hell, I'd have signed him. He looked too good. And what you did for him, we could do better. We did! It made no difference."

"I sent you Harrigan and Nagel," Shorty reminded him. "The club ought to forgive me one lemon."

"It was more my fault than yours, Shorty. I should have played my first hunch about the guy. You ever see Tully now?"



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Light up—and taste the difference! Get more pleasure from your Old Gold now that something new has been added. Buy a pack today!

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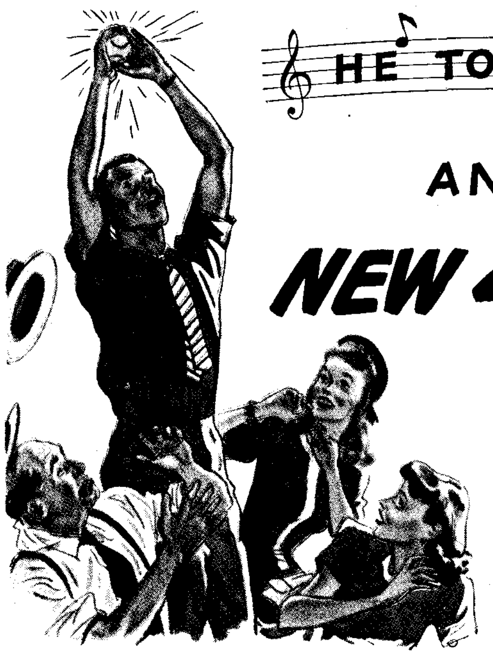
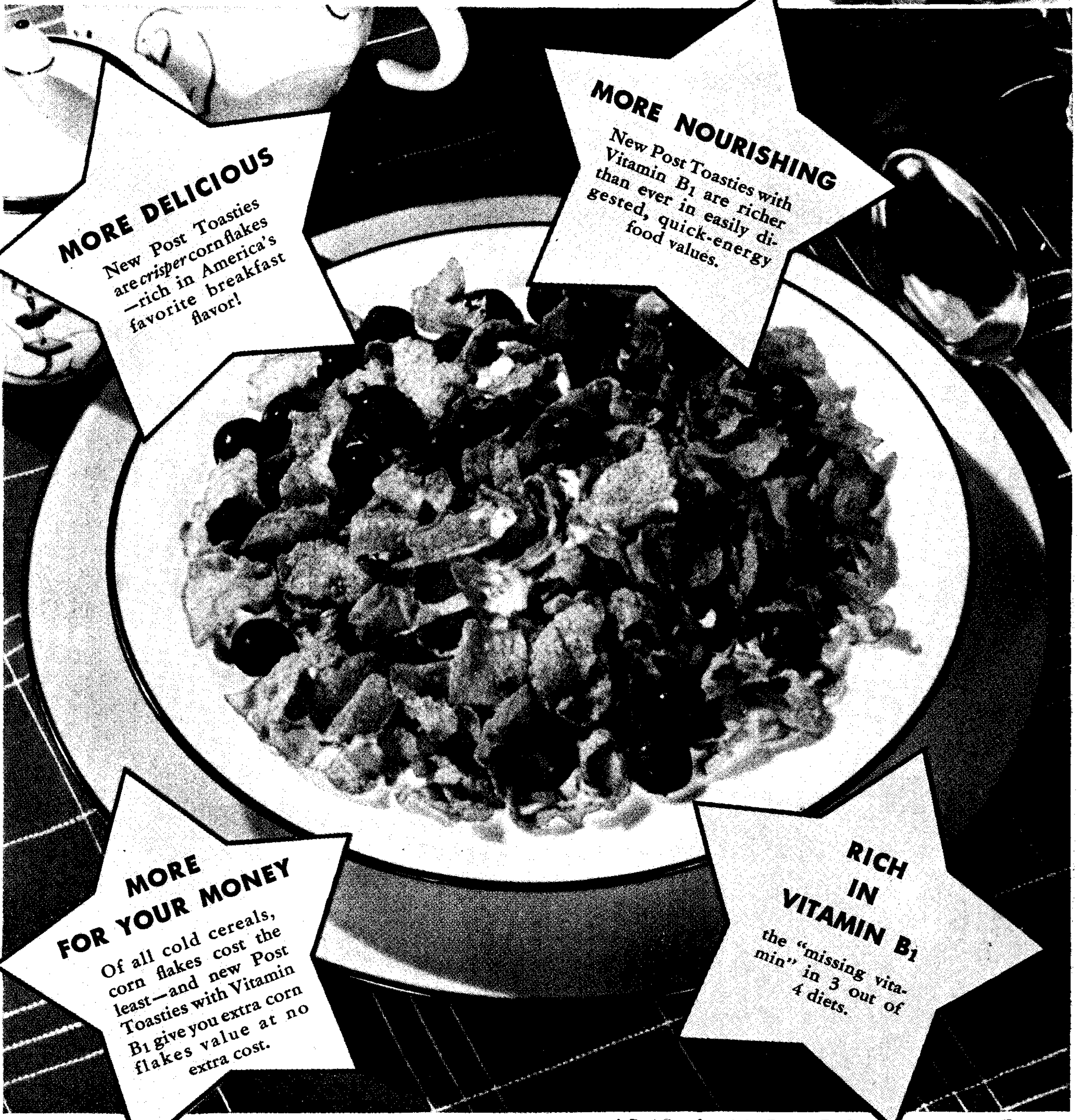


HE TOOK ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

AND I LEARNED ABOUT THIS

NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!



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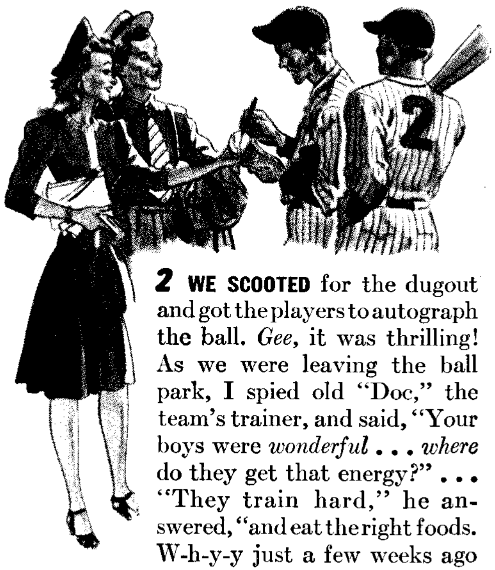
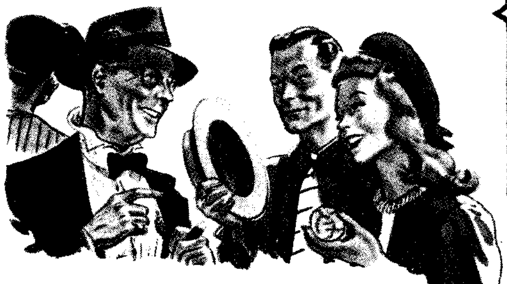
the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

1 WHAT EXCITEMENT we had at the ball game last week! Our team was three runs behind in the last half of the ninth inning. Our best hitter came to bat with the bases loaded. *Smack* . . . he hit the ball straight at *us.* Quick as a flash, Nick—he's my husband—jumped up and caught the ball as it zoomed into the stands for a *home run!* The *winning* run . . .



2 WE SCOOTED for the dugout and got the players to autograph the ball. *Gee,* it was thrilling! As we were leaving the ball park, I spied old "Doc," the team's trainer, and said, "Your boys were *wonderful* . . . *where* do they get that energy?" . . . "They train hard," he answered, "and eat the right foods. W-h-y-y just a few weeks ago we discovered a *swell* breakfast treat . . . Post Toasties . . ."

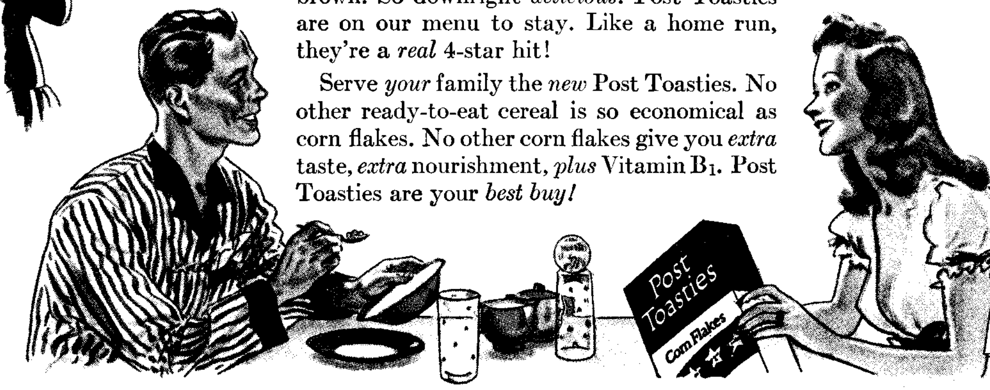


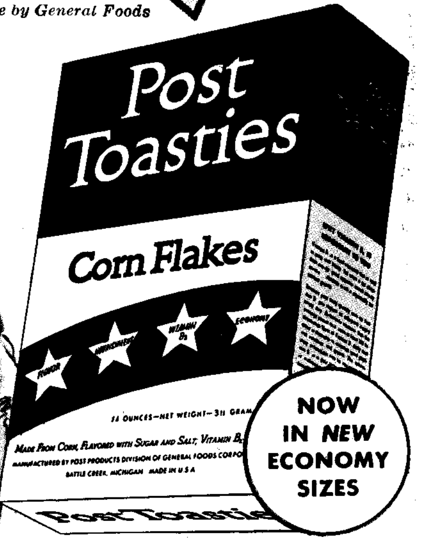
3 "YOU SEE, MA'AM," he explained, "Post Toasties give you Vitamin B_1, the element so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite. Food experts tell me it's the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily food. And Post Toasties are now generously enriched with it . . .

"But that's not all. Post Toasties have a *swell* corn flakes flavor. They're *much* crisper, *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that give our boys the quick-energy they need to play championship baseball . . ."

4 ON THE WAY HOME I got some Post Toasties. Nick and I just couldn't wait till morning to taste them. We had 'em that night for a snack. And were they GOOD! So crisp and golden-brown. So downright *delicious.* Post Toasties are on our menu to stay. Like a home run, they're a *real* 4-star hit!

Serve *your* family the *new* Post Toasties. No other ready-to-eat cereal is so economical as corn flakes. No other corn flakes give you *extra* taste, *extra* nourishment, *plus* Vitamin B_1. Post Toasties are your *best buy!*





NOW IN *NEW* ECONOMY SIZES

ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

Panzer Diary

Continued from page 10

farm the road skirts. The buds are warm and sturdy on their branches, with a promise of life beginning; while on the narrow mounds near by there is settled already the impersonal face of life ended. You think you will like to remember those trees in years to come as sentinels without rancor for the young invaders whose graves are covered now with the tender green mist of the first of the many springtimes they will never know.

The second night you halt at Jagodina, deep in old Serbia. It was a vicious fight here between Serb infantry in the streets and German planes skimming the roofs, and unique in that no bombs seem to have been dropped. All machine-gun holes in the iron shutters and house walls bite downward. Most of the civil population, scattered through the hilly countryside, has not returned. Signs warn German soldiers to respect deserted property. You actually see broken shop windows littered with candy and souvenirs lying free to hand but untouched. Another sign warns if German army telephone or telegraph wires are cut the ten people nearest the place will be shot. War is no fooling in these hard fastnesses. Have you ever stayed in a town of, say, 20,000 in which doors stand open and shutters bang with no hand to fasten them? A city in which there's no sound of children playing in the streets or dogs barking?

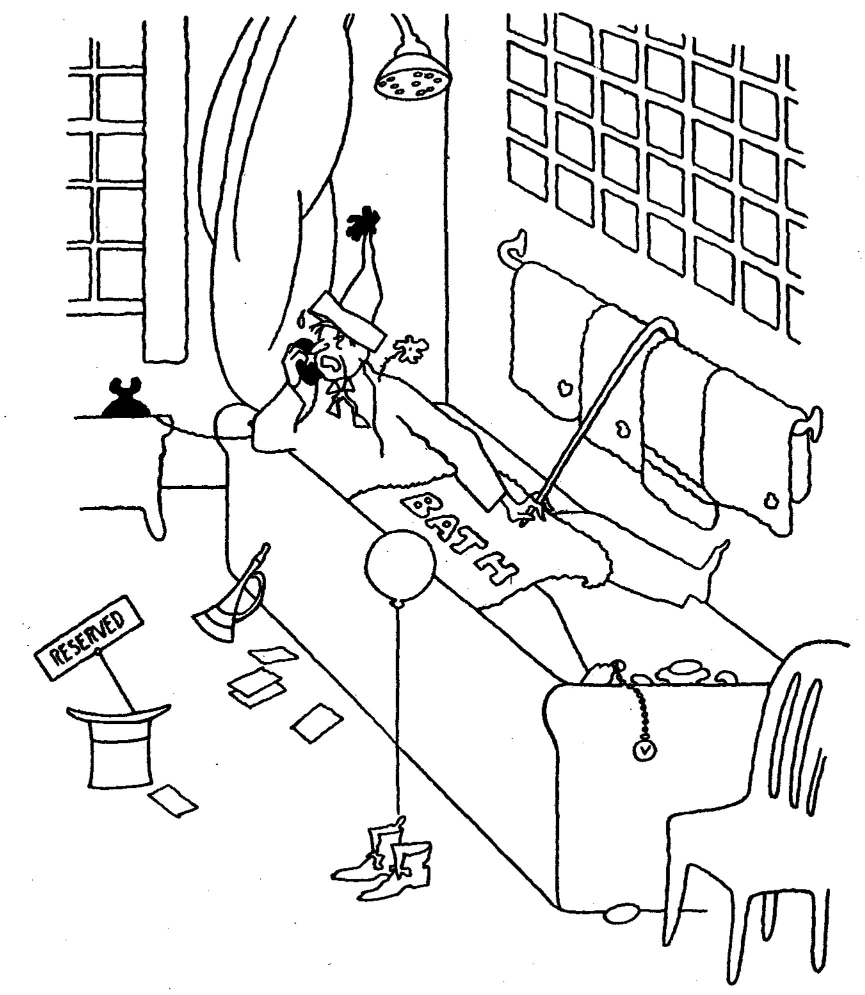
The Good Earth

It is raining and bitterly cold and you are jittery and depressed as you prepare in this remote Serbian mountain place to sleep on the floor of the schoolhouse. You think of your friends in the States, about now settling down to their five-o'clock cocktails and pretzels. Probably telling one another you're a lucky guy—you go places and see interesting things! As for instance, all these bare, unwashed *Deutsche Soldaten Füsse* peeping from under blankets in the light of the sentry's dim candle—and those Balkan superfleas waiting patiently in the straw for you. One comforting feature: there will be none of the dreaded *Wansi* or renowned "Balkan Eagles" here. You call them bedbugs. They don't like straw. That reconciles you to the straw.

The German soldiers look upon the sleek, northern plains of Yugoslavia with amazement. When the columns halt some men jump down and run into the fields. They fist the tilled earth, rub it under their thumbs. *"Schön!"* they exclaim. *"Schwarzer Boden! Sehr Gut. Schwarzer Boden."* Their peasant eyes are brightly excited over this rich blackness, this obvious fertility that is unknown in their homeland's thin soils.

Through modern years the indifference of Germany's domestic agriculture has been one of the important background factors of her restlessness among the nations. Also one of her essential weaknesses. Now all the way down Europe to beyond the first Macedonian passes into Greece you see fine growing and forest lands—scores of thousands of square miles of good earth being laid open by the peasants' bullocks for this year's seeding. In Greece there's citrus and olive and vine culture on every hand and general farming in the narrow valleys, providentially or manually watered, and endless herds in the granite-fanged uplands. You know, of course, that in all these Balkan hills lie abundant mineral resources for war and industry. "Add all this to Poland and the west," one officer remarks thoughtfully, "for proof Germany can't be starved out this time. Vitamin diplomacy, as we call it now, will be just as futile against us as it would against the United States. Any nation or combination of nations that means to beat us will have to do it the hard way."

All through Serbia, Bulgaria, Macedonia you get a vivid, sometimes odorous, colorgraph of one of the major political and social problems of Europe. Racial minorities. If you did a conscientious job of segregating the hues in this Balkan human paint bucket, putting frontiers between them, you'd have a map decorated with a billion pigtails. If Hitler's great plan for the resettlement of Europe is ever applied here on a full scale, moving day in the Balkans will likely affect every man, woman, child and goat. You see all kinds from purest blond Aryans to sootiest Levantines. Now a spotless, orderly German village—is there one corner of middle or eastern Europe without a German minority?—and then the next town on the road a squalid, livid Oriental hutch. You are reminded of the famous one-sentence description by an American correspondent in the last war: "The Balkans ought to be the most fertile place on earth—they're knee deep in fertilizer." There's no melting pot here, only a witches' cauldron; no coagulation of north and south blood and only a little of east and west. Yet ambitions for autonomy live, breed and glow in every mud-colored pool, and prides and prejudices burn with an intensity you cannot know back home. In the illiterate Serbian back country, for instance, there's a custom among white peasants of sealing up their daughters in hillside caves on the autumnal eve of their marriageable spring. Provisions for comfort are made; work, food, warm clothing, heating material and sanitary necessities being passed through a small hole. The idea is that by spring, when the girls are released from confinement, they will have bleached out the sun and weather tan and their white blood will be proved visibly for the benefit of prospective suitors.



"I don't care how sleepy my voice may sound. I'm not still in bed"

GARDNER REA

"Here Come the Tommies"

Hordes of Serb prisoners trudge dismally along under guard to one side of the road, and the Panzer soldiers pay no more attention to them than to goats. But suddenly you feel a current of excited interest running up the Panzer column even before you hear a shout carried back: *"Hier kommen die* Tommies." There's a general standing up in each truck, scout car, tank and a craning of necks. Along come three captured British and one Greek truck loaded with Australians. The Germans and Australians stare at one another gingerly as if at creatures from different planets, as if each half expected the other not to be familiar human types at all. If there's a halt the strange embarrassment melts, the Germans gather around for a close look and there's grinning on both sides and halting experimentation with languages. At Nis—pronounced Nish—Serbia, you encountered the first British prisoners, 250 of them, mostly Anzacs with a few South Africans and one Englishman. They were the rear guard captured at Florina. The German officers give you permission to interview them, but the Australians remain cagey. Maybe you're American, maybe not. They're a fine, upstanding lot but it is obvious they're disgusted as they look askance at their Balkan surroundings and Serb fellow prisoners. Finally one blue-eyed private from Kensington, Australia, blurts out: "What was the matter? Hell, we had it just too easy against the Italians in Libya—what you Yanks call a pushover. It spoiled us for the tough game."

The German officer tells you admiringly, "The Serbs are no trouble. They don't want to escape. But those Tommies! You've got to watch them every minute or they're over the barbed wire."

It's the Greeks, however, who really furnish this campaign with its most extraordinary touch. The Croats, Macedonians and Greeks are disarmed, then freed on Hitler's orders as fast as they are captured. In this Athens push we see only the Greeks with the heat and weariness of battle still on them. A few hours ago these swarthy little men would have shot you, now they bum a cigarette or a crust. Only the heartbroken Confederates of our own Civil War and the forsaken grenadiers of Napoleon's Grand Army after Moscow, streaming home on foot from the redoubts of their vanished dreams, could match in modern times the tragedy of these Greeks walking home from a war they won, yet lost. Day after day you see them wandering across a classic landscape of green bottom lands studded with Lombardy poplars, of slopes etched by cedars and hemlocks and olive groves, of snow-capped mountains and storied passes; until even the roar of the Panzers cannot withhold from your inner hearing a remote echo, nor their dust obscure from your imagination a faded picture of two thousand years ago. In the square of every village, in the shadows of bomb-ravaged walls, they sit like brown clouds of migrating sparrows through the noon heat. The German soldiers let as many as possible climb aboard the Panzers and supply trains moving back from the front.

Parade of the Conquered

A few ride on asses or in carts. Occasionally you meet an officer in his Britishlike uniform, crouched just behind the donkey's ears while the rest of the animal's back is piled high with luggage—including even trunks. But the lucky who ride are few in number. The whole map of Greece is crisscrossed with lines of walking, limping, crawling men. Morning, afternoon and all through the night they plod in silent, moody files beside the roads. Sometimes you can see only their heads bobbing along over the tall grass. Sometimes on the soft earth of the plains they trudge in rutted paths that scores of thousands of feet have worn knee-deep. The lines move in both directions, while at right angles thin straggles cross the roadless fields toward out-of-the-way villages. They don't follow the road's spirals up the mountainside but take short cuts from lip to lip, and on top you find them again sunk in exhaustion or bathing their feet in streams. The majority have all their equipment, including blankets, and most have staves cut from thorn bushes to help them up the steep, rocky ways. Some have good shoes but of those many are worn and flapping. Some have only rags on their feet, while others with great festering sores hobble along barefooted. There's no arrangement for feeding these sad wanderers. In each village the entire population turns out and gives bread until there's no more bread. It is an everlasting tribute to Greece that her sick-hungry, sick-desperate soldiers have resisted the precedent of history to form robber packs.

(To be concluded next week)

"HAVE A PIPEFUL OF MY TOBACCO"

WHY IS IT that men who travel on the Pullmans would never think of saying to a stranger: "Try my shaving cream"—or: "Have some of my toothpaste?"

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MEN TELL US that those words "Have a pipeful of my tobacco" are almost an **EDGEWORTH** trademark.

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MARTINI & ROSSI

The Strong of Heart

Continued from page 14

discovered; you have eight square kilometers to land in. By keeping the loop of the river on your right, you will surely reach this road. Follow it until you get here, and cut across to here—"

"That's a quarry, sir."

"Exactly, I see that you do know the ground. Someone will be waiting for you, to whom you will deliver a package entrusted in your care upon taking off—"

"Explosives, sir?" Ruhault's eyes widened.

"No, my dear chap—" The major chuckled: "Pigeons."

"Pigeons?"

"A dozen pigeons. Carrier pigeons, you understand? The Hun is constructing something or other in a cove, three miles from the bridge. Probably nothing more than barges. But we're interested. What it is—that's not your job to find out. We have two or three good volunteer agents. But it may be important for us to know immediately if a move is made. Radio messages can be intercepted, as we discover, sets discovered, seized. Pigeons, the oldest method, often prove the best."

"That's all I have to do?"

"Practically all. The man who meets you will tell you where to go, and you will be helped from place to place to an embarkation point for England. The service is subject to changes without notice"—the major smiled—"but works very well. Fortunately for us. You have not been home for a while? You will travel mostly at night, and few people will see your face clearly."

RUHAULT produced a photograph of himself, showing a large, round-faced lad of twenty. The major contrasted this snapshot with the man before him.

"You haven't been home since this was taken?"

"No, sir. You see, I went to Algeria, and stayed two years. Then I volunteered for Syria out of turn, had no chance to get leave home. I landed at Marseille on the eighth of May, and was supposed to get a week home. But you know what happened on the eighth. I was sent to the front. Then I crossed to England."

"You've changed."

"I have grown, sir, and I've served in Syria. I've been sick, at times—wounded once. And I have seen my country defeated."

"Yes, that can't have been very cheery." The major lowered his eyes, offered the Frenchman a cigarette, cleared his throat and went on: "Whether you wear a uniform or not, if the Germans spot you, you'll be arrested. They have a very careful system of checking up on civilians. So it won't hurt to wear a British uniform. You will be supplied with the proper papers. So that if you are caught, you will risk detention, that's all."

Ruhault smiled bitterly. "Oh, if I am arrested around my home, there will be some dog or other to tip off the Boches. There are swine who'll do anything for a hundred francs or a favor to the guys on top."

"Precisely what I was going to speak about. Do not reveal your origin, do not admit understanding patois." The major hesitated then added: "I have noted your name and the address of your parents. In case anything unfortunate occurs, we shall not forget."

The plan had been carried out point by point. Ruhault had parachuted into the darkness, landing safely in a field. He had rolled up his chute, according to instructions, and concealed it in a hollow tree. At the appointed place, his first faint whistle had brought out the volunteer agent, who had taken the crate of pigeons. By dawn, Ruhault had been hidden in the attic of a farmhouse, where he had spent a comfortable day.

Tonight, another man had led him to the river, they had crossed in a rowboat. In another farm, a newcomer had joined them: Flying Officer Wyllis. His plane had crashed near Rouen. With a will power incredible in a man of his soft appearance and gentle speech, he had been on his own for three days and four nights, working patiently toward the coast. A peasant found him asleep under a hedge and had supplied him with shelter, food, and later, guides.

He appeared to make it a point to be as unconcerned as his guides, evidently, for he conversed as he walked: "How strong is that post down the road?"

"Maybe thirty men. But they gather quickly. The other night, when some of your planes flew over this region, they had more than a thousand men around here in less than an hour. With antiaircraft cannon on automobiles." Suddenly, he broke off, and said quietly, "We better sit down. Here's a patrol."

He settled behind thick bushes, and the two others imitated him.

Ruhault remembered having seen this chap in peacetime: A sort of tramp, who did odd jobs—a bit of spading, trimming of trees—and poached to supply near-by inns with game out of season. There had been nothing heroic about him at any time, and yet here he was, cool and quiet, risking his life casually.

The faint chugging of motors swelled to a roar, a bright light slashed through the trees. . . . The light swept on along the road, the motorcycles hurled by very swiftly, chugged away, vanished.

"Sixteen men," the officer said. "Usual number?"

"About, monsieur. But they have six light machine guns, and they know how to use them."

They waited a few minutes, then risked crossing the broad road. They climbed an embankment, scaled a stone fence, walked through an orchard. Ruhault was panting with anxiety. They seemed heading for his father's farm! He was torn between hope and grief. If his parents recognized him, there would be a scene. But what could he do? He could not have foreseen that his folks would be mixed up in this business. They were quiet people, who had discouraged his venturesome career. His father did not even mix in local politics: "Brings you nothing but bother."

His father had had four years of war, 1914-1918, and always said he would not risk his hide for anything or anyone. And his mother had been an avowed pacifist. They certainly would not approve of his continuing to fight.

THEY were out of the orchard. They passed the big barn, the shed where the machines were stored. The guide picked up a handful of dirt, which he tossed against an upper window. The third handful produced results. The window opened with a creak, and a cautious voice queried:

"Who the devil are you?"

"This is Gervais, old man."

"I might have known it. What d'you want at this time of night?"

"I've some company for you."

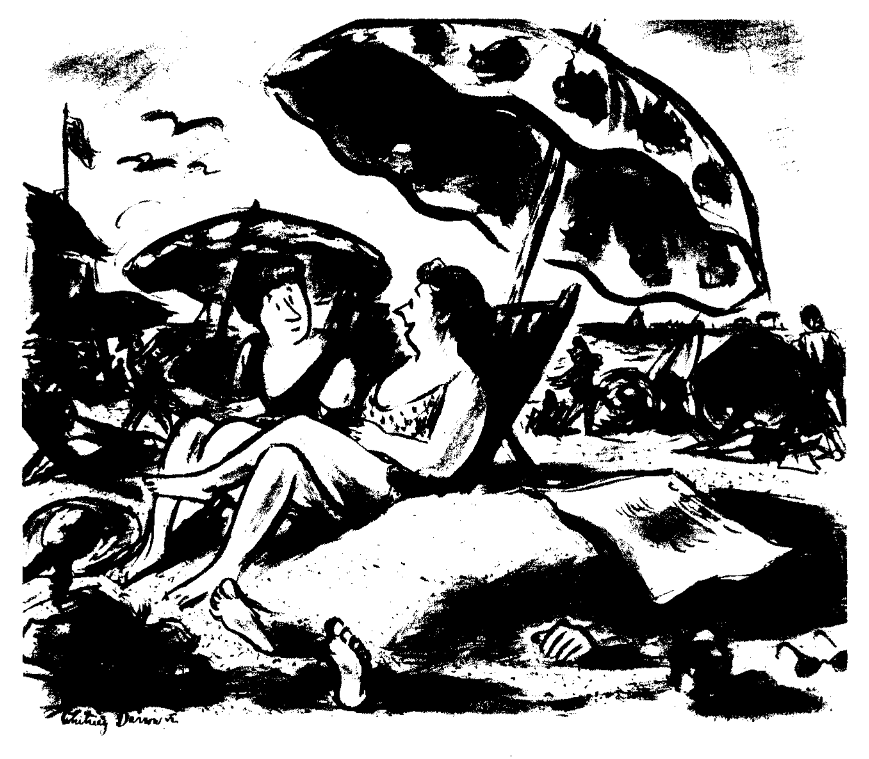
"Again? Can't you take them elsewhere How many?"

"Two. Two Englishmen."

"Can't they stay home? They come and dump their dirty stuff on our mugs and we've got to take them in after! Clara! Clara!" Ruhault knew he was calling his wife, heard him add in a somewhat lower tone that carried clearly in the stillness: "It's that Gervais again. He's got two English for us to hide here. Do you mind?"

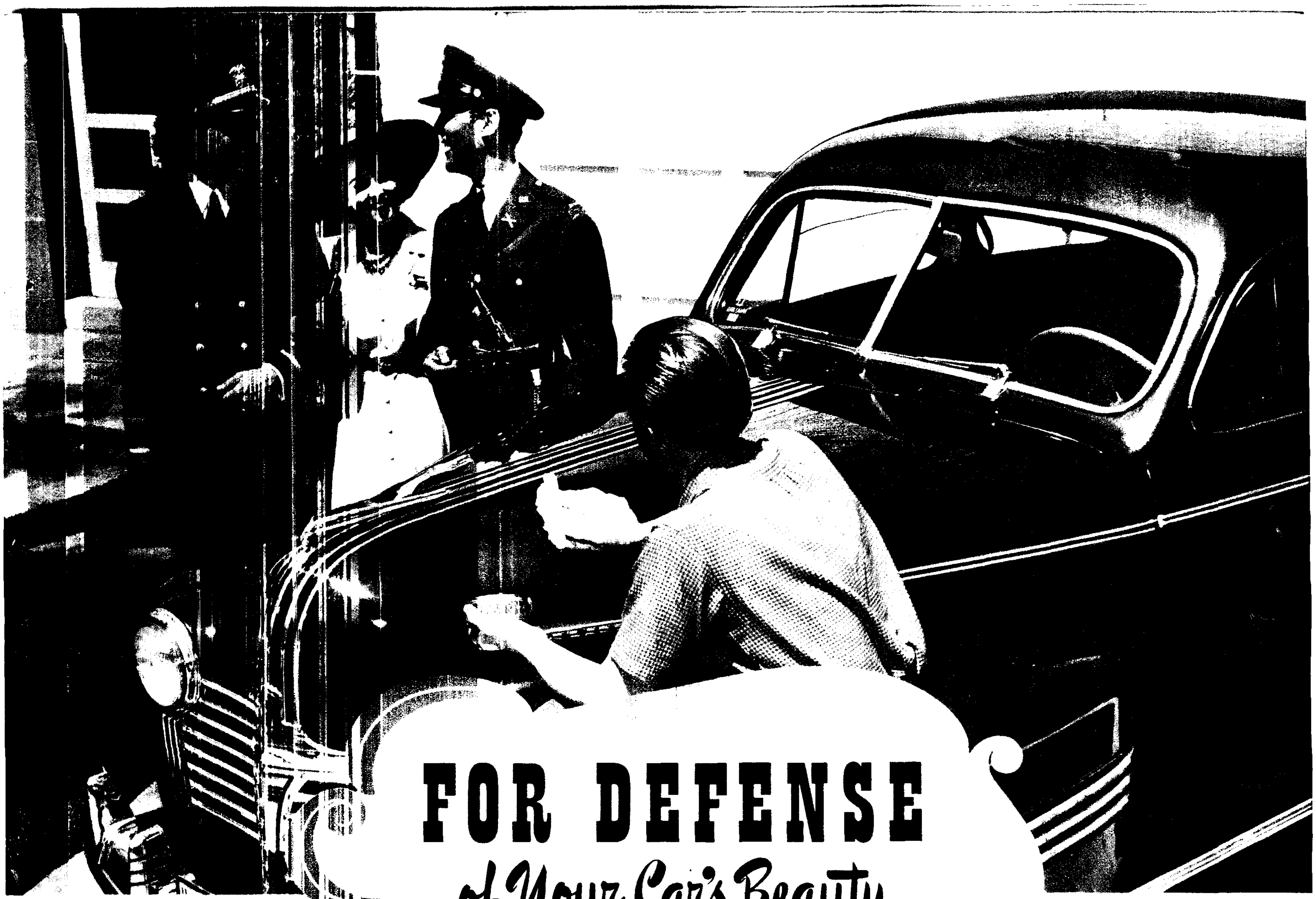
And for the first time in several years, Ruhault heard his mother's voice. Not in emotional greetings, as he had always imagined, but in the scolding, impatient tone she used to the dog when he chased the hens around the yard.

"That no-good Gervais, the cider pot! He'll be the death of us, with his brigand's ways. I'm not going to stand this much longer—awake at all hours, cook,


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"I'm so glad that Harry has at least one day a week when he isn't cooped up in that stuffy old office"

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.



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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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She: "Boy—that Dole Pineapple Juice looks good. Gimme! Gimme!"

He: "I don't know anything better."

She: "The other day I read that Dole Pineapple Juice was high in quickly-available food energy."

He: "No wonder it's so refreshing."

DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE
FROM HAWAII, USA

cook, cook. And shot without a thank you if the Prussians find out what we're doing. Well, let them in—they're here, what can we do?" She came to the window, a patch of white against the darkness. "Eh, Gervais, you bum, no thanks to you, hein! Are they hungry, your Englishmen?"

"Very hungry, Madame," Wyllis answered cheerily.

"Oh, they speak French? Well, that's something. Take them to the kitchen, Gervais. I'm coming down."

There was a rasping of iron bars, and the three filed by old man Ruhault, standing in shirt and trousers, into the big kitchen. The farmer fussed with matches and a lamp chimney.

"What are they this time?" he asked.

"Aviators. One of them had to jump out last night, the other side of the river. Casimir put him up until dark. The other's walked all the way from Rouen. You can keep them in that old cistern. I'll fetch them out tonight."

FATHER RUHAULT had contrived to light the small lamp, which he set on the ledge above the big cast-iron stove. The light was weak, but Ruhault discerned familiar details. Only one thing was missing, the shotgun over the fireplace. Probably confiscated by the Boches. But there was the old calendar, which he had brought at least fifteen years ago from a visit to town.

"They can't see the light from the road," Father Ruhault explained. "Anyway, they wouldn't see anything wrong—it's almost time to milk the cows. The cow, I mean! I had six, and they left me one, the dirty crooks. Sure, they paid me, with their lousy Boche money, which they won't take themselves." He indicated the dishes on the table. "Cider's in that pitcher. You can eat bread until my woman gets down to cook. We haven't much left, but I'll bet you'll lick your fingers when you're through."

He sat down and poured himself a mug of cider. "Well, when are you English going to come back?"

"As soon as we can," the officer assured him.

"Better take your time," old Ruhault started to chuckle, in friendly derision. "They're not cripples, those Boches! They have material. Not intelligent, really, but they're organized." Heavy steps came down the stairs, and he whispered across the table, straight into the face of his son: "Not too much war talk, eh? Our eldest boy's a prisoner in Germany, and the other's somewhere in the colonies. Haven't heard for months. You know how women are."

"Yes, yes," Wyllis reassured him. He was all of twenty.

Madame Ruhault greeted them politely as she passed by the table. Then she busied herself with paper, kindling and wood. Ruhault watched her intently. The light was weak, poor, but occasionally her full, pink face was revealed sharply. Her hair was much grayer, but her expression was as he remembered it, placid, serene. Every movement of her heavy body was deft, quick. She set some left-over soup to heat, started beating eggs for an omelet.

"Slice some bacon, Pierre," she ordered her husband. "You can gab later. You'll have some soup, too, Gervais? Then you better leave room for it and not empty that pitcher by yourself. I'm not reproaching you, but if you get drunk the Prussians will pick you up. And when you're drunk, you talk too much."

"Who'd get drunk on cider?" Gervais grumbled. But he left the pitcher alone. Father Ruhault served the soup. It was hot, and thick, with potatoes and bits of pork.

"You boys still have your mothers?" Madame Ruhault asked, her back turned.

"Yes, madame," Wyllis replied promptly.

"Your comrade doesn't speak French?" Madame Ruhault turned her head and looked toward her son's shadowy figure. "He doesn't talk much—"

"I speak French, madame."

"Well, have you your mother still?"

"Yes."

"They don't know where you are?"

"No," both fugitives answered at once.

"Sometimes I wonder which is better," she went on talking, "to know or not. I know where my oldest is, and every mouthful I eat, I wonder if they feed him enough. Then I wonder about the one in Syria.

"Give them their omelet, Pierre, while I give them some coffee."

The omelet was fine, with a delicate flavor. Madame Ruhault was resting near the stove, in a battered easy chair. Wyllis had cigarettes left, offered them around. The two countrymen held up their pipes to show they needed no further solace. Ruhault took one, and Madame Ruhault almost laughed aloud when the boyish officer offered her one.

"Oh, I know your ladies smoke, but it would become me just like an Easter hat on our cow."

Wyllis had crossed to the lamp to get a light for his cigarette. Ruhault feared that if he did the same his mother would recognize him, suffer a shock.

He rose also, hesitated, then reached up and took a match out of a box on the mantel. He turned his head before striking it. He was very uneasy, afraid to talk too much, tormented by the desire of identifying himself. But he would have to go on, and his mother would then have something very definite to fret about: whether he would reach England safely or not.

"It'll be daylight soon," the guide spoke up. "Maybe we better get the place fixed up—"

Old Ruhault sucked at his pipe, blew smoke.

"I left the blankets and straw from the last pair, and some old books and magazines. You can hear their patrols a long way—when they turn the bend up near the tracks. As far as their foot patrols are concerned, their police dogs give them away. Our French dogs hate the smell of them, and yell like the devil long before they're here."

"They're good to their dogs," Madame Ruhault said, "better than to their men. During the fighting, they used to dump their wounded right out of their cars into the fields." It seemed to Ruhault that she was looking hard in his direction, with that peculiar alertness he remembered. He and his brother had called her "X-ray Eye," because she could see fishing tackle hidden in pockets, never missed the bulge of cartridges in their blouses.

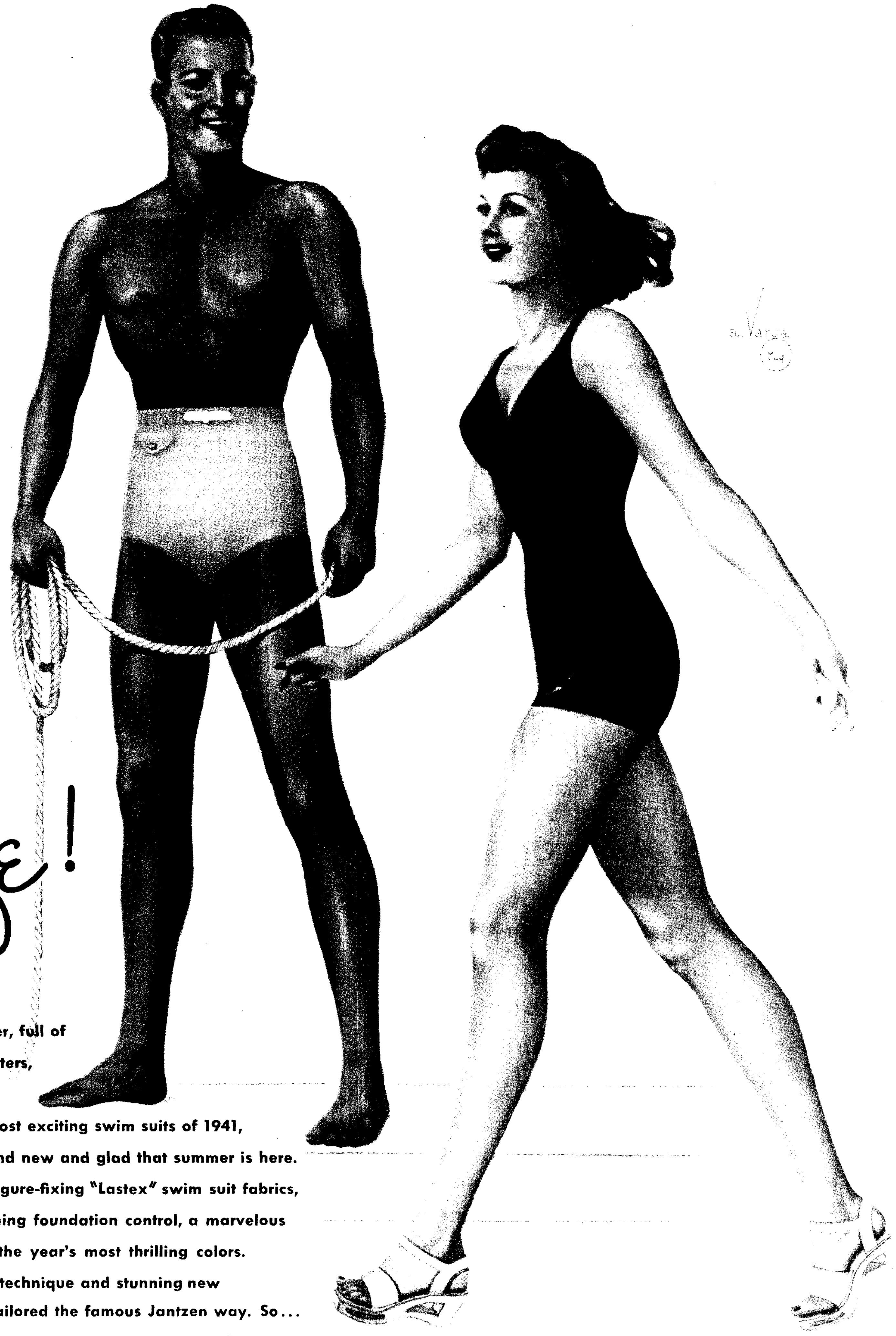
RUHAULT choked at the thought of his mother being arrested, placed in prison for sheltering fugitives. They would shoot her, too, with all the formalities, in public, as an example.

"Ah, well," she said, rising, "my water's hot. I better do the dishes. You boys mustn't drink too much cider—gives you the colic if you're not used to it. My man will find you a bottle of calvados to take into the cistern. It's damp."

The four men sat at the table, talking in low voices, about the war, about this one who had been discovered helping fugitives and shot without trial by a patrol.

Suddenly, they ceased speaking. Drying her dishes, her back turned to them, Mother Ruhault was singing, in a low, sweet thin voice.

Ruhault knew the song—When the Night Gently Lifted—it was the old, plaintive chant of the Great Moors of



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Lessay. His mother was happy. And his father, pipe poised, mouth opened, seemed petrified.

"But when the end of vacation time
came,
When toward school one had to start,
Before me you rolled endlessly,
Long as an eternal regret—
Oh, my beautiful moors wide as the
sea,
Oh, my Great Moors of Lessay!"

They remained silent until she sang the last line. There was a queer spell to the tune, the simple words of the ancient, sentimental ballad, in the dark kitchen with the yellow glow of the the small lamp and the coming dawn whitening the windows. It was a sane song in an insane world, a free song in an enslaved land. It seemed that while Mother Ruhault sang, the invaders' might was suspended as if by an incantation.

"Say, woman," old Ruhault spoke after a while. "You haven't sung in a long time. Not like that. You sing as if —well, as if the kids were small, and we had them home—"

The mother was replacing the dishes one by one in the high cupboard.

"Oh, maybe one of them is around somewhere to hear," she said. "One never knows. And in case he was, it would be a shame if he thought his mother had forgotten him."

Old Ruhault swore under his breath.

"I was afraid of that. She's been too quiet about things." He evidently believed that his wife's mind had snapped under the strain of waiting, privations, despair and danger. "Now, Clara, let's—"

But young Ruhault was on his feet, holding back his father. "Mamma's all right—we're the damn' fools—"

He ran to his mother's side and caught her in his arms. She tried to speak, then the tears came, her solid bulk quivered. The strong hands, the hands of a farm woman, ran over his face, his shoulders, then clung as if she would never let him go. But this did not last very long, and she started to speak:

"You're too skinny. I guess you don't get home food everywhere, hein, you vagabond!"

HE LED her back to the table, as she wiped her face with the edge of her apron. He shook hands with his father, touched the tough, bristling cheeks with his own. The old man continued cursing, from surprise and emotion.

"Thunder of Brest! So you're English now! Thunder of—"

Wyllis, who never lost sight of conventions and tact, excused himself and led Gervais outside. For a few seconds, each one of the three babbled and questioned:

"When did you know I was here, Mother?"

"Oh, even before you came, I think. When your father woke me up, I was dreaming that you were a little boy again and climbing into the pig's sty—you remember that mean one we had?—and I was running to catch you. Then I looked out of the window, and I wanted the one who didn't speak to say something. And when I was dressing, I felt all funny inside, as if I wanted to cry. Then I thought I was a fool to imagine things, because I always feel like crying when those poor young English come to hide here. They're so young and so brave, you can't believe it, and they always apologize for the trouble they give me.

"Then I saw your back when I came down the stairs. You were hunched up, with your face turned aside so I couldn't see it. Just like when you had made up your mind not to go to school, but to run off and go on a boat again.

"You wouldn't look me in the face then, and I'd always know. I used to go upstairs when you were eating, and pack your stuff better, put in more socks and wool things. Don't you remember I always gave you a very big lunch to take away, those days? I knew there was no use talking to you. When a boy wants the sea, he wants the sea.

"Then I thought I was going crazy, that I always thought those poor fellows who come through looked like you or your brother. Then you got up and reached for a match in the box on the mantel, without looking, when there were some right handy on the stove ledge. Also, you kept looking at the place where the shotgun used to be. Your father buried it when *they* started to search the farms for guns."

"Why didn't you speak to me?"

"I didn't know if I should. I thought perhaps you had some reason why the others shouldn't know who you were. But I couldn't keep myself from letting you know. Why didn't you speak yourself?"

"I was afraid—of a shock. Because of your heart—"

"This isn't the season for heart trouble," she said, and laughed. "Pierre, better go and get that cistern ready. The sun's coming up and they may start nosing around early. We can talk tonight—"

FATHER RUHAULT rose, touched his son's shoulder with a clumsy gesture of affection, lighted his pipe and went out. Ruhault was silent for some time, hesitating to grieve his mother again. But what must be said must be said:

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I'll have to go on."

"Oh, I know that. Nobody'll argue with you. You're a grown man and must do what you think is right. You're not the kind to hide when others are fighting. You'll get back to England safely, they're all trustworthy people from here on."

"Even if they catch me, I can say I'm English. Don't worry. Even if you hear I've been arrested."

"You won't be." Absent-mindedly, she poured him another mug of coffee. "There were a couple of arrests last month, but we found out who had sold out. You remember Lormeaux, the postman? He was everywhere, on his bike, and he was the only one who had the chance to see everything *they* learned without being spotted as a stranger. Maybe he was working for *them* long before they came. Someone gave him false information about a hiding place, and the Prussians were there the next morning."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. *They*'ve been looking for him." She smiled sadly. "But I heard Gervais talking the other night, when he was mentioned. He said, 'I've never killed an animal before that wouldn't bring in a sou for meat or hide.' There's his wife and the two kids. But he didn't think of other people's."

The good woman spoke of killing casually, placidly almost. It was a necessary thing for the safety of the community, that was all.

"You better go now. And don't come out until we call you—sometimes *they* stop at the farm and hang around. I'll see you before you go, and I'll try to make up a nice lunch for you to take away. When this trouble is finished and you come back for good, we'll have good flour and butter again, and I'll make you apple-jelly pancakes the way you like them."

He halted at the door.

"We'll win, Mother, we'll win—"

"Of course," she said with utter confidence. "We can't have *them* here forever!"

They Call Her Mac

Continued from page 13

to get along with agents. Everyone of them thought I was a snip."

This took a year. Her year of adjustment, she calls it. During this period, she got the blues—oh—about every other day. Then she began to catch on and started pushing around as much as she was being pushed. When she found out, through the Walgreen grapevine, that Martha Scott might be leaving Our Town for Hollywood, she flitted over and asked for the understudy job.

"It's filled," they said.

"I'd like to read for it, anyway," she said.

"Go away," they said. "You're not the type."

"I am the type," she said, "And I want to read."

"Look—will you go away?"

"Will you tell me what you're going to lose by letting me read?" she said.

Oh, well, she read—and she got the part.

She bought herself a pair of flat-heeled shoes from Gimbel's basement, and stayed as far away from Martha Scott as possible. "I was a foot or so taller than she was, and I didn't want them to find out." A week later, Martha got her Hollywood call, and Mac took over. She stayed on until the end of the run and being Dorothy McGuire, of Nebraska, she managed to get more than a toe-tip into the theatrical scene and was shipped off to Chicago for a part in John Barrymore's My Dear Children. Followed, a good-sized role in Swingin' the Dream—a lemon—and another in Medicine Show. She was in Kind Lady, too, last season. She worked regularly, but never made much money.

Now, when she gets the time, she's going to learn to fly. She knows of a training school on Staten Island where she can get eight lessons for sixty dollars. "Flying represents our era, our time," she emoted, flinging her arms out dramatically, and smiling. "It's young and alive and—" She struck another pose, then she relaxed and went on as though nothing had happened. (It's all right. It happens with the best of actresses.)

"It's funny," she went on. "You knock around for months, years, sometimes, and all of a sudden you wind up in a hit and everybody makes a fuss over you. You keep reminding yourself that maybe next year you'll have to start all over again or perhaps get into a flop or two. That's what keeps you balanced. You see your friends who were starring last year living on handouts this year and it makes you stop and think the whole thing over. Sure, it's fun to have a part like Claudia, but you see what I mean?"

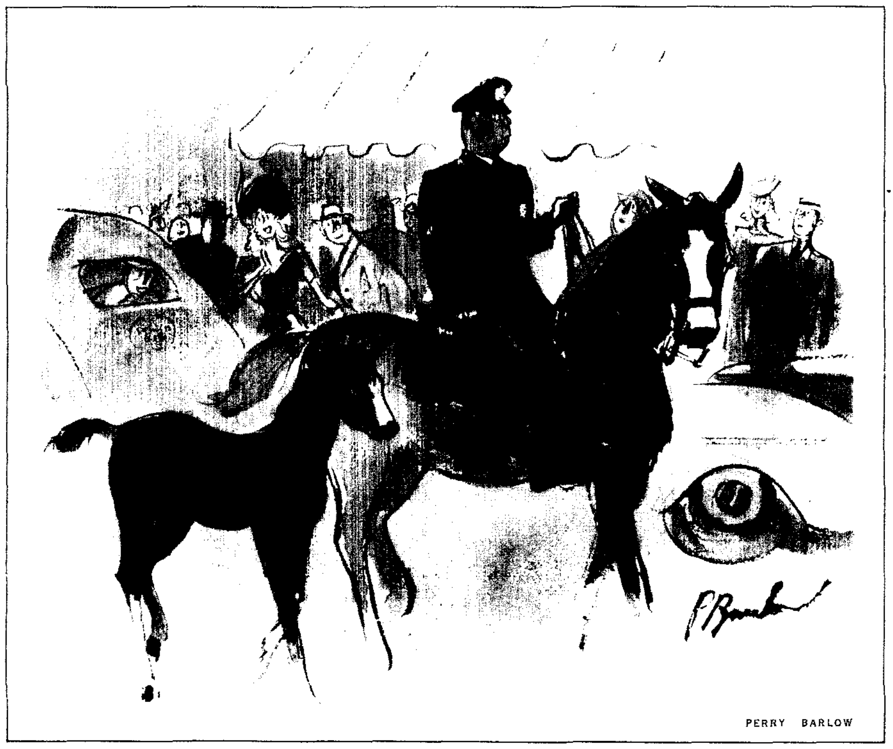
She returned to her decorating problem—just as a delivery boy arrived with a new table, in exchange for the old. (Mac was properly contrite about the secret elevator again.) She's definite about not wanting a rug so she's using her bath mat in the living room to keep people from slipping on the hardwood floor right into the fireplace. "I'll have to get one sooner or later, but don't you think the room looks as nice without one?" The tablecloth, a brilliant floral silk affair, was originally going to be an evening gown. "Looks much better here, doesn't it? I never go out, anyway."

Bertha, her domestic gem, is also from Nebraska. She cooks and cleans, helps her move the furniture around three or four times a day, gets her ready for the performances and spends a good part of the time taking her delicate charge out of drafts. She was with the McGuires in Omaha some years ago and as soon as Mac realized she was going to bloom in a hit show, she wired to her mother for Bertha's address. Next day, a wire: "Will take job. Send details. Bertha."

Mac still runs around with the Broadway youngsters, eats hamburgers and plays the Game (charades, this year) at two o'clock in the morning. Lynn Fontanne and Helen Hayes are her twin goddesses and Gene (Pal Joey) Kelly, her present crush. She has no idea what love and romance will do, in competition with her career—"the boy I'm really interested in is out of the profession so that mixes it up pretty thoroughly."

She started to roll her hair up in curlers. "I don't know—everybody expects me to be like Claudia and I'm not, really. She's a very witty girl and I'm just—me. So people either think I'm bored or boring—well, nothing I can do about it."

She shrieked: "This hair! They're starting to complain already—'McGuire, for heaven's sake, do something about that straw—!' "



PERRY BARLOW

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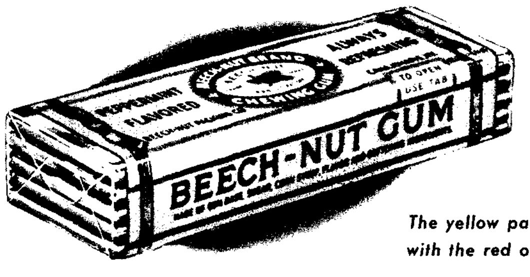

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Barkers are Best

By Frank J. Taylor

Those clever seals you see on the stage, in the movies, were probably caught by Captain McGuire. It's a good business, not confining

CHARLES KERLEE

Captain George M. McGuire, whose business is catching and crating live seals and shipping them to zoos, circuses, animal trainers and the movies the world over. Below, Al Newton and Danny Pico, whom the captain hired from a ranch in the back country, demonstrate McGuire's humane trapping technique. The seals get tangled in the net, dive for safety, and when they come up for air the boys lasso them

FRED BOND

MR. DANNY PICO, whose great-grandpère was one very grand hombre, being no less than Don Pio Pico, the farewell Mexican governor of California, looked with much disgust at Mr. Al Newton, balancing himself warily in the bobbing rowboat.

"A fine way for honest cowpunchers to make a living, Al!" bemoaned Mr. Pico.

"Cowpunchers?" snorted Mr. Newton. "We're sealpunchers, Danny."

Whereupon Mr. Newton, whose grandpappy helped General Fremont capture California from Danny's forebear for one more of these United States, twirled his lariat and let fly across the Pacific Ocean. As the loop settled in the salty water off Santa Cruz Island, twenty miles from Santa Barbara, Mr. Pico heaved on the oars. When the threshing and splashing subsided, Mr. Newton pulled in a young seal, lassoed around the neck. Slipping the rope between the slats of a floating wooden crate, Mr. Newton pulled the struggling seal into the box, and clapped the lid closed.

"Take it easy, Baby," Mr. Newton cooed, lashing the crate to the rowboat. "Now you're a McGuire seal and maybe you'll grow up to be a great movie star in Hollywood."

"A fine way for honest cowpunchers to make a living!" repeated Mr. Pico, disconsolately.

"Arf! Arf! Arf!" barked the seal.

"Go ahead and bark, Baby," said Mr. Newton. "The cap'n loves a good barker."

Which is the truth. In the lexicon of brisk-stepping, sparkly-eyed old Captain George M. McGuire of Santa Barbara, whose business is catching and crating live seals and shipping them to zoos, circuses, animal trainers and the movies the world over, there are two kinds of seals:

"Barkers," says the captain, "and snoozers."

Snoozers have their good points. They're easier to handle, especially if you're valet to a carload of seals traveling across continent. Maybe they're better pets in a downtown apartment but barkers make the best trained seals. They're smarter and they bring the fancy prices from the seal trainers. In a game like the captain's, where you're supplying live seals backed by money-back guarantee, you like to deliver them on the docks at New York or Buenos Aires or Stockholm or Sydney in A-1 barking condition.

With No Competition

Lively little Captain McGuire has been doing just that for over thirty years. "I supply the world with sea lions," reads the slogan on his stationery. This is an entirely modest statement, because the captain, thanks to his improved seal-catching technique and the money-back guarantee, has no competitors. In three decades, the captain has captured and delivered "in A-1 barking condition" no less than three thousand seals. They've brought him almost half a million dollars, many of which the shrewd skipper has salted away in Santa Barbara real estate against the well-known rainy day.

"One of these days I'll be getting old," says the captain, who is only eighty-seven now.

The captain is all-fired proud of the way McGuire seals are doing their stuff all the way around the world. He's shipped seals to nearly every zoo in this country and Europe. He's delivered seals, still barking, to zoos in Africa, Australia, Japan. The captain's a little worried about the fate of some of his seals in the warring countries, because a full-grown seal eats about twenty pounds of fresh fish a day, and he fears that if and when the Germans or the Poles or the Italians get hungry they'll feed themselves before the seals, or they might even eat the seals by mistake.

But over here in the U.S.A. McGuire seals are doing right well, thank you. Frank "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Buck was out early last year to pull a dozen seals alive from the Pacific Ocean for his Jungleland show at the New York Fair. After looking the situation over, he decided to let the captain deliver the seals f.o.b. Santa Barbara. Seal acts have been going over big in vaudeville, too, and one McGuire seal by the name of "Slicker," who almost stole the show from Carole Lombard in Spawn of the North by swimming a life line out to the drowning heroine in the nick of time, is getting rich in Hollywood. The records show that Paramount paid Slicker $6,514.32 for three months' off-and-on work in the picture, which isn't half bad for Captain Harold T. Winston, who bought the seal as a runty little pup from Captain McGuire for a paltry $125.

Which shows where the money is in the seal deal. Captain McGuire doesn't begrudge the bargain. A seal catcher, he leaves seal training to the specialists, experts like Winston, or Mark Huling, who runs a seal academy at Kingston, New York; or Captain John Tiebor, who educates seals in Florida for the Ringling Circus; or Captain William Pickard of Tonawanda, New York. They earn their money, he says.

Opportunity Knocks

Diminutive Captain McGuire slipped into the seal game more or less blindman's-buff style three and a half decades back. He was only a kid of fifty then, just plain George M. McGuire, the papier-mâché merchant. One day he noticed an advertisement in the paper which read:

"Wanted—party with $2,500 to finance venture guaranteed to pay out, with trip to California and possibly to Europe included."

Well, McGuire had saved the two and a half grand, so he answered the advertisement, and shortly found himself face to face with an old sea salt, Captain R. J. Mullett. The skipper showed McGuire a sheaf of correspondence with zoos in this country and Europe, revealing bona fide orders for live seals. He proposed that McGuire join him in a trip to Santa Barbara to catch seals and another to New York and London to fill the orders.

"It looked pretty good, believe me," reminisced Captain McGuire. "So I jumped at the chance, though I'd never seen a live seal at the time."

Arriving in Santa Barbara, they found the beaches near the city plentifully covered with seals lazily sleeping in the sun. Captain Mullet's technique consisted of slipping up on a sleeping seal and clouting the animal over the head with a club. When they regained consciousness, the amphibians were in a boxcar rolling east. The captain and McGuire rode with them as valets.

Captain Mullett snoozed for most of the trip. Several seals died en route from injuries. McGuire had to dispose of their remains. Arriving in Chicago, McGuire sold a brace of live seals to Lincoln Park Zoo. He sold seals in Cincinnati, more in Buffalo and Philadelphia. Reaching New York with eleven seals, he delivered six to the Bronx Zoo, shipped the remaining five to Liverpool. His partner, Captain Mullett, shipped to Atlantic City.

"He got anchored there, so I returned to Detroit," explained McGuire. "I counted my money and had exactly what I'd started with, with a wonderful trip thrown in."

McGuire returned to his papier-mâché

(Continued on page 59)

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used *successfully by millions for over 40 years.* They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Real Thing

Continued from page 12

told me you were only in love with her."

"Well, she is the future Mrs. A. I know it would be all right with her if I told her I was a movie actor, but, damn it, I didn't, so now I am going to go on with the show. She is coming to town next week end and you are going out with us."

"I'll play it straight," I said.

"It won't be so hard," said Bob. "All I have to do is keep her away from the movie crowd where I am known. I will take her to places where the society folks gather, places like the Town House and the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena."

"You can swing it," I said. "Go easy on the mugging. Take some of the chromium do-dads off your car. Take off the siren, the Great Britain license plates and the zebra-striped seat covers."

"All right, Joe," he said. He pondered a moment. "The only thing that worries me is the autograph hunters. That would be a tip-off."

"Frankly," I said, "I do not anticipate much trouble along that line."

SALLY VAN CORTLAND was a production. She had class. Compared with her, our Hollywood glamor girls seemed pretty cheap and phony.

Bob was splendid as the young scion from Boston. At the time he was working in a football picture. He had almost a crew haircut for it. He looked as if he had been to Harvard and played polo. We went to the Town House Saturday night. Bob made two turns around the dance floor with Sally. Then they came back to the table. Bob was limping.

His face registered pain, but not too much, not contorted, just good restrained stuff.

"What's the matter?" asked Sally, concerned.

"Charley horse," Bob groaned, smiling wanly. "Left leg. Got it in scrimmage today."

I glared at him. Sally asked, "What do you mean, scrimmage?"

I kept glaring. A flicker of fright passed over Bob's face.

"Oh," he said, "a couple of fellows and I were tossing the football around a little this morning, just for fun, and I guess I overdid it. That's all."

After we had dropped Sally off at her hotel I said to Bob, "Listen, you dope, you make a few more slips like that and your little game is up."

"Okay, I'll watch it," Bob said, "but I am certainly getting a workout in the picture."

"Bah!"

There wasn't much doing for me at the studio Monday so I watched them shoot some scenes for Buck That Line, the gridiron epic featuring Bob Arnold.

The field was populated with husky football players from Southern Cal. and U.C.L.A., but none of them were so impressive as Bob.

The director was trying to get a shot of him lugging the leather for a short gain. On a simple reverse. There was nothing simple about it. Not for Bob. He threw himself for a three-yard loss.

"Cut!" bellowed the director.

"Somebody tripped me," said Bob.

"Yeah, you did," the director said. "Your left leg tripped your right. Let's try it again."

Longer runs and more complicated plays followed. A slippery back from Southern Cal. would double for Bob. This back would dash 60 yards. Then they would take a close shot of Bob falling on his face across the goal line.

Bob saw me and came over. He was embarrassed.

"Hello, Tom Harmon," I said. "You had quite a workout."

"Can't seem to get going today," he said. "Leg's better, but I'm stale. Why, back at school—"

"Look at me, Bob," I cut in. "I am not an interviewer. I am good old Joe Townsend. I am the guy that sat next to you on the subs' bench for three years. Back at school. You got in a game once. We were leading seventy-two to nothing, as I recall. There was one minute left to play. In that one minute you managed to make thirty yards—the wrong way. Remember?"

Sally got me aside the next time she came into town.

"Joe," she said. "I am getting very bored with Bob. He is absolutely crazy about football. It is all he talks about. Downfield blocking, quarterback sneaks and triple passes behind the line. I have almost had enough."

I was alarmed. "You be patient," I said. "Bob is the finest fellow in the world, as you know. He just gets these little enthusiasms, but they don't last."

Bob's football fever lasted until the night of the press preview of Buck That Line. He was terrific in the picture. He won the big game singlehanded. He did everything but catch his own passes, run his own interference and kick the ball out of the stadium. He was anybody's All-America.

He was strutting a little when we walked into the foyer after the picture. Harve Harris, assistant director, clapped him on the back and said, "Nice game, Arnold."

Harve was kidding.

"Thanks, Coach," said Bob. He was not kidding. He wore a faraway look. Harve and I began to laugh. Bob gave us a double-take. Then it was all over. Realization dawned. You could almost hear the thud as he hit solid ground again. He began to laugh with us.

"Okay, okay," he said. "Let's have a drink."

Bob and I drove down to Coronado to see Sally. We had a fine time. Bob was himself again. Football was not mentioned. Sally was tickled.

"I told you so," I muttered to her.

"Joe," Bob said to me after we returned to Hollywood, "we are engaged and will get married very shortly—if they don't put me in Hot News next week."

Bob was cast in the picture, Hot News. He played the part of a dynamic young city editor.

Sally sought me out a week after Hot News went into production. "Bob is acting strangely again," she said.

"I suppose he is," I said. I was familiar with the script of Hot News.

"For one thing," she said, "he won't take his hat off. He wears it all the time, inside and outside the house."

"Don't tell me, Sally," I said. "Let me tell you. He barks at you?"

"Out of the side of his mouth."

"And he sneers?"

"Constantly."

"Of course," I said, "there is always a cigarette hanging loosely from his lips."

"That is all true," said Sally, "but it is not the worst. He has become so cynical. He is against all of the softer emotions."

"Like love?" I asked.

"Yes, Joe," Sally said, looking miserable. "He makes fun of our engagement. If it means so little to him we ought to call it off. I am going to give him back his ring."

"Don't do it, Sally," I begged, once more scared. "Again, I ask you to be patient and big about it. I figure Bob will be his own sweet self in about . . ."

I made a quick, silent check of the shooting schedule of Hot News.

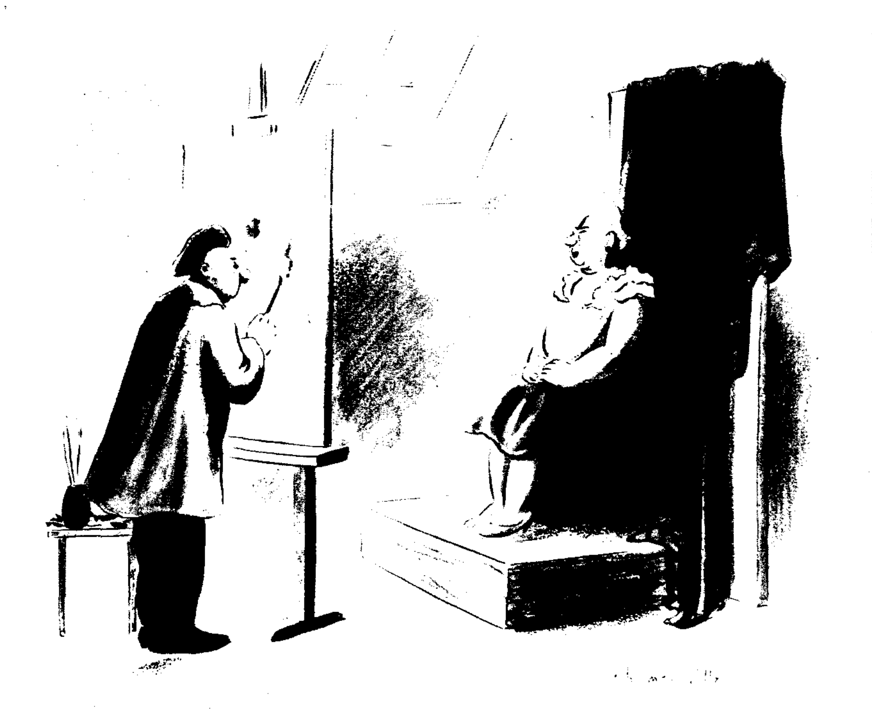
"In about three weeks," I concluded.

"Very well," said Sally. "I'll keep the ring."

BOB finished work in Hot News on a Friday. Sally came into town and the three of us went to the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena Saturday night. Bob was charming. He was sweet and attentive to Sally. He was just a guy head over heels in love.

"Darling," he said to her, "shall we live in Brentwood?"

Sally looked at him skeptically. "Two weeks ago," she said, "you told me marriage was for weaklings."



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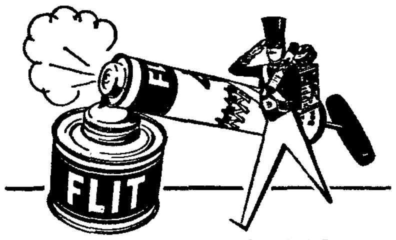

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"I said that?" Bob was aghast. "I don't believe it."

"And," Sally went on, "you also said love was a trap which a man ought to avoid if he really wanted to accomplish something in this world."

They were lines right out of Hot News. Bob was stunned. He shook his head, and suddenly he looked at me and Sally and smiled sheepishly.

"Maybe I did, but forget it," he said. "I am weak as lemonade and I want to put my foot right in the trap."

"In that case, dear," said Sally, "I believe I'd like Brentwood."

"Great!" said Bob, kissing her.

They set a date for the wedding, two weeks away. They planned a honeymoon, in the High Sierras. The studio messed that up. The studio made a gangster out of Bob.

A tough, but lovable gangster. A guy from the wrong side of the tracks, a victim of circumstance. In the end, naturally his fundamentally fine instincts triumph and he becomes a respectable citizen.

Bob was given this Jimmy Cagney sort of role. He was a tough guy, all right. He was especially tough with women. He really kicked them around, verbally and physically.

I WENT down on the set and watched them shoot the scene in which Bob gives his sweetheart a belt on the side of the head that knocks her flat. Pure Cagney stuff. His sweetheart, of course, loves it. When she comes to she falls into his arms.

"I don't have to work for a couple of days," Bob said to me when the scene was finished. "I'm driving right down to Coronado to see Sally."

"Have fun," I said, "but watch yourself. Remember you're Bob Arnold, not a gangster."

He looked at me through narrowed eyes and his fists clenched. "I don't know what you're talking about, wise guy, but I don't like it. See?"

He sounded like a Dead End Kid reached voting age.

Late that night I got a long-distance call. It was from Coronado, from Sally. Her voice sounded muffled, as if she had been crying.

"Did it hurt much when Bob hit you?" I asked hopelessly.

"You know about it already?" Sally sniffled.

"I just guessed," I said.

"Joe," said Sally, "I think he is a little crazy."

He is not crazy, he is an actor, I thought, and a pretty good actor, too. I said, "It isn't that, Sally."

"Whatever it is," she said, "I'm through with him. Definitely."

Bob came to my apartment about two in the morning. He was upset, but even more bewildered. And he wasn't the tough guy any more.

"I can't understand it," he moaned when he got through giving his story. "I didn't mean to hit her so hard. Anyway, she shouldn't have got so sore."

"You can't blame her, she doesn't see enough movies," I said.

"We were all set to get married," he said. "Well, I'd better try to forget about her."

"You better had," I said. "Find some new interest. Raise petunias or collect old birds' nests. Because you are not going to marry Sally Van Cortland."

He got up. "I'm through with everything," he said tragically. "I'm going to chuck it all and get out of town."

Bob disappeared. It was too bad, but there was nothing I could do about it. A man has his own life to live. I had work to do and I did it.

I ran into Sally once. Guess where? Ciro's. Guess who she was with? Dick Huston, the actor.

"Why didn't you and Bob ever take me to places like this instead of those stuffy spots?" she asked me. "I love this movie crowd."

"Ha-ha-ha!" I laughed ironically.

I was assigned a writing job on a script for Sam Moss, the producer. Sam wanted a gay, easy comedy with a male lead of the Clark Gable type.

So the hero developed by myself, and several other writers, was the smoothest article ever. He had a way. Women were putty in his hands, and they were always in his hands. He wouldn't take no for an answer.

He moved from romance to romance with the self-assurance of a heavy tank.

The big scene was pretty good. We had the hero swoop down on his indignant sweetheart, grab her and elope. He was irresistible.

It was funny, the way my magnificent idea came to me. I had just put the finishing touches on the scene and was sitting there at my desk, fashioning a chain of paper clips which, I feel confident, I can do better than any other writer in Hollywood. The idea came to me all of a sudden.

I called Bob's agent. "Where is he?" I asked.

"Palm Springs," the agent said.

"Of course, thanks."

Then I went into Sam Moss' office. "Sam," I said, "I don't want to butt into your business, but have you decided on anyone for the male lead?"

"Not yet, I haven't," said Sam.

"What's the matter with Bob Arnold?" I asked.

Sam caressed his nose, the way he always does when he is thinking hard. "I hadn't thought of him," he said.

"Sure you haven't," I said. "He's right here on the lot, so why use him when you can borrow somebody almost as good from another studio at more money? Quit being a producer and be a smart guy for a change."

Sam called up fifteen minutes later: "I've been thinking and I got a guy who's a natural for the lead in the picture."

"Who?"

"Bob Arnold," said Sam.

Bob was called in from Palm Springs and the picture went into production fast. Bob breezed through it. He was great. He was especially good in the elopement scene. He was another Gable. He even acquired, and improved upon, Gable's neatest histrionic trick—that of making a sucking noise with his tongue against his teeth, as if he is dislodging tenacious tidbits of stringy roast beef.

RIGHT after the big scene was taken, the finale of the picture, Bob came bursting into my office. He was all poise and self-confidence. "What's this I've been reading in the columns about Sally and Dick Huston?" he asked.

"They're getting along all right," I said. "Let them alone."

"Hah!" Bob smirked. A smug, Gable smirk. "I'll see about that."

He flashed me a quick, sidelong glance, made that tongue-against-the-teeth smacking noise and tore out of the office.

The next day I got two wires, from a little town in Arizona.

"It happened last night in Yuma," one of them read. "Honeymooning." It was signed by Bob. The other telegram was signed "Sally Arnold." It said "Bob simply swept me off my feet. He's wonderful."

Sam Moss called me into his office. I was feeling fine. Old Joe Cupid Townsend! I showed the telegram to Sam.

"Good," said Sam. "I hope the two kids will be very happy. Now about my next picture. It's an original story and there's a terrific part in it for Arnold."

"Let's hear it," I said.

"Well," Sam began. "Arnold is this young artist who divorces his wife . . ."

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PIN ON
YOUR HAIR

By Ruth Duvoisin
as told to
Selma Robinson

Don't sit back and envy the glamor bobs of the debs and movie stars. Buy yourselves some hair pieces or even a wig. They are as easy to get as a hat—and they stay on too

MONAHAN

Bonnet with a bang, which Sally Victor, Manhattan milliner, designed for a gal who wanted a fringe without sacrificing any of her own hair. Pompadours, side-curls or figure eights may be similarly attached to the hat

JACQUES DUVOISIN

It takes this highly paid worker a day and a half to make the natural-looking part in the wig, drawing one hair at a time with a microscopic crochet needle through closely woven flesh-tinted gauze. Tools and hair are imported

MONAHAN

This hair is not home-grown but none of Pat Garfield's friends suspect it. She learned the trick in Hollywood where the stars, both male and female, don wigs for instant grooming after a strenuous day under bright lights

DON'T look now, but the lady on your left is wearing a pompadour that never grew there. And that girl on your right, the one with the cute side curls, simply pinned them on before she went out. Bangs on a comb, stately coronets of braided hair, luscious chignons mounted on hairpins, and gleaming cascade bobs on an elastic have gone to the heads of the nation to the tune of ten million dollars' worth of hair goods a year. It's an industry that may hang by a hair, but definitely is on the crest of what looks like a permanent wave.

For across the counters of department stores and chain stores, in beauty parlors and even in millinery shops, women are buying hair goods for fun rather than necessity, casually trying them on right out in the open as though they were hats, shamelessly proud of the invisible combs to which the clusters of curls are attached.

It is definitely a movie-inspired fashion, learned from Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer and Ginger Rogers, who appeared in coronet braids and figure-eight buns and super-super bobs, though their own hair was known to be short. Not even a movie star can make hair grow faster than half an inch a month. And male audiences who marveled at the luxuriant fashions of movie heroes, were surprised to see unofficial photographs of Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer with sketchily covered temples. Could it be that screen stars wore wigs and chignons and toupees? Could be!

Probably every woman, at some time or other, usually when she's about to disappear under the dryer, has wished it were possible to send her hair out to be dressed while she stayed at home with a good book. Well, it is. Wigs!

Women with little time but a great need for perfect grooming—doctors, lecturers, swimmers carry their coiffures in their travel kits, confident of being well-groomed no matter what the time or town or weather. They are neither bald nor meager-haired, simply busy.

When her own pretty blond hair becomes mussed after a strenuous day of posing and costume changes, Pat Garfield, one of the more glamorous models to illuminate Fifty-second Street, simply slips on a wig that weighs no more than two ounces, and fits like her own scalp. It takes a couple of wearings to convince yourself that your wig won't fall off, says Pat. After that, you will take on anything, even cheek-to-cheek dancing or driving in a rumble seat.

But most women, and men, who wear wigs, consider them necessities, not luxuries. Victims of the disfiguring aftermath of disease and accident would be lost without the transforming effects of clever wigs. Wigmakers even have new eyebrows for fire victims, for burns often leave deep scars that may destroy the hair root. Fever, scalp ailments, childbirth, shock and heredity may cause baldness or partial baldness.

Today, wigs are marvels of skill and artistry.

They even age! Many a blond wig or raven black toupee comes back now and then for a few gray hairs, to grow older along with its owner. They may be waved and rewaved with the prevailing hair fashion, no matter how giddy. They are brushed and combed daily, cleaned once a month, and fingerwaved at a cost of about $1.50, less than the average woman spends every week or ten days at a beauty salon. Though some women have as many as ten wigs for use on any occasion, most wig wearers have two or three at a time, to allow for cleaning and other emergencies.

Wigmaking is a craft that is passed along from generation to generation. The famous London wigmaker, Dermott, learned his profession from his father, who in turn had it from his father. J. P. Fleischer, who makes most of the wigs in America, is successor to many another wigmaking Fleischer. It takes at least ten years of apprenticeship before a wigmaker has acquired enough technique to work on the delicate hairlace foundations for de luxe wigs in which a single broken hair will unravel the whole piece.

Good wigs are not cheap—every bit is made by hand, by expensive fitting and blending and weaving. The average costs about $50.00 and artistic white-haired wigs may run as high as $350.00.

About five million dollars' worth of cleaned and sterilized raw hair, half a million pounds of cut hair or hair combings, are brought into this country each year under the closest scrutiny of the government. It is an international business with itinerant peddlers exploring the most remote hamlets of Europe, North Africa and Asia in search of hair—a few trinkets are all that peasant women ask for their hair combings, though cut hair brings good prices, particularly if it is drab-blond or white and long. But the war has made hair hard to get and supplies are dwindling. American women supply no more than five per cent of the hair used in wigs. We expose our hair too rashly to the ravages of sun and shampoo, while the European peasant shawls hers, and seldom washes it.

If you need a bit of someone else's hair to bolster up your pompadour or your morale, go to it. It's clean, practical, comfortable and flattering. And, let's admit it quietly, probably better hair than you can raise yourself. ★★★

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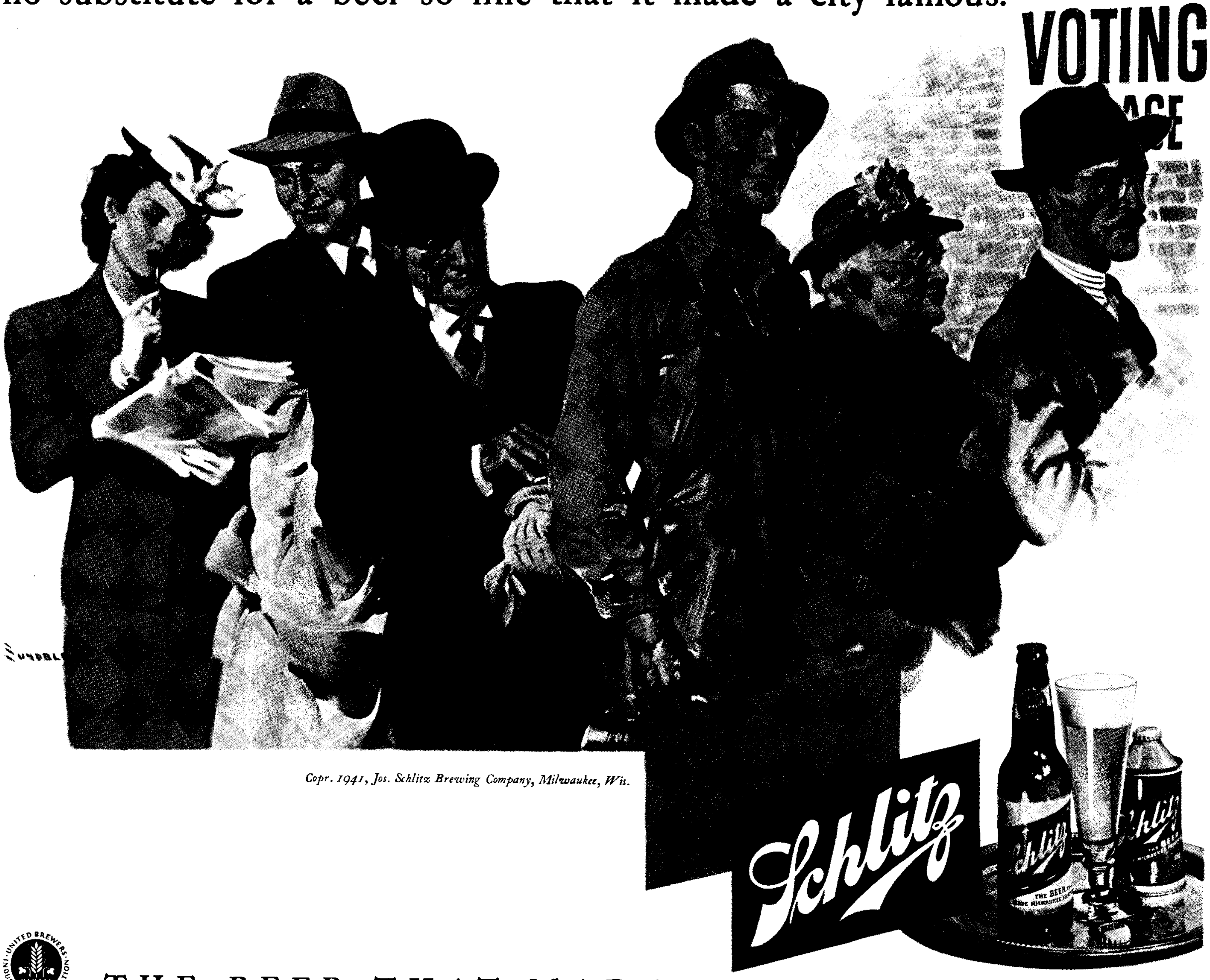

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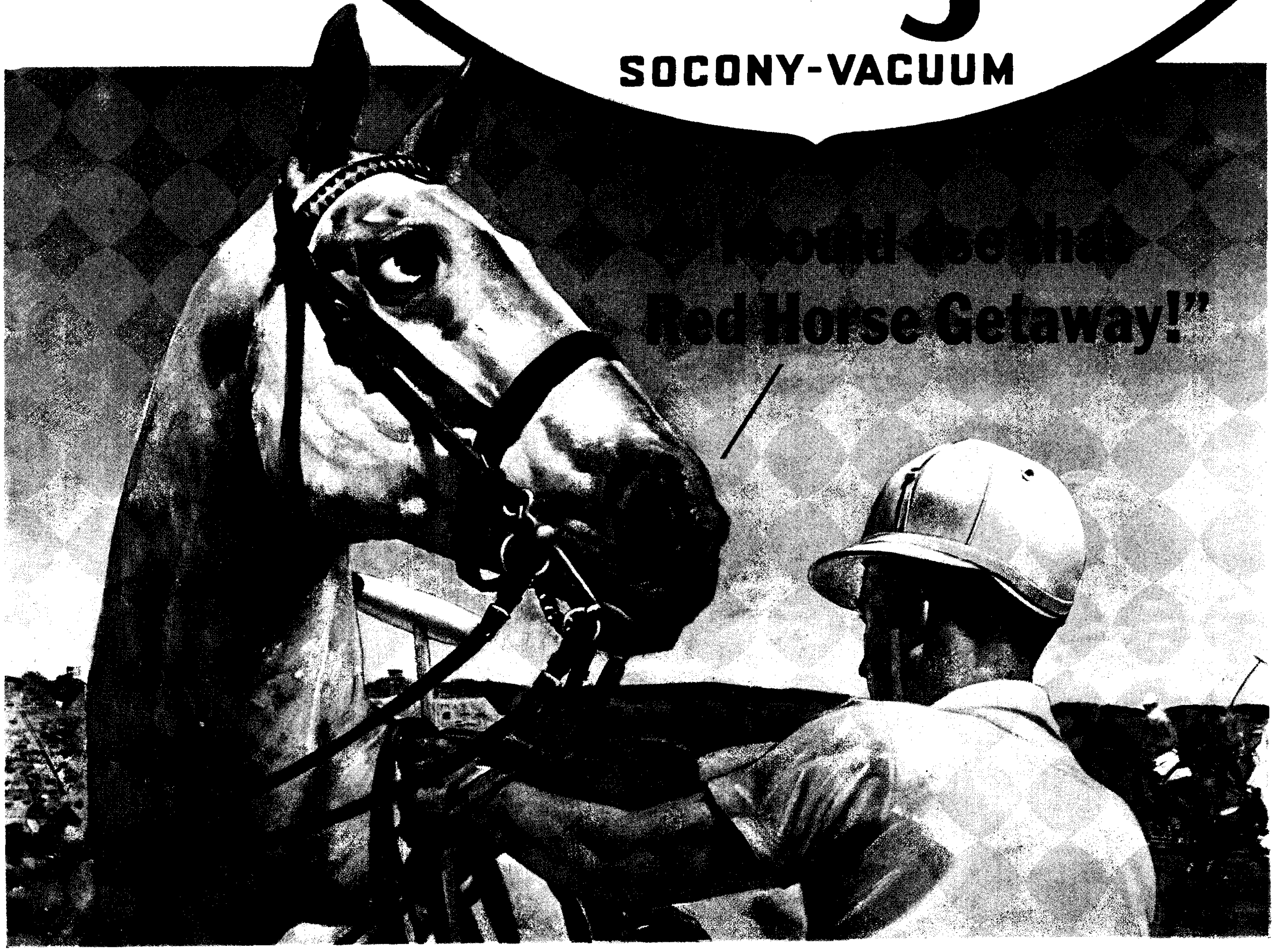


Barkers are Best

Continued from page 52

business. A year later, Captain Mullett turned up anew, with another sheaf of orders for seals. Again the wanderlust surged in McGuire's veins. This time, he sold his business completely. Again they clouted seals on the beach near Santa Barbara. Again McGuire did all the work, hosing off the perspiring seals in railway yards, disposing of the dead animals, selling the live ones. Again Captain Mullett dropped anchor with his share of the profits, never to turn up again. McGuire returned to Santa Barbara, convinced there was a better way to capture seals than to clout them over the head.

"It wasn't humane," he explained, "and it injured too many seals."

Seagoing Cowboys

Up on a ranch in the back country he saw Al Newton and Danny Pico lassoing calves for branding. Al and Danny were daredevil young whippersnappers, lean and lithe. The captain explained his plan to them, a net across the mouth of one of the caves in Santa Cruz Island where the seals slept at night, a brace of cowboys in rowboats to rope the young seals, just as Al and Danny were roping calves.

"Can you boys lasso seals?" he asked.

"We can lasso anything, Cap'n," replied Mr. Newton. "Can't we, Danny?"

"Sure we can, Al, but . . ."

"Sure we can. We'll rope your seals for you, Cap'n."

That's how the McGuire technique of sealpunching started. Al does most of the roping, Danny handles the oars. Danny's a fine roper, y'understand, but his grandfather was a very great hombre and the Mexicans are a proud race. In recent years young Clint Guldagger, the captain's nephew, who has joined him in the business, has developed into a top-flight lassoer, too, but Al's the sealpuncher who's brought in the bulk of the 3,000-odd McGuire seals scattered over the globe.

The captain, who somehow became attached to the title old Captain Mullett left behind, has put some finer touches to the technique as the years rolled by. He uses two nets across the mouth of the sea-lion caves now. One, with eighteen-inch mesh, keeps the full-grown seals in the cave. Farther out to sea is a net with six-inch mesh. It holds the eighteen-month-old, half-grown pups, in which the captain specializes. He works the old psychology game on them.

"They get tangled in the mesh and instinctively dive for safety," explained the captain. "Then they come up for air. When their heads come out of the water, the lasso falls over them."

From the floating wooden crates into which the seal pups are pulled to be lifted aboard the fishing smack the captain rents, the animals are transferred at once into wire cages. This, too, is capitalizing on seal psychology.

"Seals are curious animals," confided the captain. "They want to see what's going on, all the time. When we shipped them in wooden crates, they couldn't see and they'd thrash about and hurt themselves. So we put them in wire crates. They can see what's going on, so they're philosophic about it."

They're even philosophic about having no food, the captain says, but they can't get along without being sprinkled with a hose several times a day to keep their skins cool. On the dock, the Captain sloshes sea water over his seals, but fresh water will do. But no fish, nor any other food, is given them en route. That's another angle on seal psychology.

"Seals can fast for a month," elucidated the captain. "They get pretty hungry, but they don't starve. When a seal reaches his destination, the fellow who's to train him gives him the first fish. A seal never forgets that first fish, and he'll do anything for his trainer.

"The trainer starts with a couple of small boxes. When he climbs on the box, the seal gets another fish. After he can do that well, the trainer starts tossing a ball to him. When the seal catches it, the reward is a fish. Then more difficult tricks."

None of that for the captain, though. He ships his seals the day they're caught. He handles only the large-eared California sea lions, *Zalophus californianus,* in case you're zoological-minded, because they're the smartest of the species. His sealpunchers have strict orders not to drop a lariat on any dumb snub-nose seals, Townsend seals, fur seals (which are flighty and temperamental) or Stellar sea lions (which grow as big as young elephants). The *Zalophus-cals* cease taking on weight when they hit around two hundred and fifty pounds.

Contrary to the popular notion, it isn't cruel to lasso seals and ship them to zoos or circuses or shows, because they live about twice as long in captivity as in their natural habitat. The explanation, says the captain, is that sea lions lose their sight when they are about ten years old. In the ocean they can no longer see to fish, and die of starvation. In captivity they draw their twenty to thirty pounds of fresh fish a day without having to catch it, and live the life of Reilly to a ripe old age. Provided you don't mix males and females in the same pool.

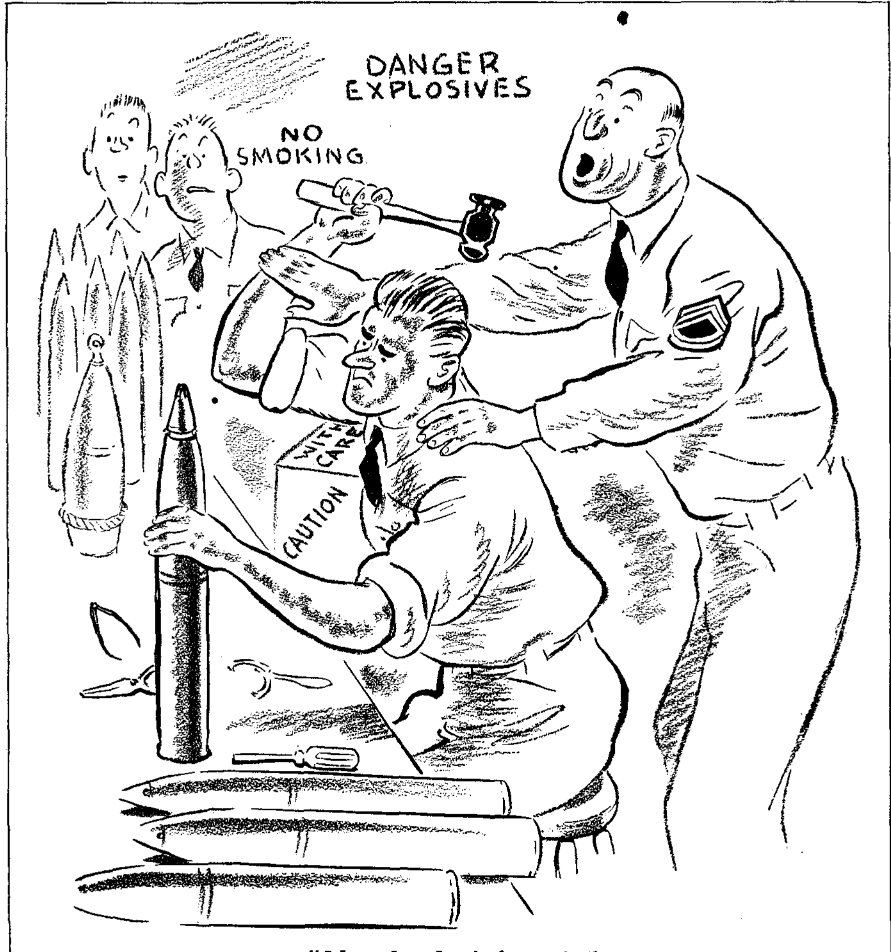
"A dozen males will live harmoniously year after year in the same pool, and never scrap," said the captain. "Put in a female and half of them will be dead in a month."

Yet, curiously enough, though seals live happily in captivity, they refuse to mate. The captain doesn't know the answer to that one, but says it probably has something to do with seal psychology. Once, though, on one of his six trips with a load of seals for European zoos, Captain McGuire heard a hissing like that of a cat when the car arrived in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Investigating, he found a new-born seal pup in one of the cages, spitting at him. By the time the car reached Kansas City, another little spitfire was hissing from another cage, and a third was born in New York. That was about the Captain's luckiest break, because, seals with pups in captivity being such a rarity, a London zoo paid a fancy price for the trio of mothers and their offspring.

These Seals Seldom Bounce

When Captain McGuire launched his seal-catching operations, the standard price for a healthy young sea lion was $175, but the market tapered off considerably as the energetic little skipper stocked the zoos of the world. The money-back guarantee still goes over big, and only rarely a McGuire seal bounces. The last one was a McGuire seal shipped to Denver.

"He was a snoozer," recalled the captain, in disgust. "Snoozed his head off all the way to Denver. Snoozed when he got there, and wouldn't eat. So I wired them to send him back. When the train he was on hit the ocean at Ventura, he sat up and barked, so the expressman said. When he got here, I took him out on the pier and doused him with salt water right out of the ocean. I held out a fish, and you ought to have seen him grab it. So I sent him back to Denver, barking his head off all the way. Know what was the matter? He was homesick, that's all."



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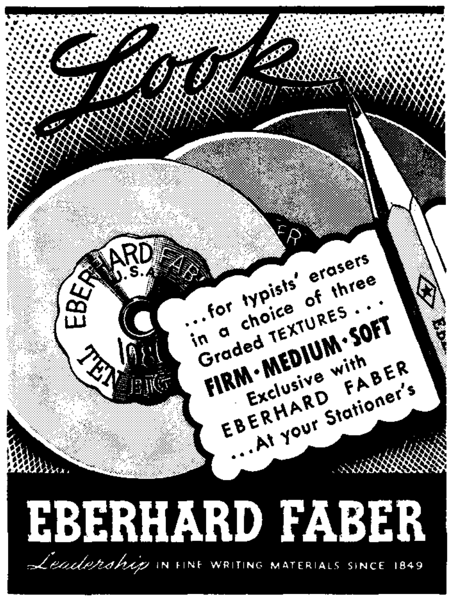

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Wing Talk

RUDY ARNOLD

An Army pursuit pilot equipped for high-altitude flying. The mask supplies the pilot with pure oxygen for rapid climbs and high-altitude flight

YOU'RE hearing a lot about jet propulsion these days. It's because the airplane has been so refined aerodynamically that everyone turns to horsepower for greater speed. Greater horsepower is coming but engineers have found that there is a lot of horsepower going—out of the exhaust stacks. Some say that only about 40 per cent of the total heat energy available in the aviation gasoline is converted into horsepower in the engine. There's a lot of energy in that other 60 per cent of waste heat.

Designing for jet propulsion is relatively simple; the exhaust stacks are directed rearward and the size of the outlet adjusted to the correct value. The stack then operates as a rocket but of low efficiency; yet a substantial forward thrust can be generated.

For a rocket to be efficient, the opening must be small and the pressure of the gases high. If the exhaust stack opening on an aircraft engine is cut down below a certain value, the gas backs up into the engine and reduces the engine power more than the "rocket" adds. For the present it is possible to capture a couple hundred horsepower that otherwise would go out the stacks. In recent tests of one airplane fitted with special jet-propulsion stacks, the top speed increased about 15 miles per hour, and that is all right.

FOUR hundred miles an hour! You picture an airplane hurtling through space so fast the ground is nothing but a featureless blur. Fly in a 400-mile-an-hour airplane at the high altitudes they operate in and it is a big disappointment, say those pilots who have. The ground seems to slide by about the same as at two hundred; the air-speed meter will read around three hundred. Well, where's all the speed? Take a slide rule known as an air-navigation calculator, consult your instruments, and after a bit of manipulation find that the speed is four hundred, if you did it.

AIRMEN can stand just about anything happening in the air but fire. In consequence, this hazard has been all but absolutely eliminated, particularly in scheduled airline operation. Since the engines are in the wings, possibility of fire ever reaching the cabin and passengers is extremely remote. Nevertheless, the war on airplane fires or nacelle fires has gone on relentlessly and for two years a special government airline fire prevention equipment committee has been hard at work. Fifteen hundred fire tests have been made in an actual engine nacelle with an actual high-powered engine similar to the types used on the airlines. The findings to date have been transmitted to the engine and plane manufacturers. Looks as if this problem can be written off.

DIVERS get the bends and so do airplane pilots, if they don't watch out. Our high-powered military airplanes climb so rapidly these days, and as air pressure decreases with altitude the effect on the pilot is the same as on a diver coming to the surface too fast.

Under the old system of taking oxygen for high-altitude flying, pilots used a wooden pipestem stuck in the end of a rubber tube from the oxygen tank. They held this in their teeth and breathed in extra oxygen along with the rarefied air. Now the pilot wears a face mask and pure oxygen is used—and not just at the point where he thinks he needs it. For rapid climbs and high-altitude flight, the pilot breathes pure oxygen for several minutes prior to take-off and continues to do so throughout the flight. This materially reduces the nitrogen content of the blood, there is less danger of the bends, and the pilot's efficiency is quite normal.

ROBERT A. LOVETT, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, was a bomber pilot in the last war and his job was to push lumbering Handley-Page bombers through skies alive with antiaircraft fire and enemy fighters. When the war ended his family prevailed upon him to give up piloting. Recently he decided to pick it up again, so he went up in a cabin monoplane with a check pilot. His take-off was perfect. At a good safe altitude his check pilot suggested some turns. Instinctively returning to that pilot seat in the flying boxcar of the last war, he horsed over on the wheel for a left bank. Instantly the plane was on its back. Bob Lovett righted the plane and, slightly embarrassed, started to explain that it took a lot of muscle to bank those old Handley-Pages but the check pilot interrupted: "Truck driver, eh?" F.R.N.

Our New Army

Continued from page 19

trainees. Most of the 14,000 incumbents are from New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Probably the most publicized rookie is Pvt. William McChesney Martin, former $48,000-a-year president of the New York Stock Exchange, now in Co. A, 39th Training Battalion. His buddies say he doesn't talk much; in fact, he probably said nothing more than "Yes," when a sergeant walked up to him not long ago and asked him whether he could read and write.

VISITING officers are pleased with the manner in which the citizens of Spartanburg (Pop. 33,000) are co-operating in providing entertainment and recreation for the boys at Croft three miles away. Most of the churches have set up recreation halls—and church attendance is not compulsory for the enjoyment thereof. One of the leading churches bought benches and placed them around its spacious lawn so the boys could sit back and watch Spartanburg go by. The pastor, horrified the other day to see two of his deacons parked on the lawn, hurried up to them. "Get off that bench," he cried. "They're for the soldiers, not the deacons!" But the full extent of Spartanburg's co-operation can be told in the sad plight of a local lady killer not yet in uniform. "A fine thing," he complained. "I called six of my best girls tonight and every one of them has gone to a Camp Croft dance."

PUERTO RICO

CAMP TORTUGUERO. Second Lieutenant Angel Ortiz really earned his gold bars. The way it was told to us, Shavetail Ortiz had just finished two years of service in the Puerto Rico National Guard, and had pinned some brand-new bars on his shoulders, when his outfit was mobilized. M.D.'s looked him over, found him underweight, and let him loose. That was last fall. Ex-Lieut. Ortiz, a student at the University of Puerto Rico, went back to school and diligently applied himself to a build-up program which, by spring, brought him back to Army standard. He volunteered for service, turned up as a recruit under his old sergeant and finally, three weeks ago, again won a commission. The hard way.

GENERAL

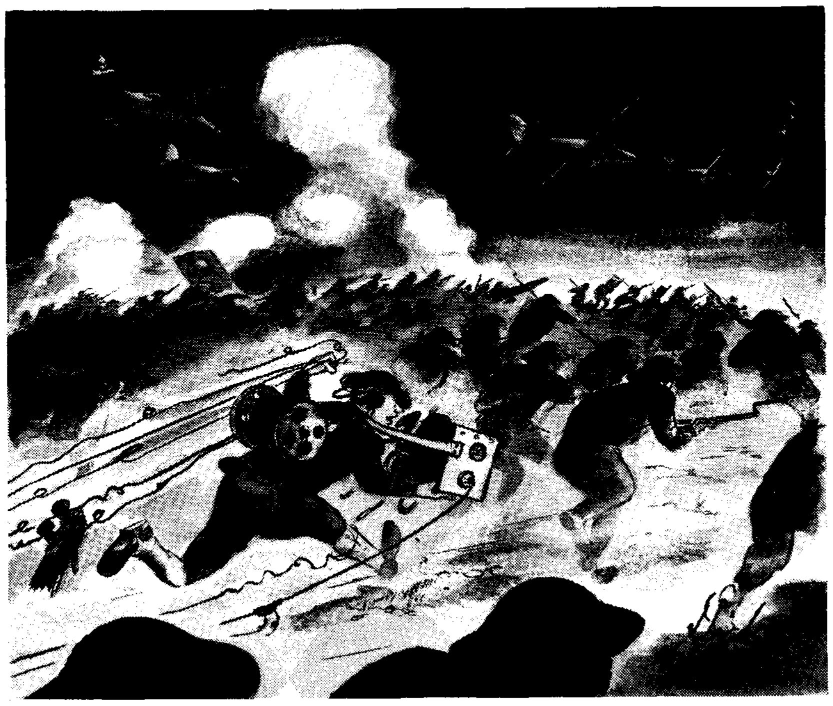
LAST month for the first time R.O.T.C. graduating classes from the nation's colleges and universities were taken in active Army service as second lieutenants. The only exceptions were students under twenty-one, who'll have to wait until that birthday rolls around before they get their commissions.

ONE of the reasons some officials are smug about the question of equipment is that in some camps the old custom of working up an "inspection" routine still hangs on. Instead of arranging for a cross section of men and matériel the Army whips up a nice veneer, so that everything looks like peaches and cream. The inspecting party's route is chosen to avoid all eyesores and show off favored installations; funds which may or may not have been earmarked for general maintenance of the post are spent to freshen up those sections of camp which will be seen; armament and equipment are snitched from various units and massed to give the impression of adequate strength. Result is that bigwigs get the idea that the post is well equipped, troops well trained, the C.O. a go-getter; and nothing is done about the shortages in equipment, arms and funds. Instead, the C.O. gets a congratulatory letter, the men roll their guns and trucks back to their proper units and training lurches on.

"POSSIBLY," writes Mr. C. J. White, of Louisville, Ky., "you can quiet my alarm as to what Uncle Sam is doing to our boys. One of mine, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, closes a letter received today with the following: 'Write soon and give me the news but please don't send any more money. It is appreciated, of course, but not at all necessary. You know, you can get along in the Army just as well without money as with it. Love, Walt.' "

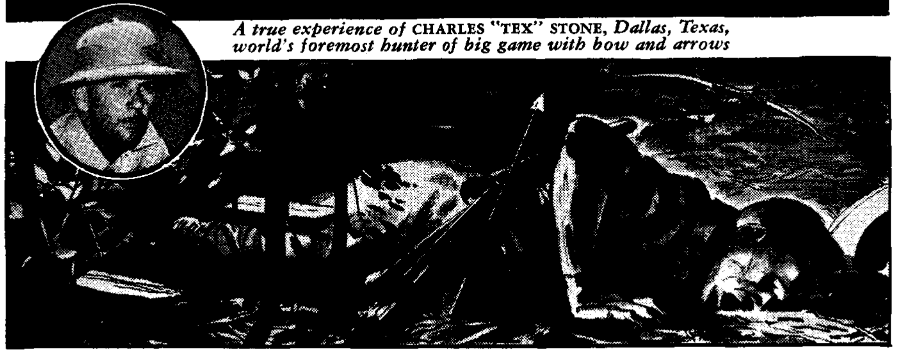
A HOPELESS case.

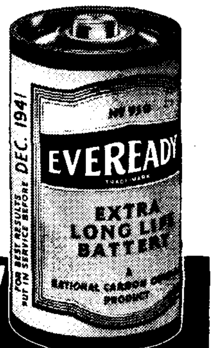
G. W.



"Captain Chadwick is busy at the moment. Could I have him call you back?"

DICK SHAW

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"THEN I HEARD A LION ROAR! It had followed the scent of the fresh meat! As I worked frantically to free myself, there was a stealthy rustle in the underbrush! Then I thought of my flashlight . . . switched it on . . .

"TWO ENORMOUS LIONS stood snarling at me . . . ready to spring! But the piercing beam held them at bay. Digging frantically at the soft earth, I finally got free of the trap. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries, I was soon back at camp."

(Signed) Charles "Tex" Stone

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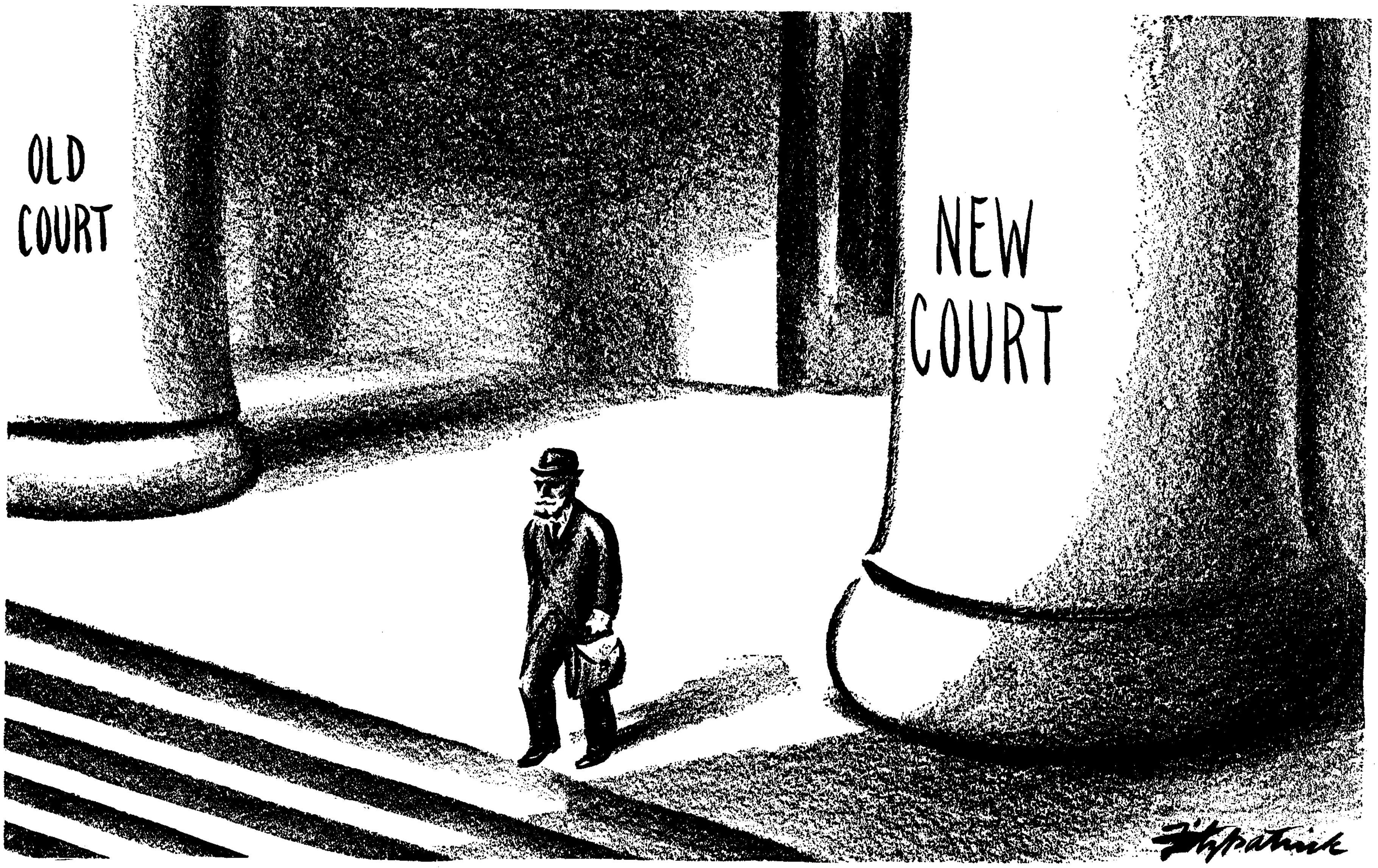


Team Up with Britain Now?

CLARENCE K. STREIT and his associates in the Union Now movement make a dynamic suggestion:

That the United States take the initiative in proposing that ourselves and Great Britain, together with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Ireland, form a provisional Federal Union of democratic nations now . . . that this union "offer immediately to negotiate with the Axis on these terms: No annexations or occupations of foreign territories, no reparations and indemnities, and the settlement by arbitration of all disputes leading to the war that cannot be settled by direct negotiation" . . . that if this offer is rejected, the union notify the world (1) that it will hold the English Channel at all costs, and (2) will admit to union membership and protection, as soon as they somehow become free, all such nations as governed themselves democratically before this war and are now slaves to the Axis—meaning such nations as France, Belgium, Norway, etc.

The Union Now people claim that such a move would have two main effects; namely, that it would insure the democracies against losing the war, and would fan in the conquered countries a spark of revolution which sooner or later would upset Hitler's whole applecart.

A little more than a year ago, it is recalled, Britain offered federal union to France, whose government had fled to Bordeaux. The French cabinet turned down the offer by a small majority. There followed the downfall of France, and the gradual hooking of France into Hitler's war machine.

It is claimed that had Britain made the offer as little as ten days sooner, France would have accepted—and that this would most likely have ended the behind-the-scenes bickering between the Churchill and Reynaud governments, kept France in the war, frightened Italy away from the war and prevented many of Hitler's later triumphs. By acting now, it is claimed, we can prevent disaster to democracy all over the world.

Collier's neither endorses the proposal nor condemns it. We are, however, glad to give it this public explanation, even if that makes some people mad, as it probably will. We think a respectful hearing should be given to any scheme for confining totalitarianism to those who really want it and guaranteeing freedom of choice to those who want such freedom to choose their own forms of government.

We'd like greatly to hear this latest Union Now proposal seriously and objectively discussed. And as Old Bill said in the previous war, if anybody knows of a better 'ole, we'd like to hear about that, too.

KWH Conservation

HOW about daylight saving time all over the United States for the duration of the defense emergency? Power shortages are building up or threatened here and there. The best single way to husband the kilowatt hours for the defense industries would be simply to set all of us to using one hour less of artificial light per day, all the year round. Make it two hours, and conservation would be twice as great.

A time limit on the proposed nation-wide daylight saving law would no doubt be advisable, for the benefit of any communities that may want to go back to Standard Time when the emergency is over. But we'll make bold to predict that there will be only a corporal's guard of such communities, once the whole country has given daylight saving a fair trial.

Goodby, Mr. Hughes

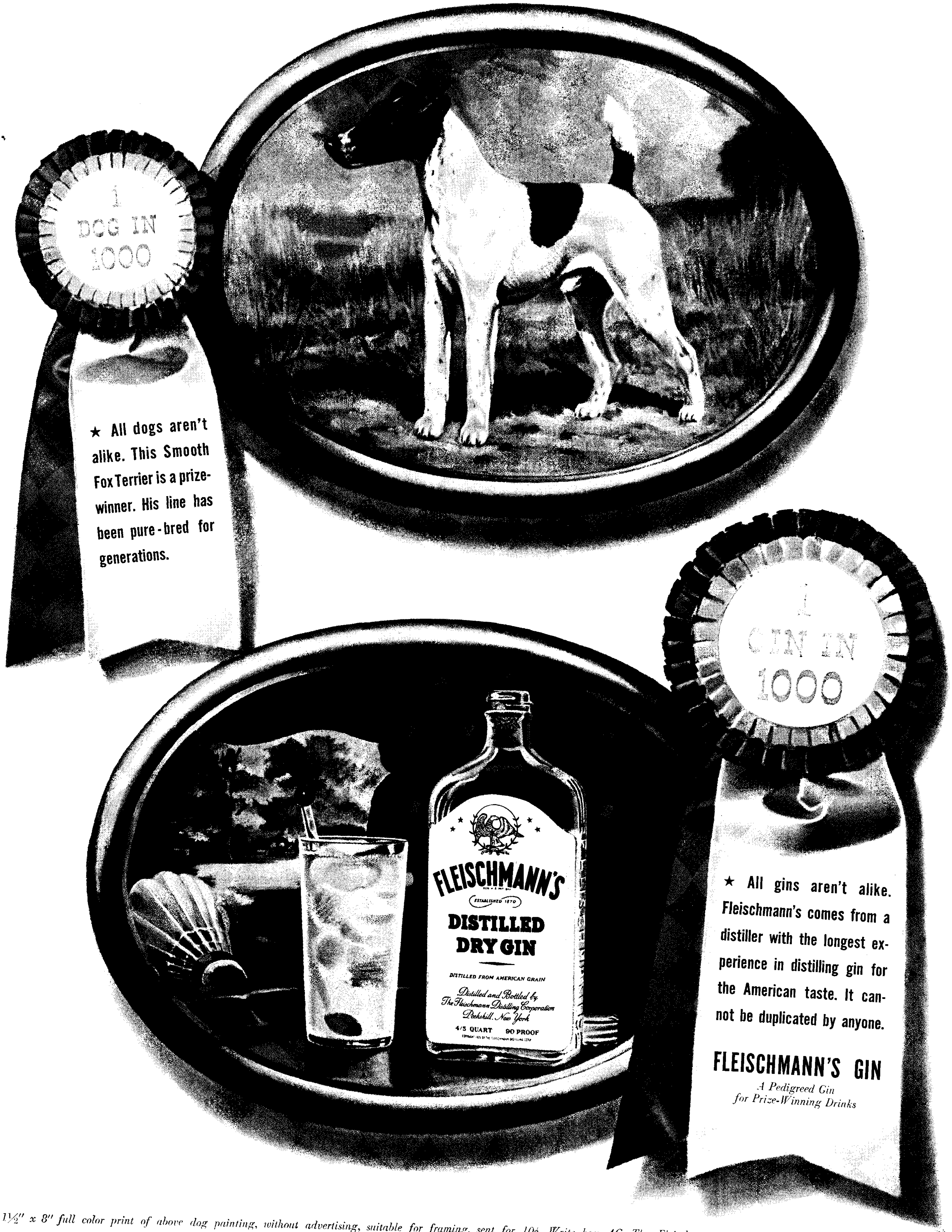
ALL the compliments showered on Charles Evans Hughes as he quits the Chief Justiceship go double with us. He's a grand old man, he has deserved well of the Republic, and long may he flourish.

With the melancholy predictions about the Supreme Court as rebuilt by Franklin D. Roosevelt, though, we can't agree in large part.

True, Felix Frankfurter seems a bit busy, and Frank Murphy has yet to turn in a distinguished opinion, and William O. Douglas apparently would be happier off the big bench. But all that seems beside the point.

What matters, as we see it, is that the people got the kind of Supreme Court they wanted within a reasonable time after they grew tired of the kind of Supreme Court they had when Mr. Roosevelt first became President. They got a Supreme Court which is at least trying to reflect popular wishes, and which has completely lost the out-of-this-world aura it once had. That seems a step ahead to us.

So all aboard for a new era in Supreme Court decisions—and let's not forget that the day is 99% certain to arrive when this new Court will have grown old and unresponsive, and will have to be "unpacked" just as its predecessor was.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